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Book No.

ENGLISH DIARIES

EDITED BY
ELIZABETH D'OYLEY

WITH A PREFACE BY
GEORGE GORDON
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NOTE.—The spelling of all the old Diaries, as well as that of Mr. Pepys, Junior, has been modernised.

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PREFACE

'I have all my life regretted,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'that I did not keep a regular Journal. I have myself lost recollection of much that was interesting, and I have deprived my family and the public of some curious information.' We must share his regret, though in the Journal of his last years he made such noble amends. But many besides Scott, with less of interest to record and fewer memories to bequeath, have had the same regret. I am one of, I believe, that vast majority of mankind which has never kept a diary; or, rather, of that delinquent and humiliated portion of it which has tried to keep a diary and failed. The more interesting the day, and the fuller of substance and pleasure, the less possible it always seemed to transfer it then and there to paper. And it was then, probably, or never, for the next day which insisted on dawning had its own events; and so one fought a losing battle. Even Scott, in the end, though no man knew better the value of diaries to posterity, was only reclaimed from diurnal negligence by the happy-go-lucky example of Byron, who dashed down events without pretence to regularity as he happened to remember them. For most people this is likely to be the only possible method, and perhaps some readers of this volume may be encouraged to adopt it. For my part I have given up. The diarist who is to reveal at once himself and the twentieth century has

my warmest good wishes, and the assurance of no competition from me.

A diary, no doubt, if the term be used strictly, is a day-to-day record, but few diarists of excellence have been pedantic about this, or slaves so far to etymology. There are days which, do what one will, are *dies non*; days which escape the mind, from which nothing emerges; days which deserve no more than Crusoe's notch. The first diarists knew this. We call them chroniclers, and this collection is properly headed by two examples of their art. Charles Wriothesley and Henry Machyn are the lay successors of a long line of chroniclers, writing mostly in Latin, whose diaries were records of public *notabilia*, of coronations, betrothals, and beheadings, of great frosts and scarcities, of steeples struck by lightning and weathercocks restored. Wriothesley and Machyn have both, when excited, the diarist air, and something already in their manner,—in their citizen gusto over the greater and lesser pageantries of life,—which foreshadows Pepys. As in this, for example, of Elizabeth:

And so she came to the Tower, with all her nobles; and her Grace lay in the Tower until the fifth day of December, that was St. Nicholas Eve. And the fifth day her Grace removed by water under the Bridge unto Somerset Place, with trumpets playing, and melody and joy and comfort to all true English men and women, and to all people.

Only one thing is wanting to make a diarist of Henry Machyn, as we understand the word: a more intimate self-consciousness, a deeper and livelier interest in H.M.

That change in the diary manner was now due. English diary-making, having served its rude apprentice-

ship in the sixteenth century, passed journeyman and master in the seventeenth. It is with diaries very much as with biography. A new interest in their contemporaries seemed then to take hold of men, and simultaneously a more curious interest in themselves. As English biography first seeded in the sixteenth century and struck root in the seventeenth, so it was with the sister growth of the personal diary. The third performer, I see, in this collection is our Oxford worthy, Anthony Wood. It is no accident that the principal labour of this truly admirable antiquary and diarist was to lay the foundations of English biography. The two interests go easily together, and we are not surprised that the author of the *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* should be the prince of English biographers. So Evelyn, the voluminous diarist, toyed also with biography, and, had he lived in the eighteenth century, might have made a name by it.

In Pepys and Evelyn, those good friends and self-confessors, the diary reaches its predestined form: in Pepys, indeed, perfection. I must not linger over that incomparable person, whose humours and candour so little need commending. His book is the very treasure-trove of diaries: a secret so glorious that it had to break bounds. And yet, I sometimes think, he may have guessed what might happen, and now, perhaps, enjoys his fame. His phrases linger in our ears, and it is with the joy of recognition that we encounter in Henry Teonge, the stiff-backed old parson who went to sea at 53,

and so to bed in a cabin so much out of order, that when I thought to find my pillow on the top, I found it slipped between the cords, and under the bed.

It is not only 'and so to bed'; but the situation itself is Pepysian, though Pepys, I fancy, would have been franker with himself. Mr. Teonge had just been making his first familiar acquaintance with punch, and it was he, rather than the cabin, I suspect, who was 'out of order.'

Mr. Ponsonby, in his recent book on diaries, asserts that if a census of diarists were taken, soldiers and divines would be found to head the list. It is an interesting speculation, but hard to verify among contemporaries. For one cannot tell a diarist by sight, and they are naturally self-conscious and secretive about the habit, if only on grounds of prudence. Any company may well feel nervous if a known and hardened diarist, skilled in memorizing conversation, is seated in its midst. Anthony Wood, for no greater crime, was expelled from the Merton College Common Room; and James Boswell himself, for his surreptitious note-taking, was regarded in certain quarters as little better than a social pest. For the sake of posterity the note-taking must no doubt go on, but it is more comfortable not to know who is doing it.

I must not end this preface without a word about the three ladies whose diaries adorn the volume. They have something to give—even Elizabeth Byrom in her snatch of Jacobitism—which none of the men pretend to: a finer sensibility, and a flower-like dance of mind. They complete what, within its limits, is a very choice anthology of human nature.

GEORGE GORDON.

ENGLISH DIARIES

THE CHRONICLE OF CHARLES WRIOTHESLEY

(1508-1561)

Charles Wriothesley was the son of Sir Thomas Wriothesley, Garter King at Arms, and was probably born at his father's house in London, in the Parish of St. Giles's, Cripplegate. Before he was sixteen, that is, in the year 1524, he was appointed Rouge Croix Pursuivant, and ten years later became Windsor Herald, an office which he held under Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth. He, too, lived in the Parish of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, and there he married the daughter of a neighbour—Alice by name. Later he went to live in St. Sepulchre's parish, dying there on the 25th of January, 1561, 'about six of the clocke in the morning.' He was buried in St. Sepulchre's Church, in what the chronicler of his funeral calls 'the myddle Isle.' Like Henry Machyn, our next diarist, he tells practically nothing of himself in his 'Chronicle,' but concerns himself with the record of public happenings. But—again like Machyn—his diary gives a vivid picture of the London of the Tudors.

THE CHIEF PEOPLE OF THE DIARY

MR. CHARLES WRIOTHESLEY, Windsor Herald.

KING HENRY VIII.

KING EDWARD VI.

QUEEN MARY.

THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

ANNE BOLEYN, second wife of Henry VIII.

JANE SEYMOUR, his third wife.

PHILIP OF SPAIN, son to the Emperor Charles V and husband of Queen Mary.

EDWARD STAFFORD, Duke of Buckingham.

THOMAS HOWARD, Duke of Norfolk.

He records the May 17, 1521. On Friday before Whit-
Execution of sunday, being the 17th day of May, Edward,
the Duke of Duke of Buckingham was beheaded at
Buckingham. Tower Hill.¹

June 5, 1522. This year the Emperor Charles came into England, and was received into the city of London
The Emperor the Thursday before Whitsunday at afternoon,
Charles V the King and he riding both together in one
visits King livery; and there were divers pageants made
Henry VIII. in divers places of the City; and all the friars, priests, and clerks, standing in copes, with crosses, censers and candlesticks, from the Bridge foot to the Cross in Cheapside; and all the crafts, with the Mayor and Aldermen, standing in their liveries; and the King, with all the nobles of the realm, brought him to his Palace at Bridewell, where he continued three days, and after went to Greenwich, where was great jousts, banquets, with other goodly pastimes. And after, the King conveyed him to the seaside to pass into Spain.

March 9, 1525. The 9th day of March, tidings were brought to the King that Francis, the French King,
News from was taken prisoner before the city of Pavia,
the Field of in Italy, by the Duke of Bourbon, captain of
Pavia. the Emperor's host, and 14,000 French men slain at the same field.

And the Archbishop of York, Cardinal and Legate,²

¹ Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, was descended from Edward III, and so, as a possible claimant to the throne, was looked upon with suspicion by Henry VIII. ² Cardinal Wolsey.

sang Mass the same time in Paul's Church; and after Mass, *Te Deum* was sung for the said victory, the Mayor, Aldermen, with the head crafts of the city standing in the body of the church in their liveries; and that night great fires were made in divers places of the city, with vessels of wine at every fire for the people to drink.

April 12, 1533. The 12th day of April, Anno Domini 1533, being Easter Eve, Anne Boleyn, Marchioness of Pembroke, was proclaimed Queen *The Crown-* at Greenwich, and offered that day in the *ing of Anne* King's chapel as Queen of England. *Boleyn.*

And the Wednesday before, the good Queen Katherine was deposed at Ampthill, by the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk, my Lord Marquis of Exeter, my Lord of Oxford, Lord Chamberlain of the King's House, Mr. Treasurer and Mr. Comptroller of the King's House. And from that day after, she is to be called Lady Katherine, wife of Prince Arthur, dowager of England, she to have by yearly pension for her dowry eight thousand pounds.

Thursday, the 29th day of May, 1533, Lady Anne, Marchioness of Pembroke, was received as Queen of England by all the Lords of England. And the Mayor and Aldermen, with all the crafts of the City of London, went to Greenwich in their barges after the best fashion, with a barge also of Batchelors of the Mayor's craft richly behanged with cloth of gold, and a foyst¹ to wait on her. And so all the Lords, the Mayor, with all the crafts of London, brought her by water from Greenwich to the Tower of London, and there the King's Grace received her at her landing; and then were shot at the Tower above a thousand guns, besides other shots that were shot at Limehouse, and in other ships lying in the Thames.

¹ A sailing ship.

And on Saturday, the last day of May, she rode from the Tower of London through the City, with a goodly company of Lords, Knights and Gentlemen, with all the Peers of the Realm, richly apparelled, and also eighteen Knights of the Bath newly made, riding in blue gowns with hoods on their shoulders purfeled ¹ with white, and white laces of silk knit on the left shoulders of their gowns. And she herself riding in a rich chariot covered with cloth of silver, and a rich canopy of cloth of silver borne over her head by the four Lords of the Cinque Ports in gowns of scarlet, and four chariots with ladies following after her, richly behanged; and also divers other ladies and gentlewomen riding on horseback, all in gowns made of crimson velvet; and there were divers pageants made on scaffolds in the City; and all the crafts standing in their liveries, every one in order, the Mayor and Aldermen standing in Cheapside; and when she came before them, the Mayor gave her a purse of cloth of gold, with a thousand marks ² of angel nobles ³ in it, for a present for the whole body of the City; and so the Lords brought her to the Palace of Westminster, and there left her that night.

The first day of June, Queen Anne was brought from Westminster Hall to the Abbey of St. Peter's ⁴ with procession, all the monks of Westminster going in rich copes of gold, with thirteen abbots mitred, and all the Lords going in their Parliament robes, and the crown borne before her by the Duke of Suffolk, and two sceptres by two Earls, and she herself going under a rich canopy of cloth of gold, apparelled in a kirtle ⁵ of crimson velvet

¹ Embroidered.

² A weight = 8 ounces.

³ An angel noble was worth 24s.

⁴ Westminster Abbey.

⁵ Petticoat.

powdered with ermines, and a robe of purple velvet furred with powdered ermines over that, and a rich coronet with a net of pearls on her head, and the old Duchess of Norfolk bearing up her train, and the Lord Burgh, the Queen's Chamberlain supporting the train in the midst; and after her ten ladies following in robes of scarlet furred with ermines and round coronets of gold on their heads; and next after them all the Queen's maids in gowns of scarlet edged with white fur: and so was she brought to St. Peter's Church at Westminster, and there set in her seat royal, which was made on a high scaffold before the High Altar; and there she was anointed and crowned Queen of England by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of York, and so sat crowned in her seat royal all the Mass, and offered also at the said Mass; and the Mass done, they departed every man in their degrees to Westminster Hall, she still going under the canopy crowned, with two sceptres in her hands, my Lord of Wiltshire, her father, and the Lord Talbot, leading her, and so there dined, whereas was made the most honourable feast that hath been seen.

May 2, 1536. And the second day of May, about five of the clock at night, the Queen, Anne Boleyn, was brought to the Tower of London by my *And then—* Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. *Three Years* Secretary, and Sir William Kingston, Con- *Later.* stable of the Tower; and when she came to the Tower Gate, entering in, she fell down on her knees before the said Lords, beseeching God to help her as she was not guilty of her accusation, and also desired the said Lords to beseech the King's Grace to be good unto her; and so they left her there prisoner.

May 15. On Monday, the 15th day of May, 1536,

there was arraigned within the Tower of London, Queen Anne, for treason against the King's own person; and there was a great scaffold made in the King's Hall within the Tower of London, and there were made benches and seats for the Lords, my Lord of Norfolk, sitting under the cloth of estate, representing there the King's person as High Steward of England and uncle to the Queen, he holding a long white staff in his hand.

And the Constable of the Tower and the Lieutenant brought forth the Queen to the bar, where was made a chair for her to sit down in, and then her indictment was read before her, whereunto she made so wise and discreet answers to all things laid against her, excusing herself with her words so clearly, as though she had never been faulty, and at length put her to the trial of the Peers of the Realm, and then were 26 of the greatest peers there present, chosen to pass judgment on her, and, after they had communed together, the youngest Lord was called first to give verdict, who said Guilty, and so every Lord and Earl after their degree said Guilty, and so condemned her.

May 19, 1536. The Friday following, being the 19th day of May, 1536, and the 28th year of King Henry the VIIIth, at eight of the clock in the morning, Anne Boleyn, Queen, was brought to execution on the Green within the Tower of London, by the great White Tower; the Lord Chancellor of England, the Duke of Richmond, Duke of Suffolk, with the most of the King's Council, as Earls, Lords, and Nobles of this realm, being present at the same; also the Mayor of London, with the Aldermen and Sheriffs, and certain of the best crafts of London, being there present also.

On a scaffold made there for the execution, the said Queen Anne said thus:

‘Masters, I here humbly submit me to the law as the law hath judged me, and as for mine offences, I here accuse no man, God knoweth them; I remit them to God, beseeching Him to have mercy on my soul, and I beseech Jesu save my sovereign and master, the King, the most goodly, noble, and gentle Prince that is, and long to reign over you.’ Which words were spoken with a goodly smiling countenance; and this done, she kneeled down on her knees, and said: ‘To Jesu Christ I commend my soul.’

And suddenly the hangman smote off her head at a stroke with a sword. Her body with the head was buried in the Chapel within the Tower of London, in the choir there, the same day at afternoon, when she had reigned as Queen three years, lacking 14 days, from her coronation to her death.

May 20, 1536. (A day later.) The 20th day of May, the King was married secretly at Chelsea, in Middlesex, to one Jane Seymour, daughter to Sir John Seymour, Knight, in the county of Wiltshire, late departed from this life, which Jane was first a waiting gentlewoman to Queen Katherine, and after to Anne Boleyn, late Queen, also; and she was brought to Whitehall, by Westminster, the 30th day of May, and there set in the Queen’s scat under the canopy of estate royal.

June 29, 1536. On St. Peter’s Day, after Midsummer, was a great triumph on the Thames before York Place afore the King and Queen; for there was a great boat made like a carrack,¹ goodly trimmed with targets and ordnance, and full of men of arms; and also there was three other boats made like foists, which warred against the

¹ Ship with a rounded hull.

carrack, and so shot great pieces of ordnance one against another by the space of two hours long; and the foists fell aboard of the carracks, and in boarding it a gentleman, a servant of Sir Henry Knyvett, fell between the carrack and the foist that he was in, and so was drowned; also a gun brake in one of the foists and brake a great piece of the side of the same, so that the said foist sank, but the men that were in her were saved, for it was a low water, and divers other persons were hurt with guns, and so the King caused them to leave fighting. Their darts and morris pikes¹ were stuffed at the ends with wool and leather, and their swords were made of wood. And then was jousting at the tilt before the said York Place on the land, where were divers spears broken of divers young lords and squires, which was a goodly sight to behold, the King and Queen standing in the Gatehouse beholding them.

October, 1536. This month of October there was an insurrection in Yorkshire, and they made of them a *The Pilgrim*-captain called Robert Aske, being an attorney *age of Grace*. of the law and fellow of Gray's Inn: the which people increased to a great number, and took the Archbishop of York and the Lord D'Arcy, and caused them to be sworn to their party, insomuch that the King sent the Duke of Norfolk with an army of men, and the Earl of Shrewsbury to fight with them. And a day of battle was appointed by them, which was for the Eve of Simon and Jude the Apostles, but, as God would, there fell such rain the night before they should have fought, that they were so wet and their artillery, that they could not draw their bows nor shoot, whereupon, at the request of the Duke of Norfolk, they desired him

¹ Morris = Moorish. A pike was a long spear-like weapon.

to sue to the King for their pardon, and that they might have their liberties as of old time they were wont to have; for they were so oppressed with taxes and putting down of religious houses that were wont to keep great hospitality among them, that now they could have no relief nor living for them, their wives, and children, in so much that they had rather die than live in poverty; wherefore they besought the King to be merciful unto them; whereupon the Duke rode in post ¹ to the King to Windsor to know his pleasure herein.

May 17, 1537. The 16th day of May, there were arraigned at Westminster afore the King's Commissioners, these persons, following: Sir Robert Constable, Knight; Sir Thomas Percy, Knight; and brother to the Earl of Northumberland; Sir John Bulmer, Knight, and Ralph Bulmer, his son and heir; Sir Francis Bigod, Knight; Margaret Cheyney, Lady Bulmer ²; George Lumley, Esquire; Robert Aske, Gentleman, that was captain in the insurrection of the northern men, and one Hamerton, all which persons were indicted of high treason against the King, and that day condemned, but Ralph Bulmer, the son of John Bulmer, was reprieved and had no sentence.

*The King's
Pleasure.*

And the 25th day of May, being the Friday in Whitsun-week, Sir John Bulmer, Sir Stephen Hamerton, Knights, were hanged and headed; Nicholas Tempest, Esquire; Doctor Cokerall, priest; the Abbot of Fountains, and Doctor Pickering, friar, were drawn from the Tower of London to Tyburn and there hanged. And the same day, Madge Cheyney, wife to Bulmer, was drawn after

¹ To ride post means to ride a relay of horses.

² The daughter of the Duke of Buckingham (see page 18).

them from the Tower of London into Smithfield, and there burnt, according to her judgment: God pardon her soul; she was a very fair creature, and beautiful.

1543. This winter, by reason of the wet summer, that wood could not be carried for the high floods to the water-side, wood was so scant in London
Hard Times— that a thousand billets were sold for a mark and 16s. the thousand, and coals also was sold for 12d. and 14d. the sack.

Also this year, by reason of the great cold and frost, Lenten victuals were exceeding dear, as salt fish, with other salt meats, so that the Mayor and Aldermen were fain to set wardens of divers Companies to keep the markets in Fish Street, Stocks, and Old Fish Street, and to see the people served at reasonable pennyworths, after their discretion.

Also at Easter, by reason of the great murrain ¹ of cattle the last winter, flesh was exceeding dear and scant, and specially muttuns and lambs, which were at unreasonable prices, as a quarter of mutton at 2s. and 2s. 4d. and a lamb at 3s. and 3s. 4d. which was scant worth 16d.

1545. About the 25th day of June was a great tempest of wind in Derbyshire, where trees were pulled up, the roots upwards, and certain chapels
—And a Great Storm. and churches the roofs pulled up and broke, and also many houses in divers places; and also in Cheshire and Lancashire; also there fell hailstones as big as a man's fist, and had prints on them like faces and some like gun holes.

January 31, 1547. The 31 of January my Lord Mayor was sent for to the Parliament Chamber at Westminster,

¹ A disease among cattle.

before the Lords of the King's Majesty's Privy Council, and there was declared to them by my Lord Chancellor and others, the death of the King's Majesty, Henry the Eighth, our Sovereign Lord, which deceased to Almighty God on Friday last, being the 28th of January, and straightly charging them to keep the King's peace, and to look to the safeguards of the King's Majesty's Chamber of London; and so they departed.

Immediately the said Lords in their order, with Garter, the King of Heralds, and others, in their coat armour, came out of the Parliament Chamber into — *And Accession of King* the Palace of Westminster Hall with a trumpet, and there proclamation was made by the *Edward VI.* said Garter under the King's broad seal. Edward the Sixth, son and heir of our late Sovereign Lord, to be King of this realm of England, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc., and of the churches of England and also of Ireland, the Supreme Head, immediately under God, on earth.

The twentieth day of February, being the Sunday Quinquagesima, the King's Majesty, Edward the Sixth, of the age of nine years and three months, was crowned King of this realm of England, France and Ireland, within the church of Westminster, with great honour and solemnity, and a great feast kept that day in Westminster Hall, which was richly hanged, his Majesty sitting all dinner with his crown on his head; and after the second course, Sir Edward Dymmock, Knight, came riding into the hall in clean white complete harness, richly gilded, with his horse richly trapped, and cast his gauntlet to wage battle against all men that would not take him for right King of this realm; and then the

King drank to him and gave him a cup of gold; and after dinner, the King made many Knights, and then he changed his apparel, and so rode from thence to Westminster Place.

November 3, 1553. At ten of the clock, in the forenoon, the weathercock of Paul's steeple, which was taken *The Setting up* down and new mended, was set up again by *of St. Paul's* Peter, a Dutchman, that stood on it when *Weathercock.* the Queen¹ ride to her coronation. The cock with the wings weighed 40 lbs.; his length from the bill to his tail was 4 foot, and his breadth over the wings 3 foot and a half, and was gilden under the wings with the body; which weathercock is of copper, and the ball under the cross also.

July 20, 1554. Friday, the 20th July, tidings came to the Lord Mayor that the Prince of Spain was come *The Prince of* into England, and landed at Southampton this *Spain comes* day, and came with 28 sail of Spanish ships *to marry* well appointed, beside the navy of Flanders *Queen Mary.* and the Queen's navy, which were to the number of 60 ships and more, Lord William Howard, Lord Admiral of England, conducting them, after they came into the coasts of England.

The 21st of July, proclamation was made in London that all noblemen, gentlemen, ladies, and others should repair to the City of Winchester, there to do their attendance at her Grace's marriage, according as they are appointed. And that night were bonfires made in every parish within the City of London, with all the bells ringing in every parish church for the joyful tidings of the Prince's landing in safety.

The 23rd of July, the Prince of Spain came to Win-

¹ i.e. Queen Mary (see Machyn's Diary, page 34).

chester about six of the clock at night, accompanied with noblemen as well of England as of his own country, with trumpets blowing and bells ringing, and came to the Cathedral church where he alighted. And there the Bishop of Winchester, Lord Chancellor, with four Bishops more, with the priests, singing-men, and children, received him with procession in rich copes and with three crosses up into the choir, where was a rich traverse¹ richly hanged for him; and there he kneeled down before the sacrament; and then the Lord Chancellor began *Te Deum*, the organs playing and the choir singing the rest. This done, he was brought out with torchlight to his lodging through the cloister to the Dean's house, all the Queen's Guard standing in their rich coats all the way. He was apparelled in a rich coat, richly embroidered with gold, and an hat much like the same with a feather in it. The same night after he had supped, which was about ten of the clock, certain of the Council brought him to the Queen by a secret way, where she received him right lovingly and kissed him, and after half an hour they took their leave, each kissing the other, and so departed that night to his lodging.

September 30, 1555. The last day of September by occasion of great wind and rain that has fallen, were such great floods that that morning the King's Palace in Westminster and Westminster Hall *The Thames in Flood.* was overflown with water up to the stairfoot going to the Chancery and King's Bench. And by report there that morning, a wherryman rowed with his boat over Westminster Bridge into the Palace Court, and so through the gate into King Street.

September 5, 1559. The 5th of September, there fell

¹ A seat within lattice-work.

a three hours' tempest in London, in the forenoon, and
Mr. Wriothesley ended at one of the clock, at the end whereof
brings his was a terrible thunder-clap with lightning,
Chronicle to which by violence struck All Hallows' steeple
an End— in Bread Street, about ten foot beneath the
with the top; out of which fell a stone that slew a
Death of a dog, and overthrew a man playing with the
Dog—and of same dog.¹ But the steeple was so perished
the King of that there was no mending of it, but to
France. take it down.

Friday the 8th of September was kept in Paul's an
 obsequy for Henry the Second, late French King, departed,
 where was a rich hearse made like an imperial crown,
 with eight pillars covered with black velvet, with a valence
 fringed with gold, and richly hanged with escutcheons,
 pennons and banners of the French King's arms, without
 any lights, etc.

¹ See Machyn's account of this, page 39.

THE DIARY OF HENRY MACHYN

(c. 1496-c. 1563)

Little is known of Henry Machyn, beyond the facts that he was a Citizen of London, a Merchant Taylor and what we now call an undertaker. He lived in the parish of Trinity the Little, Queenhithe, not far from the Tower of London. He hardly ever mentions himself or his own family in his Diary. But he had a brother, Christopher, who died in 1550, whose funeral Henry records in the curious spelling he always used: 'The XXX day of November was bered (buried) Crystoffer Machyn, Marchand-tayllor, and brodur (brother) of Henry Machyn.' There is a mention of Katherine Machyn, the daughter of Henry Machyn, who was christened in September, 1557; and in 1562, a niece, the daughter of Christopher, with the odd name of Kynlure, was married to a cooper named Edward Gardener.

Henry's Diary, beginning when Edward VI was King and ending in the days of Queen Elizabeth, is a record of daily happenings, not in Henry's own life, but in the life of London and the State. Royal processions, pageants, the burning of heretics, punishments in the pillory, whippings, are set down, most of them briefly. It is with the description of the numerous funerals he was called upon to furnish with the elaborate trappings of the time that Henry fills a large part of his Diary—the standards, pennons, banners, helmets, swords, targets, 'six dozen escutcheons,' and so forth. But it is for its picture of London in Tudor times, London in all its moods, at war or at play, that Henry Machyn's Diary is treasured to-day.

THE CHIEF PEOPLE OF THE DIARY

HENRY MACHYN.

KING EDWARD VI.

QUEEN MARY.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

MARY OF GUISE, widow of James V of Scotland, and mother of Mary, Queen of Scots.

LADY JANE GREY, married to Lord Guildford Dudley.

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, her father-in-law.

SIR THOMAS WYATT, son of Sir Thomas Wyatt, the poet.

July 6, 1551. The sixth day of July, the King's Grace rode through Greenwich Park unto Blackheath, *King Edward VI takes a Little Diversion.* and my Lord of Derby, and my Lord of Warwick, and my Lord Admiral Clinton, and Sir William Harbard, and other lords and knights and gentlemen, and trumpeters playing, and all the guards in their doublets and their hose, with bows and arrows and halberds,¹ two and two together; and the King's Grace in the midst on horseback. And there the King's Grace ran at the ring² on Blackheath, and the same night the King supped at Deptford in a ship with my Lord Admiral.

November 2, 1551. The second day of November there came to London from Hampton Court, and landed at *He is visited by the 'old' Queen of Scots.* Baynard Castle, the old Queen of Scots. She rode to the Bishop's Palace at St. Paul's, with many lords, the Duke of Suffolk, my Lord Marquis of Northampton, my Lord of Warwick, and divers other lords and knights and gentlemen. And there was sent her many great gifts by the Mayor and Aldermen, such as beef, mutton, veal, swine, bread, wild fowl, wine, beer, spice, and all things; and quails, sturgeon, wood and coal.

The third day of November the Queen rode unto the

¹ A long-handled weapon ending in a sharp-edged blade.

² Running at the ring was a knightly sport, in which the mounted knight tried to carry off on the tip of his lance a ring hung from a post.

Court, attended with a great train of noblemen, gentlemen and ladies. At the Court Gate stood all the guards in their best coats. There the Earl of Pembroke saluted her, and brought her to the hall door, and there met her the Duke of Northumberland and brought her into the hall, and there met her the King's Grace, who saluted her and did embrace her and kissed her, and took her by the hand and led her up into the Presence Chamber; and so there was a banquet. And so when all was done, the Queen took her horse and was brought unto the Bishop's Palace to supper, and there she lay.

The sixth day of November she rode through London to Bishopsgate, and the Duke of Northumberland went with her, with a hundred horsemen, mounted on great horses. They had coats of velvet embroidery, with hats of velvet and white feathers and chains of gold, and every man had a new javelin¹ in his hand and a badge; and there the Queen received of the Chamberlain of London a hundred marks.

July 9, 1553. The ninth day of July was sworn unto the Queen Jane all the head officers and the guard, as Queen of England. The tenth day she *Lady Jane* was received into the Tower, with a great *Grey is* company of lords and nobles, the Duchess of *proclaimed* Suffolk, her mother, bearing her train, with *Queen—* many ladies. And there was a great shooting of guns between three and five of the clock. At six of the clock began the procession of Queen Jane, with two heralds and a trumpet blowing, and so they went through Cheapside to Fleet Street, proclaiming Queen Jane.

July 12, 1553. The twelfth day of July, by night,

¹ A light spear.

was carried to the Tower three carts full of all manner
of ordnance—great guns and small, bows,
—While the Duke of Northumberland gathers forces against Queen Mary— bills,¹ spears, morris-pikes, armour, arrows,
gunpowder; and victuals, money and tents;
and a great number of men of arms, for a
great army going towards Cambridge. And
two days after, the Duke of Northumberland,
and divers lords and knights with him, and
many gentlemen and gunners, and many men of the guard
and men of arms, went toward my Lady Mary, to destroy
her Grace.

July 19, 1553. The nineteenth day of July was
Queen Mary proclaimed Queen of England, France and
Ireland, and all dominions, as the sister of
the late King Edward the Sixth, and daughter
unto the noble King Henry the Eighth,
between five and six of the clock at night.
And this was done at the Cross in Cheapside, and from
that place they went unto St. Paul's, and there was *Te*
Deum Laudamus sung, with the organs playing, and all
the bells ringing through London, and bonfires, and tables
in every street, and wine and beer and all.

September 30, 1553. The thirtieth day of September
the Queen's Grace came from the Tower through
London, riding in a chariot gorgeously besene ²
unto Westminster, by way of Fenchurch
Street, where there was a goodly pageant with
four great giants. And at Leadenhall there was another
goodly pageant hanged with cloth of gold, and the good-
liest playing of all manner of musicians, and there was
one blowing a trumpet all the day long.

¹ A spear-like weapon with an axe-head.

² Looking glorious.

And at Westminster her Grace heard Mass, and was crowned upon a high stage. When all was done, her Grace came to Westminster Hall; it was four of the clock ere she went to dinner, and there the Duke of Norfolk rode up and down the Hall, and Master Dymoke, the Queen's Champion. And at the end of the table dined my Lady Elizabeth¹ and my Lady Anne of Cleves²; and so it was candle-light ere her Grace or she had dined; and so anon her Grace took barge.

January 26, 1554. The twenty-sixth day of January, there began watching at every Gate of London, for tidings came to the Queen and her Council that Sir Thomas Wyatt, and divers other gentlemen, were up; and they say it is because the Prince of Spain³ is coming in to have our Queen. They are holding Rochester Castle and the bridge and other places. *Sir Thomas Wyatt rises in Rebellion—*

January 27, 1554. The City sent into Kent a great number of men in white coats. The captains to command them, and the rest of their forces, were the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Ormond and divers others. But many of the white coats deserted, and the captains came home again. Wyatt had gotten some of the late King's ordnance, and so came towards Dartford with his army towards London. *—And marches on London.*

February 1, 1554. This day at afternoon was a proclamation made in Cheapside, Leadenhall, and at St. Magnus' Corner, with heralds of arms, and one of the Queen's trumpeters blowing, and my Lord Mayor and the two Sheriffs, that Sir Thomas Wyatt was proclaimed a traitor, and all his *He is proclaimed Traitor.*

¹ Afterwards Queen Elizabeth. ² Fourth wife of Henry VIII.

³ Philip II of Spain, whom Mary married.

fellows, and that he would have the Queen in custody and the Tower of London in keeping.

February 3, 1554. The third day of February there came into Southwark Sir Thomas Wyatt and other captains, with his army, and the morrow after, *'A Wyatt! A Wyatt!'* they made trenches in divers parts, with ordnance.

The sixth day of February was Shrove Tuesday, and in the morning Master Wyatt and his company returned back toward Kingston-on-Thames, and there the bridge was plucked up, and he caused one of his men to swim over to fetch a boat, and so went at night toward Kensington, and so forward.

The seventh day of February, in the forenoon, Wyatt, with his army, were at Hyde Park Corner. There the Queen's host met them, with a great number of men at arms on horseback and on foot. There were many slain; but Master Wyatt took the way down by St. James's with a great company, and so to Charing Cross, till he came to Ludgate, and knocked there, thinking to have entered. But the gate being kept fast against him, he retired, and going back again to Temple Bar, yielded unto Master Norroy, the herald of arms, and there he mounted behind a gentleman, Sir Maurice Berkeley, and so rode to Court. And the same night he was sent to the Tower.

February 12, 1554. The twelfth day of February was made at every Gate in London a new pair of gallows *Queen Mary* and there set up—two pair in Cheapside, *takes Ven-* two pair in Fleet Street, one in Smithfield, *geance—* one pair in Holborn, one at Leadenhall, one at St. Magnus, London Bridge, one at Peper Alley Gate, one at St. George's, one in Bermondsey Street, one on

Tower Hill, one pair at Charing Cross, one pair beside Hyde Park Corner. And men were hanged at every Gate and place.

April 11, 1554. The eleventh day of —*And Sir*
 April was beheaded Sir Thomas Wyatt, *Thomas*
 between nine and ten of the clock, on Tower *Wyatt dies on*
 Hill. *Tower Hill.*

November 17, 1558. The seventeenth day of November between five and six in the morning, died Queen Mary, the sixth year of her Grace's reign, *The Queen*
 the which Jesus have mercy on her soul! *is dead!*
 Amen. *Long live*

The same day, between eleven and twelve *the Queen!*
 before noon, the Lady Elizabeth was proclaimed Queen Elizabeth, Queen of England, France and Ireland, and Defender of the Faith, by divers heralds of arms and trumpeters.

The same day at afternoon, all the churches in London did ring their bells, and at night they did make bonfires, and set tables in the streets, and people did eat and drink and make merry for the new Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary's sister.

November 28, 1558. The twenty-eighth day of November the Queen removed to the Tower from the Lord North's palace, which was the Charter *Queen*
 House. All the streets unto the Tower of *Elizabeth*
 London were new gravelled. Her Grace *rides through*
 rode through the Barbican and Cripplegate *her City of*
 by London Wall unto Bishopsgate and up *London.*
 to Leadenhall and through Gracechurch Street and Fenchurch Street; and before her rode gentlemen and many knights and lords. And after came all the trumpets blowing, and then came all the heralds in array, and my

Lord Pembroke bearing the Queen's sword. Then came her Grace on horseback, apparelled in purple velvet with a scarf about her neck, and the Sergeants at Arms about her Grace; and next after rode Sir Robert Dudley,¹ the Master of her Horse; and then the Guards with halberds. And there was such a shooting of guns as never was heard before. And so she came to the Tower, with all the nobles; and her Grace lay in the Tower until the fifth day of December, that was St. Nicholas Eve. And the fifth day her Grace removed by water under the Bridge² unto Somerset Palace, with trumpets playing, and melody and joy and comfort to all true Englishmen and women, and to all people.

May Day, 1559. The first day of May there were two pinnaces decked with streamers, banners and flags; *London in* and trumpets, and drums, and guns; a-going *Holiday* a-Maying. And against the Queen's Palace *Mood.* at Westminster, they shot and threw eggs and oranges one against another, and squibs, and by chance one fell on a barge of gunpowder, and set divers men a-fire, and it did overwhelm the pinnacle, and many fell in the Thames, but, thanks be to God, there was but one man drowned; and a hundred boats about here, and the Queen's Grace and her lords and ladies looking out of windows.

The twenty-fourth day of June there was a May-game, with a giant, and drums and guns, and a goodly pageant with a queen. And then St. George and the Dragon, the Morris Dancers, and afterwards, Robin Hood and Little John and Maid Marian and Friar Tuck. The twenty-fifth day of June, the same May-game went unto the Palace at Greenwich, playing before the Queen

¹ Afterwards Earl of Leicester.

² London Bridge.

and the Council. They went by land and came back by water.

June 20, 1562. The twentieth day of June was a great shooting match of the Company of the Barber-Surgeons, for a great supper at their own *The Barber-Surgeons* Hall. They did make two goodly streamers *hold a* of their arms, and they had six drums playing *Shooting* and a flute; and two great flags; and as a shot *Match.* was won, down went that, and up the other. And Master Gall and his side won the supper—the Master of the Company.

September 5, 1559. This same day at noon was such a thundering as was never heard before, for with a clap at All Hallows in Bread Street it killed a *Master* water-spaniel at the church side, and felled *Machyn is* a man, one of the beadmen¹ of the Salters *alarmed by* Company—his name was Harry—and a sex- *a Thunder-* ton of the same church; and moreover it *storm.* cracked the steeple above the battlement all of stone, so that some of it flew out in pieces, and many people resorted thither to see that marvel throughout London. I pray God help.

July 30, 1557. The thirtieth day of July, Master David Gyttons, Master Meynard, and Master Draper, and Master Smyth, Master Coldwell, and *He break-* Monser the Machyn de Henry,² and many *fasts upon* more, did eat half a bushel of oysters in Anchor *Oysters—* Lane, at Master Smyth and Master Gytton's cellar upon hogsheads, by candlelight; and onions and red ale and claret ale and muscatel ale and malmsey ale, at eight in the morning.

¹ One who was endowed to pray for the soul of some benefactor.

² Himself.

November 23, 1561. The twenty-third day of November, the fourth year of Queen Elizabeth, when —*And does* there did preach at Paul's Cross, Michael Penance for Reniger—it was St. Clement's Day—there *Slander.* did sit all the sermon time in the place of penance, Monser Henry de Machyn, for two words (the which was told him) he spoke against Veron the Frenchman; the which Harry kneeled down before Master Veron and the Bishop, and yet they would not forgive him.

May 20, 1562. This day was Harry *His* Machyn sixty and six years, the which was *Birthday.* Wednesday in Whitsun week.

The third day of August, 1557, the good ship called *Mary Rose* of London, accompanied by the Maudelyn *The Good* Drivers, and a small crayer¹ of the West Ship '*Mary* Country, chanced to meet with a Frenchman *Rose*'. of war of the burden of ten score or thereabouts; the which French ship had two hundred men, and in the *Mary Rose* there were but twenty-two, the Maudelyn having eighteen, and the bark of the West Country, twelve. The *Mary Rose* sailed faster than the Frenchman, and so the Frenchman set upon the other two ships; which seeing, the master of the *Mary Rose* cast about, and set upon the French ship, and boarded her, and slew to the number of one hundred men with the captain, or ever the other came to the fight. There were slain in the *Mary Rose* two men, and one died a week later, and six were hurt, with the master whose name was John Couper. Then came the men of the *Mary Rose*, and shot one piece of ordnance into the French ship's stern, and going by her, shot arrows at

¹ A small trading ship.

the Frenchmen. The Maudelyn did no more hurt; the bark nothing at all. Thus they fought two hours, but at length the Frenchmen were weary and forsook them, not having men to guide their sails, but if the *Mary Rose* had had men to enter the French ship, they had brought her away. Afterwards news was brought out of Dieppe by a prisoner that had paid his ransom, that fifty men were carried out of the French ship to the surgeons, and the ship sore spoiled and hurt.

July 1, 1552. The first day of July there was a man in the pillory in Cheapside; he sold pots of strawberries, the pots of which were not half full, but filled with fern. *What befell the Fruit-seller who Cheated—*

February 21, 1554. The twenty-first day of February, there was a man riding about London, his face toward the horse's tail, a quarter of veal before him and another behind him, and a pig borne before him scalded upon a pole. *—And Two Butchers who did likewise.*

March 8, 1554. The eighth day of March rode a butcher round about London, his face toward the horse's tail, with half a lamb before and another behind, and veal and a calf borne before him upon a pole, raw.

February 18, 1559. The eighteenth of February and the twentieth a man stood in the pillory, with a collar of smelts about his neck, who had bought the smelts of the Queen's prise ¹ in Cheapside, and sold them to advantage among the fishwives. *The Fish-monger with a Collar of Smelts.*

[Henry Machyn's Diary comes to a sudden end in the August of 1563, when the plague was raging in London. One of his last entries records how:

¹ i.e. what was set aside as the Queen's right or due.

‘Every man in every street and lane is to make fires three times in the week’ to purify the air, ‘since the plague is in the city.’

And thus it seems probable that Henry himself died of the pestilence.]

THE DIARY OF ANTHONY A WOOD

(1632-1695)

Anthony Wood or à Wood (as he preferred to write it) was born, as he here tells us, in the City of Oxford, his father being a B.A. of the University. He was educated, first at a little school near St. Peter-le-Bailey, then at New College School, and at Thame Free School, where (his father being dead) his mother sent him to be out of the way of the Civil War. (See page 48.) When he came back to Oxford in 1647, she wanted him to take up a trade, even suggesting that of a 'tin-man'. But Anthony preferred the study of the history of his own Oxford, delving in old registers and deciphering ancient documents, to the making of tins; and it is by the books he wrote on Oxford that he is remembered to-day—those and his Diary.

THE CHIEF PEOPLE OF THE DIARY.

ANTHONY A WOOD.

THOMAS WOOD, his father.

MARY WOOD, his mother.

THOMAS WOOD, } his elder brothers.

ROBERT WOOD, }

CHRISTOPHER (or KIT), his younger brother.

MARJORY WOOD, Christopher's wife.

The Rev. THOMAS HANANT, Vicar of Thame.

KING CHARLES I.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA, his wife.

CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES, afterwards King Charles II.

JAMES, DUKE OF YORK, afterwards King James II.

PRINCE RUPERT, } nephews of Charles I.

PRINCE MAURICE, }

COLONEL WILLIAM LEGGE, } soldiers of the Royalist Army.

COLONEL ROBERT LEGGE, }

COLONEL DAVID WALTER, }

MAJOR MEDCALF, }

MAJOR AGLIONBY, }

ROBERT DEVEREUX, Earl of Essex,	} soldiers of the Parliament.
COLONEL RICHARD GREAVES,	
ADJUTANT-GENERAL PUIDE,	
ELIAS ASHMOLE, Antiquarian.	
SIR WILLIAM DUGDALE, Herald and Antiquarian.	
CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA, Queen of Charles II.	
ANNE HYDE, wife of the Duke of York.	

December 17, 1632. Monday, Anthony Wood or a Wood (son of Thomas Wood, Bachelor of Arts and Anthony d of the Civil Law) was born in an ancient Wood tells stone house opposite to the fore-front of where he Merton College, on Monday the seventeenth was Born. day of December (St. Lazarus' Day) at about 4 of the clock in the morning, in the year 1632.

August 29, 1636. The King, Queen, Prince Rupert, many of the nobility and others, came from Woodstock At the age of into Oxford. A little before which time I Four he sees was conveyed in a servant's arms, with my King father and mother going to the lodgings of Charles I. Dr. Thomas Iles, canon of Christ Church; whence being conveyed to the mount in his garden, looking into Fish Street, I saw the King, Queen, and the rest riding down the said street into Christ Church Great Quadrangle. This was the first time that I ever saw the said King and Queen, and the first time I ever saw such a glorious train as that was, which I would often talk of when I was a man.

1637. I was put to school (aged 5) to learn to read the psalter. And about that time, playing before the He is kicked door of my father's house near Merton by the Horse, College, one of the horses called Mutton, Mutton. belonging to Thomas Edgerley, the university carrier, rode over me (as he was going to be watered) and bruised my head very much.

March, 1642. In the beginning of March, my brother Robert, who had lately been taken from the Free School at Thame, left Oxford in order *His Brother* to go to France with Charles Dufore, a kind *Robert forgets* of merchant at Blois. After he was settled *how to speak* there, the said Charles was to send his son *English.* Denis to Oxford to live with Robert's father by way of exchange for Robert; but the troubles in England soon after following, Charles Dufore refused to send his son. Wherefore Robert Wood, continuing at Blois and in other places in the kingdom of France till the beginning of 1647 (at that time he was nearly 17 years of age) he returned to his native place of Oxford, but had utterly forgotten his mother-tongue, which was a great trouble to his brethren to make him understand what they spoke to him.

August, 1642. Upon the publication of His Majesty's Proclamation, for the suppression of the rebellion under command of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, *To Arms!* the members of the University of Oxford '*For God and the King!*' began to put themselves in a posture of defence, and especially for another reason, which was that there was a strong report that divers companies of soldiers were passing through the country, sent from London by the Parliament for the securing of Banbury and Warwick. My father had then armour for one man, viz. a helmet, a back and breast-piece, a pike and a musket, and other appurtenances. And the eldest of his men-servants, (for he had then three) named Thomas Burnham, did appear in those arms when the scholars and privileged men trained; and when he could not train, being taken up with business, the next servant did train; and much ado there was to keep Thomas Wood, the eldest son, then a

student of Christ Church, from putting on the said armour and training among the scholars. And there was no holding the schoolboys in their school from seeing and following them; and I remember well that some young scholars could never be brought to their books again.

And then afterwards, upon Thursday, being the 18th of August, in the afternoon, all those scholars and privileged men marched from the Schools, all along up the High Street, to the number of 330 or more, to Christ Church College, where they were put into array and a little exercised; and about 4 or 5 o'clock, it beginning to rain, they marched back again the same way to the Schools; and so they departed for that time.

The Saturday following, they met at the Schools again in the fore noon; from whence they marched down through Holywell, and so through a gate near Mr. Napper's house, they entered into New Park; where, by their commanders, they were divided into four squadrons, whereof two of them were musketeers, the third was a squadron of pikes, the fourth of halberds; and after they had been reasonably instructed in the words of command and in their postures, they were put into battle array, and skirmished together in a very decent manner; and continuing there until about 2 of the clock in the afternoon, they returned, entering into the town at St. Giles his church, and so to Bocardo,¹ they came marching all the way through the market place, and so over Carfax, and down the High Street, and so they arrived at the Schools again, from whence they were dismissed for that time. The scholars were Graduates and Undergraduates; a great many of them Masters of Art, yea, divines also,

¹ The Town Prison, over the North Gate.

and Dr. Read of New College, a Doctor of Law, served with a pike.

Sunday, October 23, 1642. The great fight at Edgehill in Warwickshire, between the armies of King Charles I and his Parliament was begun. Upon the first news at Oxford that the armies were going to fight, my eldest brother Thomas left his gown at the town's end; ran to Edgehill; did His Majesty good service; returned on horseback well accoutred, and afterwards was made an officer in the King's army.

*The Battle
of Edgehill,
wherein
Brother
Thomas
takes a
Hand.*

This year Oxford was garrisoned for the King. The scholars were put out of their colleges, and those that remained bore arms for the King in the garrison.

October 29, 1642. The King's Majesty, towards the evening, came from Edgehill Battle, and from Banbury-side, to Oxford, in at the North Gate on horseback, with his army of footmen; Prince Rupert and his brother Maurice, also the young Prince Charles and his brother the Duke of York; they lodged at Christ Church; the footmen were billeted in and about Oxford. They came in their full march into the town, with about 60 or 70 colours borne before them which they had taken at the said Battle of Edgehill from the Parliament's forces which they had vanquished upon Sunday, the 23rd of October. The Mayor and townsmen presented themselves to His Majesty at Penniless Bench,¹ and presented him also with a sum of money, as I heard. The ordnance and great guns were driven into Magdalen College Grove, about 26 or 27 pieces, with all their carriages.

*The King
rides into
Oxford—*

¹ Penniless Bench stood against the East End of St. Martin's Church, and is mentioned as far back as the reign of Henry VIII.

1643. This year the plate which had been given to me at my christening by my godfathers and godmother—which was considerable—was (with all other plate in Oxford) carried by His Majesty's command to the mint at New Inn, and there turned into money to pay His Majesty's armies.

—And Anthony's Christening Presents go to pay his Armies.

May 29, 1644. Wednesday, being the Eve of the Ascension, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, generalissimo of the Parliament forces, faced the city of Oxford for several hours. This gave some terror to the garrison of Oxford, His Majesty being then therein; and great talk there was that a siege would suddenly follow. My mother, therefore, resolving that I and my brother Christopher should be removed out of harm's way, she sent us with an horse and man into the country, to a market town called Thame, and there we were set down and conveyed into the vicarage house where we were very lovingly received by the vicar Mr. Thomas Hanant; in which house my three elder brothers had before sojourned while they went to the Free School in Thame. Afterwards we were entered into the said school, there to be educated.

September 7, 1645. A great alarm to the Vicarage House, and particularly to A.W.¹ was this: Colonel Richard Greaves, a Presbyterian, lying for a considerable time in Thame with a great party of horse, it was known among the chief officers in Oxford. Whereupon Colonel William Legge, the Governor thereof, resolving to beat up him and his party, he sent 400 horse from Oxford

¹ Himself.

commanded by Colonel David Walter and Colonel Robert Legge, the Governor's brother. These, with 60 musketeers, marched forth from Oxford in the afternoon of Saturday September 6th, and before they came near to Thame, they divided into two bodies, the van headed by Colonel Walter and the rear by Colonel Robert Legge. They found the town very strongly barricaded at every avenue, notwithstanding which, Major Medcalf (major to Colonel Robert Legge) gallantly led up the forlorn hope, charged the rebels' guards, and Major Aglionby coming up to his assistance, the rebels were beat off, so as Major Medcalf with 7 troopers leapt from their horses, and, removing the carts, opened the avenue. This done, the two gallant majors charged the rebels up through the street, doing execution all the way to the market-place, where Colonel Greaves himself stood with about 200 horse drawn up; but Colonel Walter being ready with the other troops, gave the rebels such a charge as made them fly out of the town; and after pursuing the fugitive rebels, drove them about half a mile from Thame. In the meanwhile Colonel Legge, who with the rear guarded the town and avenues lest other of the rebels (being in all 800) should break in and defeat the whole, now drew into the town, that others might have secure time to search houses and stables. Orders were given, and 'twas done accordingly. After which they all drew out of the town, and marched away with their horses and prisoners.

This onset was made by the Cavaliers from Oxford about break of day before any of the rebels were stirring. But by the alarm taken from the sentinel that stood at that end of the town leading to Oxford, many of them came out of their beds into the market-place without

their doublets; whereof Adjutant-General Puide was one, who fought in his shirt. Some that were quartered near the church, and those in the Vicar's house (wherein I then sojourned) fled into the church (some with their horses also) and going to the top of the tower, would be peeping thence to see the Cavaliers run into the houses where they quartered, to fetch away their goods.

There were about 6 of the Parliament troopers quartered in the Vicar's house; and one, being slow and careless, was airing and warming his boots, while they were fighting in the town; and no sooner was he withdrawn, into the garden, I think, but some of the Cavaliers ran into the Vicar's house, and seized on cloaks and goods of the rebels, while some of the said rebels (who had locked themselves up in the church) were beholding out of the church windows what they were doing.

On the day before (Saturday) some of the rebels had been progg¹ing for venison, in Thame Park I think, and one or two pasties of it were made, and newly put into the oven before the Cavaliers entered the house. But so it was, that none of the said rebels were left at eleven of the clock to eat the said pasties, so their share fell among the schoolboys that were sojourners in the said house.

December, 1654. Having by this time got some musical acquaintance, a frolic by all means must be taken by us; and what should it be, but to disguise ourselves in poor habits, and like country fiddlers scrape for our livings? Farringdon Fair this year was the place designed to go to; and all of us (five in number) lodging in a house

¹ Foraging.

in the Middle Row in Magdalen Parish, belonging to one Gregory a chandler, we set out very early the next morning, and calling first on Mr. Thomas Latton's house at Kingston Bagpuize, we bid him Good Morrow by two or three tunes. He came in the hall among us, listened to our music, gave us money, and ordered drink to be carried to us. After we had done with him, we retired to the inn standing on the road going to Farringdon, dined there, and after dinner we were entertained by some of the neighbours, who danced in the green, gave us some money and victuals, and we returned very late that evening to Oxford. The names of those in this exploit were, myself and William Bull who played on the violins; Edmund Gregory, B.A. and Gentleman Commoner of Merton College, who played on the bass viol; John Trap of Trinity, on the cittern, and George Mason of the said college on another wire instrument, but could do nothing. Soon after we went to Kidlington, got something there, returned in the evening, and certain soldiers overtaking us, they by force made us play in the open field and then left us without a penny.

July, 1658. The 3rd. For socks, 6d. 9th, Friday, for a hat, £1 4s. 10th, Saturday, for gloves *He buys a*
1s. 2d. 12th, Monday, for seeing the Turk *Hat and sees*
dance, 6d. 14th. Wednesday, spent to *the Turk*
see the Turk, 6d. 17th. Saturday, given *Dance.*
to see the Play at the Cross Inn, 6d. 28th. Wednesday, for a pair of Spanish shoes, 4s. 6d.

August 30, 1658. A terrible raging wind happened which did much hurt.

September 3. Oliver Cromwell the Protector died. This I set down because some tell us that he was

hurried away by the Devil in the wind before mentioned.
He records the Death of Oliver Cromwell, and the Pelting of Master Mayor. September 6. Richard Cromwell, his son, was proclaimed Protector at Oxford at the usual places where Kings have been proclaimed. While he was proclaiming before S. Mary's Church door, the Mayor, recorder, town clerk, etc., accompanied by Colonel Unton Croke and his troopers, were pelted with carrot and turnip-tops by young scholars and others who stood at a distance.

May 29, 1660. The day of Restoration of King Charles II observed in all or most places in England, particularly at Oxford which did exceed any place of its bigness. Many from all parts of the Grace of God, King. flocked to London to see his entry; but A. W. was not there, but at Oxford, where the jollity of the day continued to next morning. The world of England was perfectly mad. They were freed from the chains of darkness and confusion which the Presbyterians and Fanatics had brought upon them; yet some of them seeing then the mischief they had done, tacked about to participate of the universal joy, and at length closed with the Royal party.

September 12, 1663. This day the University bellman went about and warned all privileged persons to make clean their doors and remove their blocks¹ out of the streets and lanes.
Way for the King!

September 19th, being then Saturday, open proclamation was made in Oxford Market by the Mayor's appointment that Wednesday following, on which the King had appointed to see Oxford, the corn carts and other sellers of wares that cumbered the street should

¹ Mounting blocks (?)

stand in Bocardo and New Inn Hall Lane, and that the butchers also should stand in the old Bocherew¹; but within a few hours after the Vice-Chancellor sent the University bellman about to contradict the Mayor's command and proclaimed that the Market should be on Tuesday in the usual place where it was kept.

It was ordered at the Mayor's council that, at the meeting of His Majesty, the mayor, recorder and town clerk, should alight from their horses, the recorder to make a speech and the mayor to present the King with a purse of gold, made of white satin with the King's arms thereon and beset with aglets² and pearls, and underneath writ '*King Charles the 2d*; A.D. 1663'; after that was done, to present the Queen with the richest pair of gloves that could be made; then a pair of gloves for the Duke of York and his Duchess. After that was done, to mount on horseback again, and the four constables of the suburbs to go on foot to make room; then the eight city constables within the walls to ride on horseback, 4 of them to have long staves with the city arms on them in their hands, and the other 4 to have their little maces tipped with silver; then after them 22 of the house in tabby³ doublets under budg⁴ gowns; then the aldermen and 13 in their scarlet; then the serjeants with their maces; then the mace-bearer and town clerk; then the mayor with his mace on his shoulders, with the recorder on his left hand.

September 23rd, being then Wednesday, the King and Queen with the Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York, came from Cirencester with the Lord Chan-

¹ Butchery, i.e. where the butchers' stalls were.

² Little points like the tag of a lace.

³ Striped silk.

⁴ A kind of fur made of lamb's wool.

cellor¹ at Cornbury. The Vice-Chancellor sent Mr. Bland the glover to Cornbury to observe that as soon as the King was set down there to dinner, to come away to Oxford to give notice to the Vice-Chancellor and Doctors of it. He came a little before 4 of the clock, and after he had delivered his message, the great bell of St. Mary's rang.

Then the Scholars of the University met at the Schools, and those Doctors and Masters that were to ride, at Wadham College, who being all met, they mounted on horseback in the backyard there, and so went through Canditch,² then St. Giles's Street, and so to the milestone.

About 6 of the clock, the King and Queen and the rest came on horseback towards the milestone. Then the Lord Chancellor, in his coach, who came up beforehand, alighted and went before the Vice-Chancellor and the Doctors, and there the Vice-Chancellor and the rest being on foot, spake a short speech to the King. After which was ended, he presented the King with a large fair Bible gilt, covered with black plush and bossed and clasped with silver double-gilt, and on the back-sides thereof in the middle 2 plain ovals of silver double-gilt. After that was done, he presented the Queen and Duke and Duchess of York with rich gloves.

When all this was done, the King and Queen on horseback, as their Highnesses were, came forward, and the recorder spake an English speech, with the Mayor on his right hand. That being done, he delivered his mace to the King and the King to the Mayor again. Then they presented him with a rich embroidered purse before mentioned with £300 in gold, which the King took with his left hand and put in his pocket.

¹ Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon.

² Now Broad Street.

When all these things were performed, which was about a quarter past 6 at night and somewhat dusky, they were all marshalled and came into the city; and the city militia stood in St. Giles's Street and made a lane for the King, but all this glory was in a manner eclipsed, for he staying so long in St. Giles's Fields to take horse, as also his retinue, and often stays afterwards, it was dark, and he came in by torchlight before him and torches on each side of the way.

September 2, 1666. A lamentable fire broke out in London in the morning, being Sunday. The wind being eastward, blew clouds of smoke over Oxford *Oxford is* the next day, and chiefly Tuesday, and the *Affrighted* sunshine was much darkened. The same *at London's* night also the moon was darkened by clouds *Burning.* of smoke and looked reddish. The fire or flame made a noise like the waves of the sea. Several traders ¹ set up here in Oxford afterwards.

This fire did so affrighten the nation that all towns stood upon their own defence day and night, and particularly Oxford, every one being so suspicious that no sorry ² fellow or woman could pass but they examined him, no gun or squib could go off but they thought it the fatal blow. On the fast day, viz. September 5th, Wednesday, which was three days after the fire began, a butcher driving certain oxen over Carfax cried to his beasts when he was under the window of St. Martin's Church, '*Hiup! Hiup!*'—which some taking for '*Fire!*' ran out of the church, and all the rest after, with the semblance of death in their faces, some saying they smelled smoke, others pitch, etc., and could not be reconciled to their error a great while.

¹ i.e. from London.

² Poor.

June 14, 1667. I went to London in the stage coach. My companions were all scholars. We all lodged that night at Beaconsfield.

A. W. goes up to London, and despairing of an Absent Librarian— *June 16.* Early in the morning, being Sunday, A. W. went to the Middle Temple, and found out Mr. Dugdale in the apartment belonging to Elias Ashmole. I gave him Dr. Barlow's letters, and after he had read them, which were to introduce me into the Cottonian Library, he expressed great civility to me. He then appointed me to call on him the next morning, and I should have letters from him to Sir John Cotton.

June 17. Accordingly I went, and he gave me the letter; so, posting forthwith to Westminster, I found Sir John Cotton in his house, joining almost to Westminster Hall. He was then practising on his lute with his instructor, and when he had done, he came out to me in the hall, and received me kindly, invited me to dinner, and directed me to Mr. Richard Pearson who kept the key of his library. Here was another trouble, for the said Mr. Richard Pearson being a lodger in the house of Robert Scot, a bookseller in Little Britain, I was forced to walk thither, and much ado there was to find him, but find him at last I did, and by his appointment I met him the next day at Sir John Cotton's house, where he lent me two MSS., which being run over and perused in half a day, yet before I could get two more (for no more were to be at a time lent out) it would be a whole day before I could find out the said Mr. Pearson to let me have more.

June 21. This Mr. Pearson being seldom to be found, I went to the lodgings of Mr. William Prinn in Lincoln's Inn, chief keeper of the records in the Tower of London.

Mr. Prinn received me with old-fashioned compliments, such as were used in the reign of James I, — *Betakes* and told me I should see what I desired, *himself to* and seemed glad that 'such a young man as *the Tower.* I was' (for so he called me) 'should have inclinations towards venerable antiquity,' etc. He told me then that if I would call upon him the next morning at 8 of the clock, he would conduct me to the Tower.

June 22. A. W. went precisely at the time appointed, and found Mr. Prinn in his black taffaty¹ cloak edged with black lace at the bottom. We went to the Tower directly through the city, then lying in ruins,² but by his meeting with several citizens and prating with them, it was about 10 of the clock before we could come to the said place. He then showed me a place where I could sit and write, and spoke to Jennings the reacher of the records, that he should let me have any record that I should point at. After that, he conducted me into the White Tower, where I was strangely surprised to see such vast number of charters and rolls that were there reposed. I found Mr. Dugdale in the office, who was running over a course of rolls in order to the drawing up and finishing either his third volume of 'Monasticon Anglicanum'³ or his 'Baronage,' and so long as I stayed in London, which was but a few days, I spent them there in his company, and at 12 of the clock every day we dined together at a cook's house within the Tower.

April 26, 1669. This was the first day that the flying coach went from Oxford to London in one day.

¹ A glossy silk, first made in Elizabeth's reign.

² i.e. after the Fire.

³ A book about the English Monasteries.

I went in the same coach, entering into the coach at the tavern door against All Souls College
The Flying Coach— precisely at 6 of the clock in the morning, and at 7 at night was set down in my inn at London.

These are to give Notice to all Persons that have occasion to go to *Oxford* by Coach; Let them repair to the *Greyhound* in *Holborn*, where they may
—And Able Horses. be furnished with a good Coach and able Horses, which sets forth every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for *Oxford*, performing the Stage in one day; and sets forth from the *Mitre* in *Oxford* for London every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday; performed if God permit, by

{ Widow Stonehill.
 { John Fosset.

The Stage begins Monday next, being the 17th instant April and sets forth precisely at Six in the Morning.¹

June 24, 1673. Midsummer Day. Dined at my brother Kit's. Cold meat, cold entertainment, cold reception, cold clownish woman. Talking of
A. W. falls out with his Sister-in-Law. players and praising them, she asked me to go with her and give her a play. 'If I had money, I would; I must be forced to borrow of my brother,' I told her. Then she began to extol Mr. Edward Fettiplace and Denis Huntingdon for cloying² with courtesies, doing anything that she desired. I told her, 'If I had it, or it were in my power,' I would do it. She told me that she 'had £300 per annum, and scorned to go.' I told her 'I came to be merry and not

¹ This advertisement was found in A. W.'s Diary.

² Overwhelming.

be scolded at.' She, angry at the word 'scolded,' told me 'if I did not like it' (the diet) 'I should leave it.'

June 16, 1685. An officer with drums came over-night into Oxford, beat up for volunteers to supply the places of the King's Foot Guards at Whitehall, who were drawn out of London toward the rebels in Dorsetshire;¹ the lustiest and tallest they took, and others they put aside. They took away about 30 or 40. At the same time drums beat up at Abingdon, which being a most factious town, they could get thence but 4 volunteers.

*Recruiting
for the
King's Foot
Guards.*

July 11, 1692. There was executed by hanging early in the morn in the Castle yard one Robert White, sometimes a servitor of Christ Church, son of Almond White, a barber, living near the Mitre Inn in Oxford, for stealing a clock from a certain person of Christ Church, a plate from All Souls College, another from Corpus Christi College, and books and clothes from Mr. Thomas Lethbridge of Exeter College. Evidence came in against him about the clock and clothes, but none concerning the plate. He was accused for being one of the knot ² of robbers who committed several robberies in the night time last winter in Oxford; but he several times denied it to the Vice-Chancellor in prison and at the gallows; otherwise, as 'tis thought, if he would or could have confessed the knot, he would have been saved. He was a handsome young man, and therefore when he was to be executed the maids of the town had dressed up an ordinary body to beg him to be her husband; and she appeared at the gallows and

*Marry or be
Hanged.*

¹ Who were supporting the Duke of Monmouth in his rebellion against James II (see page 128).

² Gang.

desired him, but the law denied him unless he would confess the knot.

After he was hanged, he was coffined and carried to his mother's house near the Mitre; but multitudes of people coming to see him, he was laid in All Saints Church. The next day, his body was supported by young men, and being covered with a white sheet, the said sheet was held up by maids in white, with innumerable women, maids and children following. After prayers said, he was buried in All Saints Churchyard.

[On November 9, 1695, A. W. records in his Diary a visit paid by King William III to Oxford. This was almost the last thing he wrote. He had been unwell since the beginning of the month, and on the 28th he died. He had lived to see four kings—Charles I, Charles II, James II and William III: likewise the Protector, Oliver. Two others of our Diarists were still living—Mr. Pepys and Mr. Evelyn, Mr. Pepys being one year younger than A. W., and Mr. Evelyn twelve years older. Mr. Evelyn had, therefore, seen yet another King of England—James I.]

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS

(1633-1703)

The writer of the most famous Diary in the English language was born in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, where his father kept a tailor's shop. When he grew to school age, he went to St. Paul's, which then stood quite near his home, under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral—the Cathedral which was later burnt in the Great Fire and replaced by Sir Christopher Wren's stately building which still looks down on Ludgate Hill. In 1650 Samuel went on to Cambridge, and five years later married a girl of fifteen, Elizabeth St. Michel, who was as poor as himself. Pepys' father could do nothing for them. But Samuel had a cousin, Edward Montagu, a close friend of Oliver Cromwell. Cromwell put Edward Montagu in command of the English Fleet, and Edward Montagu at once appointed his needy cousin Samuel to be his secretary. From that moment Pepys' fortune was made. After Cromwell's death Montagu attached himself to the cause of Charles II, as the Diary shows, and soon after the Restoration Samuel Pepys was appointed Clerk of the Acts in King Charles's Navy Office.

Pepys' Diary unfortunately only covers a period of nine and a half years, for in May 1669, he feared he was going blind and so resolved to keep it no longer. The Diary was written in a secret shorthand invented by Pepys himself, and it was not till more than 100 years after his death that anyone discovered how to read it.

THE CHIEF PEOPLE OF THE DIARY

SAMUEL PEPYS.

ELIZABETH PEPYS, his wife.

ROGER PEPYS, his cousin.

WILL HEWER, his servant, later his clerk and friend.

SIR WILLIAM BATTEN,

SIR WILLIAM PENN,

MR. (afterwards SIR) WILLIAM COVENTRY,

} Navy officials.

WILLIAM PENN, son to SIR WILLIAM, who later became a Quaker and founded the Colony of Pennsylvania.

MR. (afterwards SIR) PETER PETT, a famous shipbuilder of Deptford.

MR. JOHN EVELYN. (See page 108.)

MR. POVEY, the Duke of York's Treasurer.

KING CHARLES II.

JAMES, DUKE OF YORK (called by Pepys 'The Duke'),
HENRY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, { The
King's
brothers.

MARY, PRINCESS OF ORANGE, the King's sister.

THE PRINCE OF ORANGE, her husband, and father of William III of England.

PRINCE RUPERT, the King's cousin.

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA, mother of Prince Rupert.

GEORGE MONK, afterwards Duke of Albemarle.

EDWARD MONTAGU, afterwards Earl of Sandwich. (Called by Pepys 'My Lord'.)

1660. Blessed be God, at the end of the last year, I was in very good health. I lived in Axe Yard,¹

Mr. Pepys having my wife, and servant Jane, and no
begins his other in family than us three.

Diary. *January 1* (Lord's Day). This morning, (we living lately in the garret), I rose, put on my suit with great skirts, having not lately worn any other clothes but them. Went to Mr. Gunning's chapel at Exeter House,² where he made a very good sermon. Dined at home in the garret, where my wife dressed the remains of a turkey, and in the doing of it, she burned her hand. I stayed at home the whole afternoon, looking over my accounts; then went with my wife to my father's.

February 11. We took coach for the City, to the Guildhall, where the Hall was full of people expecting

¹ Westminster.

² In the Strand.

Monk and the Lord Mayor, and all were joyful. Met Monk coming out of the chamber where he had been with the Mayor and Aldermen, but such a shout I never heard in all my life, crying out, 'God bless your Excellence.' In Cheapside there was a great many bonfires, and Bow Bells and all the bells in all the churches as we went home were a-ringing. Hence we went homewards, it being about ten at night. But the common joy that was everywhere to be seen. The number of bonfires, there being fourteen between St. Dunstan's and Temple Bar, and at Strand Bridge I could at one time count thirty-one fires. In King Street seven or eight; and all along, burning, and roasting, and drinking for rumps,¹ there being rumps tied upon sticks and carried up and down. The butchers at the May Pole in the Strand rang a peal with their knives when they were going to sacrifice their rump. On Ludgate Hill there was one turning of a spit that had a rump tied upon it, and another basting of it. Indeed it was past imagination, both the greatness and the suddenness of it. At one end of the street you would think there was a whole lane of fire, and so hot that we were fain to keep on the further side.

February 23. Thursday, my birthday, and I am now twenty-seven years old.

March 2. Great is the talk of a single person, and that it would be now Charles, George or Richard again.² Great also is the dispute now in the House in whose

¹ The 'Rump' Parliament had been sitting since December 6, 1649. On that day Colonel Pride and his soldiers drove out most of the M.P.'s, the name of 'The Rump' being given to those who were left.

² Charles II, George Monk, or Richard Cromwell.

name the writs shall run for the next Parliament; and it is said that Mr. Prin, in open House, said, 'In King Charles's.' ~

March 16. To-night I am told that yesterday, about five o'clock in the afternoon, one came with a ladder to the Royal Exchange and wiped out with a brush the inscription that was on King Charles,¹ and that there was a great bonfire made in the Exchange, and people called out, 'God bless King Charles the Second.'

March 23. My Lord and I to the Tower, where the barges stayed for us, and from thence to the Long Reach where the *Swiftsure* lay at anchor.
Mr. Pepys puts to Sea— As soon as my Lord was on board, the guns went off bravely from the ships, and a little while after comes the Vice-Admiral Lawson and the rest of the Commanders of the frigates that were thereabouts. We were late writing of orders for the getting of the ships ready. The boy Eliazer flung down a can of beer upon my papers, which made me give him a box on the ear, it having cost me a great deal of work.

March 27. This morning, the wind came about, and we fell into the Hope, and in our passing by the Vice-Admiral, he and the rest of the frigates, did give us many guns, and we him, and the report of them broke all the windows in my cabin.

April 5. We set sail at noon. The wind grew high, and I began to be dizzy and squeamish.

April 12. Weather bad.

May 1. It being a very pleasant day, I wished myself in Hyde Park. At supper, hearing a great noise, we all

¹ Charles I. A Latin inscription saying how 'the tyrant' died January 30th, 1649.

rose, and found it was to save the coxon of the *Cheriton*, who, dropping overboard, was drowned.

May 7. My Lord went this morning about the flag-ships in a boat, to see what alterations there must be as to the arms and flags.¹ He did give me orders to write for silk flags and scarlet waistcloths,² for a rich barge, for a noise of trumpets and a set of fiddlers.

May 11. After dinner we set sail from the downs, and in the morning (of the 14th) The Hague was clearly to be seen by us.

—*And*

May 16. Commissioner Pett was now *arrives at* come to get all things ready for the King *The Hague.* on board. My Lord in his best suit, in expectation to wait upon the King, but Mr. Edward Pickering coming from the King, brought word that the King would not put my Lord to the trouble of coming to him, but that he himself would come to the shore to look upon the fleet; and so we had our guns ready to fire and our scarlet waistcloths out and silk pendants; but he did not come. Mr. Edward Pickering told me what a sad, poor condition for clothes and money the King was in, and all his attendants, their clothes not being worth forty shillings, the best of them.

May 22. Up, and trimmed by a barber that has not trimmed me yet. News brought that the two Dukes are coming on board; which by and by they *The King's* did—in a Dutch boat; the Duke of York *Brothers* in yellow trimmings, the Duke of Gloucester *come Aboard.* in grey and red. My Lord went in a boat to meet them; the Captain, myself and others, standing at the entering

¹ i.e. to change the arms of the Commonwealth for the Royal Arms.

² Coloured cloths hung along the sides of a ship.

port. So soon as they were entered, we shot the guns off round the fleet. After that, they went to view the ship all over, and were most exceedingly pleased with it. They seem to be very fine gentlemen. Upon the quarter-deck table, under the awning, the Duke of York and my Lord, Mr. Coventry and I, spent an hour at allotting to every ship their service in their return to England; which being done, they went to dinner. After dinner, the Dukes and my Lord made to the shore in the Dutch boat that brought them, and I got into the boat with them.

By the time we came on board again, news is sent us that the King is on shore, so my Lord fired all his guns round twice, and all the fleet after him. *Mr. Pepys* fires a Gun The gun over against my cabin I fired myself in Honour of to the King, which was the first time he had King been saluted by his own ships since this Charles. change; but, holding my head too much over the gun, I had almost spoiled my right eye. Nothing in the world but giving of guns all this day.

May 23. In the morning there came an infinity of people on board from the King. My Lord and others go on shore to meet the King as he comes off *King Charles* embarks for from the shore, where I hear that His Majesty England— did with a great deal of affection kiss my Lord upon his first meeting. The King, with the two Dukes and the Queen of Bohemia, the Princess Royal and the Prince of Orange, came on board, where I kissed their hands. Infinite shooting off of guns, and that in a disorder on purpose, which was better than if it had been otherwise. Dined in a great deal of state, the Royal company by themselves in the coach,¹ which was a blessed sight to see. After dinner the King and the

¹ The Captain's room near the stern of the ship.

Duke altered the names of some of the ships, viz. the *Naseby* into *Charles*; the *Richard*, *James*; the *Speaker*, *Mary*; the *Dunbar*, the *Henry*; *Winsly*, *Happy Return*; *Wakefield*, *Richmond*; *Lambert*, the *Henrietta*; *Cheriton*, the *Speedwell*; *Bradford*, the *Success*.

That done, the Queen,¹ Princess Royal, and Prince of Orange took leave of the King; and the Duke of York went on board the *London*, and the Duke of Gloucester the *Swiftsure*; which done, we weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather, we set sail for England.

All the afternoon the King walked here and there, up and down (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been) very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he passed through—his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company that took them for rogues. His sitting at table, at one place where the master of the house that had not seen him in eight years, did know him, but kept it private; when at the same table was one that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, but not knowing him, made him drink the King's health, and said the King was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place he was, by some of the servants of the house, made to drink that they might know that he was not a Round-head, which they swore he was. In another place, at his

¹ Of Bohemia.

inn, the master of the house, as the King was standing with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fireside, kneeled down and kissed his hand privately, saying that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going. Then the difficulties of getting a boat to get into France, when he was fain to plot with the master thereof to keep his design from the foreman and the boy (which was all the ship's company), and so get to Fecamp in France. At Rouen he looked so poorly, that the people went into the rooms before he went away, to see whether he had not stole something or other.

May 25. By the morning we were come close to the land, and everybody made ready to get on shore. The King and the two Dukes did eat their
—*And lands at Dover.* breakfast before they went, and there being set some ship's diet before them, only to show them the manner of the ship's diet, they eat of nothing else but pease and pork and boiled beef. I spoke to the Duke of York about business, who called me Pepys by name, and upon my desire did promise me his future favour. Great expectation of the King's making some Knights, but there was none. About noon (though the brigatine that Beale made was there ready to carry him) yet he would go in my Lord's barge with the two Dukes. Our Captain steered, and my lord went along bare-headed with him. I went, and Mr. Mansell, and one of the King's footmen, and a dog that the King loved, in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land at Dover. Infinite crowd of people, and the gallantry of the horsemen, citizens and noblemen of all sorts. A

canopy was provided for the King to stand under, which he did, and talked awhile with General Monk and others, and so into a stately coach there set for him, and away through the town toward Canterbury. The shouting and the joy expressed by all is past imagination.

April 22, 1661. The King going from the Tower to Whitehall. Up early and made myself as fine as I could, and put on my velvet coat, the first day that I put it on, though made half a year ago. And being ready, Sir W. Batten, my Lady, and his two daughters and his son and wife, and Sir W. Penn and his son ¹ and I, went to Mr. Young's, the flag-maker, in Cornhill; and there we had a good room to ourselves, with wine and good cake, and saw the show very well. In which it is impossible to relate the glory of this day, expressed in the clothes of them that rid, and their horses and horse-cloths. Among others, my Lord Sandwich's embroidery and diamonds were not ordinary among them. The Knights of the Bath was a brave sight of itself; and their Esquires, among which Mr. Armiger was an Esquire to one of the Knights. Remarkable were the two men that represent the two Dukes of Normandy and Aquitaine. The Bishops come next after Barons, which is the higher place; which makes me think that the next Parliament they will be called to the House of Lords. My Lord Monk rode bare-headed after the King, and led in his hand a spare horse, as being Master of the Horse. The King, in a rich embroidered suit and cloak, looked most noble. Wadlow, the vintner at the Devil in Fleet Street, did lead a fine company of soldiers, all young, comely men, in white doublets. There followed the Vice-Chamberlain,

*A Royal
Procession.*

¹ William Penn.

Sir G. Carteret, and a company of men all like Turks, but I know not yet what they are for. The streets all gravelled, and the houses hung with carpets before them, made brave show, and the ladies out of the windows. So glorious was the show with gold and silver that we were not able to look at it, our eyes at last being so much overcome. Both the King and the Duke took notice of us as they saw us at the window.

In the evening by water to White Hall, to my Lord's, and there I spoke with my Lord. He talked with me about his suit, which was made in France, and cost him £200, and very rich it is with embroidery.

April 23, 1661. About four I rose, and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham, the surveyor, with some company he was leading in. And with much ado, by the favour of Mr. *Coronation* Cooper, his man, did get up into a great *Day.* scaffold across the North end of the Abbey, where with a great deal of patience I sat from past four till eleven before the King come in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is, a chair) and footstool on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fiddlers, in red vests. At last comes in the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster, with the Bishops, (many of them in cloth of gold copes), and after them the Nobility, all in their Parliament robes, which was a most magnificent sight. Then the Duke, and the King with a sceptre (carried by my Lord Sandwich) and sword and wand before him, and the crown too. The King in his robes, bare-headed, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and the service; and then in the Choir at the High Altar,

the King passed through all the ceremonies of the Coronation, which to my great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crown being put upon his head, a great shout begun, and he came forth to the throne, and there passed through more ceremonies—as taking the oath, and having things read to him by the Bishop; and his Lords (who put on their caps as soon as the King put on his crown) and Bishops come and kneeled before him. And three times the King at Arms went to the three open spaces on the scaffold, and proclaimed that if any one could show any reason why Charles Stuart should not be King of England, that now he should come and speak. And a General Pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and medals flung up and down by my Lord Cornwallis, of silver, but I could not come by any. But so great a noise that I could make but little of the music; and indeed it was lost to every body.

I went out a little while before the King had done all his ceremonies, and went round the Abbey to Westminster Hall, all the way within rails, and 10,000 people, with the ground covered with red cloth, and scaffolds all the way. Into the Hall I got, where it was very fine with hangings and scaffolds one upon another full of brave ladies, and my wife in one little one on the right hand. Here I stayed, walking up and down, and at last upon one of the side stalls I stood and saw the King come in with all the persons (but the soldiers) that were yesterday in the cavalcade, and a most pleasant sight it was to see them in their several robes. And the King come in with his crown on, and his sceptre in his hand, under a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by Barons of the Cinque Ports, and little bells at every end. And after a long time, he got up to the farther end, and all

set themselves down at their several tables; and that was also a brave sight: and the King's first course was carried up by the Knights of the Bath. And many fine ceremonies there was of the Heralds leading up people before him, and bowing; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchen and eating a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King's table. But above all, there was these three Lords—Northumberland, and Suffolk and the Duke of Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback, and staying so all dinner time, and at last bringing up Dymock, the King's Champion, all in armour on horseback, with his spear and target carried before him. And a Herald proclaims 'That if any dare deny Charles Stuart to be lawful King of England, here was a Champion that would fight with him'; and with those words the Champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he does three times in his going up towards the King's table, to which when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup, which is of gold; and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand.

I went from table to table to see the Bishops and all others at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. And at the Lords' table, I met with William Howe, and he spoke to my Lord for me, and he did give him four rabbits and a pullet, and so Mr. Creed and I got Mr. Minshell to give us some bread, and so we at a stall eat it, as everybody else did what they could get. I took a great deal of pleasure to go up and down and look upon the ladies, and to hear the music of all sorts, but above all the 24 violins. About six at night they had dined, and I went up to my wife. And strange it is to think that these two days have held up fair till now that all is done, and the King gone out of the Hall; and

then it fell a-raining and a-thundering and lightning as I have not seen it do for some years; which people did take great notice of; God's blessing of the work of these two days, which is a foolery to take too much notice of such things.

June 13, 1661. To Alderman Backwell's, but his servants not being up, I went home, and put on my grey cloth suit and faced white coat, made of one of my wife's petticoats, the first time I have had it on, and so in a riding garb back again. *Mr. Pepys shows his Liking for Finery.*

November 30. This day I first did wear a muff, being my wife's last year's muff; and now I have bought her a new one, this serves me very well.

October 31, 1663. To my great sorrow find myself £43 worse than I was the last month, which was then £760, and now it is but £717. But it hath chiefly arisen from my laying out in clothes for myself and wife; viz. for her about £12, and for myself £55, or thereabouts; having made myself a velvet cloak, two new cloth shirts, black, plain both; a new shag ¹ gown, trimmed with gold buttons and twist, with a new hat, and silk tops for my legs, and many other things, being resolved henceforward to go like myself. And also two periwiggs, one whereof costs me £3 and the other 40s. I have worn neither yet, but will begin next week, God willing.

November 3. Home, and by and by comes Chapman, the periwig-maker, and upon my liking it, without more ado I went up, and there he cut off my hair, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it; but, it being over, and my periwig on, I paid him £3 for it;

¹ Cloth with a velvety surface.

and away went he, with my own hair, to make up another of; and I, by and by, went abroad, after I had caused all my maids to look upon it; and they conclude it do become me, though Jane was mighty troubled for my parting of my own hair, and so was Besse.

June 11, 1665. Up, and expected long a new suit; but, coming not, dressed myself in my new black silk camlet¹ suit; and, when fully ready, comes my new one of coloured ferrandin,² which my wife puts me out of love with, which vexes me.

November 4, 1666. My taylor's man brings my vest home, and coat to wear with it, and belt and silver-hilted sword: so I rose and dressed myself, and I like myself mightily in it, and so do my wife.

January 13, 1663. My poor wife rose by five o'clock in the morning, before day, and went to market and *He gives a* bought fowls and many other things for *Dinner* dinner, with which I was highly pleased, *Party—* and the chine of beef was down also before six o'clock, and my own jack,³ of which I was doubtful, do carry it very well, things being put in order, and the cook come.

By and by comes Dr. Clerke and his lady, his sister, and a she-cousin, and Mr. Pierce and his wife, which was all my guests. I had for them, after oysters, at first course, a hash of rabbits and lamb, and a rare chine of beef. Next, a great dish of roasted fowl, cost me about 30s., and a tart, and then fruit and cheese. My dinner was noble and enough. I had my house mighty clean and neat; my room below with a good fire in it; my

¹ A light stuff made of silk and Angora goat hair, originally camel hair, hence the name.

² A silk and wool cloth.

³ Roasting jack.

dining-room above, and my chamber being made a withdrawing chamber; and my wife's a good fire also, I find my new table very proper, and will hold nine or ten people well, but eight with great room. At supper, had a good sack posset¹ and cold meat, and sent my guests away about ten o'clock at night, both them and myself highly pleased with our management of this day; and indeed their company was very fine, and Mrs. Clerke a very witty, fine lady, though a little conceited and proud. I believe this day's feast will cost me near £5.

May 5, 1665. To Mr. Evelyn's; he being abroad, we walked in his garden, and a lovely noble ground he hath indeed. And among other rarities, a hive of bees, so as, being hived in glass, you may see the bees making their honey and combs mightily pleasantly. *—Visits Mr. Evelyn's Bees—*

November 15, 1666. To Mrs. Pierce's, where I find her as fine as possible, and Mr. Pierce, going to the Ball at night at Court, it being the Queen's birthday. I also to the Ball, and with much ado got up to the loft, where with much trouble *—Attends a Court Ball—*

I could see very well. Anon the house grew full, and the candles light, and the King and Queen and all the ladies sat: and it was indeed a glorious sight to see Mrs. Stewart in black and white lace, and her head and shoulders dressed with diamonds, and the like many great ladies more, only the Queen none; and the King in his rich vest of some rich silk and silver trimming, as the Duke of York and all the dancers were, some of cloth of silver, and others of other sorts, exceeding rich.

Presently after the King was come in, he took the Queen, and about fourteen more couple there was, and

¹ A mixture of milk and sack (wine).

begun the Bransle.¹ As many of the men as I can remember presently, were the King, Duke of York, Prince Rupert, Duke of Monmouth, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. George Hamilton, Colonel Russell, Mr. Griffith, Lord Ossory, Lord Rochester; and of the ladies, the Queen, Duchess of York, Mrs. Stewart, Duchess of Monmouth, and many others I remember not; but all most excellently dressed in rich petticoats and gowns, and diamonds and pearls.

After the Bransles, then to a Corant,¹ and now and then a French dance; but that so rare, that the Corants grew tiresome that I wished it done. Only Mrs. Stewart danced mighty finely, and many French dances, specially one the King called the New Dance, which was very pretty; but upon the whole matter, the business of the dancing of itself was not extraordinary pleasing. But the clothes and sight of the persons were indeed very pleasing, and worth my coming, being never likely to see more gallantry while I live, if I should come twenty times. About twelve at night it broke up. So away home with my wife.

September 2, 1667. I went to see a great match at tennis, between Prince Rupert and one Captain Cooke —*And* against Bab. May and the elder Chichly, *watches* where the King was and Court; and it seems *Prince* they are the best players at tennis in the nation. *Rupert play* But this puts me in mind of what I observed *Tennis.* in the morning, that the King, playing at tennis, had a steele-yard carried to him; and I was told it was to weigh him after he had done playing; and at noon Mr. Ashburnham told me that it is only the King's curiosity, which he usually hath of weighing himself

¹ Two dances.

before and after his play, to see how much he loses in weight by playing; and this day he lost $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

April 21, 1667. I have a mind to buy enough ground to build a coach-house and stable; for I have had it much in my thoughts lately that it is not too much for me now, in degree or cost, to keep a coach, but contrarily, that I am almost ashamed to be seen in a Hackney. *He decides to set up a Coach.*

June 1. Up; and there comes to me Mr. Commander, whom I employ about hiring of some ground behind the office for the building of me a stable and coach-house: for I do find it necessary for me, both in respect of honour and the profit of it also, my expense in hackney-coaches being now so great, to keep a coach, and therefore will do it. Having given him some instructions about it, I to the office.

October 20, 1668. At this time my wife and I mighty busy laying out money in dressing up our best chamber, and thinking of a coach and coachman and horses, etc. I walked out to look for a coach, and saw many, and did light on one for which I bid £50, which do please me mightily.

21. Away to the New Exchange, and there staid for my wife, and she come, we to Cow Lane, and there I showed her the coach which I pitched on, and she is out of herself for joy almost. But the man not within, so we did nothing more towards an agreement.

24. This morning comes to me the coachmaker, and agreed with me for £53, and to stand the courtesy of what more I should give him upon the finishing of the coach: he is likely also to fit me with a coachman.

30. Up betimes; and Mr. Povy comes to even accounts with me, which we did. This done, he and

I to talk of my coach, and I got him to go see it, where he finds most infinite fault with it, both as to being out of fashion and heavy, with so good reason that I am mightily glad of his having corrected me in it; and so I do resolve to have one of his build, and with his advice, both in coach and horses, he being the fittest man in the world for it.

November 1. This noon Mr. Povy sent his coach for my wife and I to see, which we like mightily, and will endeavour to have him get us just such another.

2. This day I went, by Mr. Povy's direction, to a coach-maker near him, for a coach just like his, but it was sold this very morning.

5. With Mr. Povy spent all the afternoon going up and down among the coachmakers in Cow Lane, and did see several, and at last did pitch upon a little chariot, whose body was framed, but not covered, at the widow's that made Mr. Lowther's fine coach; and we are mightily pleased with it, it being light, and will be very genteel and sober: to be covered with leather, but yet will hold four. Home, where I give my wife a good account of my day's work.

20. To meet Roger Pepys, which I did, and did there discourse of the business of lending him £500 to answer some occasions of his: away by coach home, calling on my coachmaker by the way, where I like my little coach mightily.

28. All the morning at the office, where, while I was sitting, one comes and tells me that my coach is come. So I was forced to go out, and to Sir Richard Ford's, where I spoke to him, and he is very willing to have it brought in, and stand there; and so I ordered it, to my great content, it being mighty pretty, only the

horses do not please me, and, therefore, resolve to have better.

29. This morning my coachman's clothes come home; and I like the livery mightily.

November 30. My wife, after dinner, went the first time abroad in her coach, calling on Roger Pepys, and visiting Mrs. Creed, and my cousin Turner.

Thus ended this month, with very good content, but most expensive to my purse on things of pleasure, having furnished my wife's closet and the best chamber, and a coach and horses, that ever I knew in the world; and I am put into the greatest condition of outward state that ever I was in, or hoped ever to be, or desired.

December 4. Did wait as usual upon the Duke of York. . . . Home, where by invitation I find my aunt Wight, who looked over all our house, and is mighty pleased with it, and indeed it is now mighty handsome, and rich in furniture.

He buys New Horses.

I carried my wife and her to Smithfield, where they sit in the coach, while Mr. Pickering, who meets me at Smithfield, and I, and W. Hewer, and a friend of his, a jockey, did go about to see several pairs of horses, for my coach; but it was late, and we agreed on none, but left it to another time; but here I do see instances of a piece of craft and cunning that I never dreamed of, concerning the buying and choosing of horses.

11. With W. Hewer by coach to Smithfield, but met not Mr. Pickering, he being not come, and so Will and I to a cook's shop, in Aldersgate Street; and dined well for 1s. 0½d., upon roast beef; and so, having dined, we back to Smithfield, and there met Pickering, and up and down all the afternoon about horses, and did see the

knaveries and tricks of the jockeys. At last, concluded upon giving £50 for a fine pair of black horses we saw this day se'nnight. And so home.

12. This day was brought home my pair of black coach-horses, the first I ever was master of, a fine pair!

21. To the Temple, the first time my fine horses ever carried me, and I am mighty proud of these. So home, and there dined with my wife and my people; and then she, and W. Hewer, and I out with our own coach, but the old horses, not daring yet to use the others too much.

23. With my wife alone abroad, with our new horses, the beautifullest almost that ever I saw, and the first time they ever carried her and me, but once; but we are mighty proud of them. To her tailor's, and so to the 'Change, and laid out three or four pounds in lace, for her and me; and so home.

December 30. Up, and vexed a little to be forced to pay 40s. for a glass for my coach, which was broken *A Kicking* the other day, nobody knows how, within *Horse and a* the door, while it was down; but I do doubt *Stranded* that I did break it myself with my knees. *Coach.*

After dinner, my wife and I to the Duke's playhouse, and there did see 'King Harry the Eighth,' and was mightily pleased, better than I ever expected. We happened to sit by Mr. Andrews, our neighbour, and his wife, who talked so fondly to his little boy. Thence my wife and I to the 'Change; but, in going, our near horse did fling himself, kicking of the coachbox over the pole; and a great deal of trouble it was to get him right again, and we forced to 'light, and in great fear of spoiling the horse, but there was no hurt.

February 6, 1668. To the King's playhouse, and

there—in an upper box—did see ‘The Moor of Venice’: but ill acted in most parts, Mohun, which did a little surprise me, not acting Iago’s part by much so well as Clun used to do: nor another Hart’s, which was Cassio’s; nor, indeed, Burt doing the Moor’s so well as I once thought he did. Thence home, and just at Holborn Conduit the bolt broke that holds the fore-wheels to the perch, and so the horses went away with them, and left the coachman and us; but, being near our coachmaker’s, and we staying in a little ironmonger’s shop, we were presently supplied with another.

March 18. My wife and I to Dancre’s, to see the pictures; and thence to Hyde Park, the first time we were there this year, or ever, in our own coach, *To Hyde Park, ‘with* where with mighty pride rode up and down, *Mighty Pride.’* and many coaches there; and I thought our horses and coach as pretty as any there, and observed so to be by others. Here staid till night, and so home.

April 19. Up, and out, calling about my coach, which was at the coachmaker’s, and hath been for these two or three days, to be new painted, and the *The Coach* window-frames gilt against next May-day. *New*

26. This night I did call at the coach- *Painted.* maker’s, and do resolve upon having the standards of my coach gilt with this new sort of varnish, which will come but to 40s.; and, contrary to my expectations, the doing of the biggest coach all over comes not to above £6, which is not very much.

30. Up, and by coach to the coachmaker’s: and there I do find a great many ladies sitting in the body of a coach that must be ended by to-morrow: they were my Lady Marquess of Winchester, Bellassis, and other

great ladies, eating of bread and butter, and drinking ale. I to my coach, which is silvered over, but no varnish yet laid on, so I put it in a way of doing; and myself about other business. This done, I to my coachmaker's, and there vexed to see nothing yet done to my coach, at three in the afternoon; but I set it in doing, and stood by till eight at night, and saw the painter varnish it, which is pretty to see how every doing of it over do make it more and more yellow; and it dries as fast in the sun as it can be laid on almost. At night home, and there find my wife hath been making herself clean against to-morrow; and late as it was, I did send my coachman and horses to fetch home the coach to-night, and so we to supper, myself most weary with walking and standing so much, to see all things fine against to-morrow, and so to bed.

May 1. Up betimes. Called by my tailor, and there first put on a summer suit this year; but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest, and coloured camlet tunic, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the bands that I was afraid to be seen in it; but put on the stuff suit I made the last year, which is now repaired; and so did go to the Office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it would be foul. At noon home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty; and, indeed, was fine all over; and mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards gilt with varnish, and all clean, and

green reins, that people did mightily look upon us; and, the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than our's, all the day. But we set out, out of humour—I because Betty, whom I expected, was not come to go with us; and my wife that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine: and she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did in the Pell Mell, and, against my will, I was forced to take him into the coach, but was sullen all day almost, and little complaisant: the day being unpleasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty, and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling of rain; and, what made it worse, there were so many hackney-coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's; and so we had little pleasure. But here was W. Batelier and his sister in a borrowed coach by themselves, and I took them, and we to the lodge; and at the door did give them a syllabub,¹ and other things, cost me 12s., and pretty merry. And so back to the coaches, and there till the evening, and then home.

June 7, 1665. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and 'Lord have mercy upon us!' writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind, that to my remembrance, I ever saw. *London is Devastated by the Plague.*

July 30. Up, and in my night gown, cap, and neck-cloth, undressed, all day long—lost not a minute, but in my chamber, setting my accounts to rights. It was a sad noise to hear our bell to toll and ring so often to-day, either for deaths or burials; I think, five or six times. *The Toll of the Bell.*

¹ A mixture of milk and wine.

August 8. To my office a little, and then to the Duke of Albemarle's about some business. The streets empty all the way now, even in London, which is a sad sight. And to Westminster; and poor *Empty Streets.* Will, that used to sell us ale at the Hall door, his wife and three children died, all, I think, in a day.

September 3. To the Vestry at the desire of the Justices of the Peace, in order to the doing something for the keeping of the plague from growing; *A Child saved from an Infected House.* but, Lord! to consider the madness of people of the town, who will, because they are forbid, come in crowds along with the dead corpses to see them buried; but we agreed on some orders for the prevention thereof.

Among other stories, one was very passionate, methought, of a complaint brought against a man in the town, for taking a child from London from an infected house. Alderman Hooker told us it was the child of a very able citizen in Gracechurch Street, a saddler, who had buried all the rest of his children of the plague, and himself and wife now being shut up in despair of escaping, did desire only to save the life of this little child; and so prevailed to have it received stark naked into the arms of a friend, who brought it, having put it into new fresh clothes, to Greenwich; where, upon hearing the story, we did agree it should be permitted to be kept in the town.

To Lambeth, and thence to the Duke of Albemarle. But, Lord! what a sad time it is to see no boats upon *No Boats on the River.* the river; and grass grows all up and down Whitehall Court, and nobody but poor wretches in the streets! And, which is worst of all, the Duke showed us the number of the

plague this week, brought in the last night from the Lord Mayor; that it is increased about 600 more than the last.

November 24. To London, and there, in my way, at my old oyster shop in Gracechurch Street, bought two barrels of my fine woman *Alive after the Plague!* of the shop, who is alive after all the plague, which now is the first observation or enquiry we make at London concerning everybody we know.

January 5, 1666. I with my Lord Brouncker by coach with four horses to London, to my Lord's house in Covent Garden. But, Lord! what starting to see a nobleman's coach come to town! *The Shops Re-opening.* And porters everywhere bow to us, and such begging of beggars! And delightful it is to see the town full of people again; and shops begin to open, though in many places seven or eight together, and more, all shut; but yet the town is full compared to what it used to be. I mean the City end, for Covent Garden and Westminster are yet very empty of people, no Court nor gentry being there.

September 2, 1666 (Lord's Day). Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast day to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning to tell us of a great *The Fire of London.* fire they saw in the City. So I rose, and slipped on my night-gown, and went to her window; and thought it to be on the back side of Mark Lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off, and so went to bed again, and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off.

So to my closet to set things to rights after yesterday's cleaning.

By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night *The Burning of London* by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street by London Bridge. So *Bridge*. I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it began this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish Street already.

So I down to the water-side and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way and the fire running further, that, in a very little time, it got as far as the Steel-yard while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats or clambering from one pair of stairs by the water-side to another. And, among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies till they burned their wings and fell down.

Having stayed, and in an hour's time seen the fire

rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods and leave all to the fire; and having seen it get as far as the Steel-yard, and the wind might high and driving it into the City; and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, I to Whitehall, and there up to the King's closet in the Chapel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account that dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King.

*Word to
the King.*

So I was called for, and did tell the King and the Duke of York what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him, that if he would have any more soldiers, he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's, and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and here and there sick people carried away in beds.

At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent, with a handkerchief about his neck. To the King's message, he cried, like a fainting woman, 'Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses, but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it.' That he needed no more soldiers, and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home,

*Fighting
the Fire.*

seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street, and warehouses of oil and wines and brandy and other things. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time.

By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, who were Mr. Wood and his wife, and also Mr. Moone. But Mr. Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my closet and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was wholly disappointed, for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as this time we could be. Soon as dined, I and Mr. Moone away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people, and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning Street which received goods in the morning, into Lombard Street and further: and among others, I now saw my little goldsmith, Stokes, receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf where I had appointed a boat to attend me. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the water-side, but this little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. River full of lighters

and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water.

Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White Hall and there met my wife, and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke, and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there stayed till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more; and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. We stayed till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin. So home, with a sad heart.

*The Fury of
the Flames.*

And news coming every moment of the growth of the fire, we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine, it being brave, dry, and moonshine and warm weather, carry much of my goods into the garden. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also.

September 3. About four o'clock in the morning, my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money and plate and best things to Sir W. Rider's at Bethnal Green, which I did, riding myself in my night-gown in the cart; and, Lord! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things. Then home, with much ado to find a way, nor any sleep all this night to me nor my poor wife, we having fed upon the remains of yesterday's dinner, having no fire nor dishes, nor any opportunity of dressing anything.

September 4. Up by break of day, to get away the remainder of my things, which I did by a lighter at the Iron Gate, and my hands so full that it was afternoon before we could get them all away. Sir W. Penn and I to Tower Street and there met the fire burning, three or four doors beyond Mr. Howell's, whose goods, poor man, his trays, and dishes, shovels, etc., were flung all along Tower Street in the kennels, and people working therewith from one end to the other, the fire coming on in that narrow street on both sides with great fury. Sir W. Batten, not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in the garden, and laid it there, and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening Sir W. Penn and I did dig another, and put our wine in it, and I my parmazan cheese, as well as my wine and some other things.

Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses in Tower Street, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than anything, but it stopped the fire where it was done. I wrote to my father this

night, but the post-house being burned, the letter could not go.

September 5. I lay down in the office upon W. Hewer's quilt, being mighty weary and sore in my feet with going till I was hardly able to stand.

About two in the morning my wife calls me up, and tells me of new cries of fire, it being come to Barking Church, which is the bottom of our lane. *He sends* I up, and finding it so, resolved presently to *away his* take her away, and did, and took my gold, *Wife.* which was about £2,350, W. Hewer and Jane down by Proundy's boat to Woolwich; but, Lord! what a sad sight it was by moonlight to see the whole City almost on fire, that you might see it as plain at Woolwich as if you were by it.

Home, and whereas I expected to have seen our house on fire, it being now about seven o'clock, it was not. But to the fire, and there find greater hopes than I expected, for my confidence of finding *The Fire* our office on fire was such that I durst not *Dying Down.* ask anybody how it was with us, till I come and find it was not burned. But going to the fire, I find, by the blowing up of houses, and the great help given by the workmen out of the King's yards, there is a good stop given to it, as well at Mark Lane end as ours, it having only burned the dial of Barking Church and part of the porch, and was there quenched. I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw, everywhere great fires, oil-cellars, and brimstone, and other things burning. I became afraid to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, and to Sir W. Penn's and there eat a piece of cold meat. Here I met with Mr. Young and Whistler, and

they and I walked into the town, and find Fenchurch Street, Gracechurch Street and Lombard Street all in dust. The Exchange a sad sight, nothing standing there of all the statues or pillars, but Sir Thomas Gresham's ¹ picture in the corner. Into Moorfields, our feet ready to burn, walking through the town among the hot coals. So home, and lay down and slept a good night about midnight. But it is a strange thing to see how long this time did look since Sunday, having been always full of variety of actions and little sleep, that it looked like a week or more, and I had forgot almost the day of the week.

September 6. Up about five o'clock, and all being pretty well, I took boat over to Southwark, and took boat on the other side the bridge and so to Westminster, thinking to shift myself, being all in dirt from top to bottom, but could not there find any place to buy a shirt or a pair of gloves, Westminster Hall being full of people's goods; but to the Swan and there was trimmed, and so home. A sad sight to see how the river looks: no houses nor church near it, to the Temple, where it stopped.

November 29, 1667. Waked about seven o'clock this morning with a noise I supposed I heard, near our chamber, of knocking, which by and by increased, and I, more awake, could distinguish it better. I then waked my wife, and both of us wondered at it, and lay so great a while, while that increased; and at last heard it plainer, knocking as if it were breaking down a window for people to get out, and then removing of stools and chairs; and plainly, by and by, going up and down our stairs. We lay both of us, afraid; yet I would have rose,

¹ An Elizabethan merchant, the founder of the Royal Exchange.

but my wife would not let me. Besides, I could not do it without making noise, and we did both conclude that thieves were in the house, but wondered what our people did, whom we thought either killed, or afraid as we were. Thus we lay till the clock struck eight, and high day. At last, I removed my gown and slippers safely to the other side of the bed over my wife, and there safely rose and put on my gown and breeches; and then, with a firebrand in my hand, safely opened the door, and saw nor heard any thing. Then, with fear, I confess, went to the maids' chamber-door, and all quiet and safe. Called Jane up, and went down safely and opened my chamber door, where all well. Then more freely about, and to the kitchen, where the cook-maid up and all safe. So up again, and when Jane come and we demanded whether she heard no noise, she said, 'Yes, but was afraid,' but rose with the other maid and found nothing, but heard a noise in the great stack of chimnies that goes from Sir J. Minnes through our house; and so we sent, and their chimnies have been swept this morning, and the noise was that and nothing else. It is one of the most extraordinary accidents in my life, and gives ground to think of Don Quixote's adventures how people may be surprised, and the more from an accident last night, that our young gibb-cat¹ did leap down our stairs from top to bottom at two leaps, and frightened us, that we could not tell well whether it was the cat or a spirit, and do sometimes think this morning that the house might be haunted.

May 31, 1669. Up very betimes, and continued all the morning with W. Hewer, upon examining my

¹ Gib, short for Gilbert, a favourite name for a he-cat, as we now say tom-cat.

accounts. Had another meeting with the Duke of
Mr. Pepys York, at White Hall; and so, being called by
ends his my wife, we to the Park. Thence to 'The
Diary. World's End,' a drinking house by the Park;
and there merry, and so home to bed.

And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able
to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journal,
I being not able to do it any longer, having done now
so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take
a pen in my hand; and therefore, whatever comes of it,
I must forbear.

THE DIARY OF HENRY TEONGE

(1621-1690)

We know nothing of the early life of Henry Teonge. When we first meet him, he is a man of fifty, the Rector of Alcester in Warwickshire, and of the near-by village of Spernall. It was from Spernall (as he himself tells us) that he set off on his travels in 1675, leaving the care of his parish to his eldest son, Henry. He had two other sons—George, who lived in Warwick, and Thomas whom he took up to London with him in 1678, obtaining for him a post as waterman on the Thames. Poverty and debt were what drove Mr. Teonge thus to seek his fortune on the high seas. He made another voyage in the year 1678, and 'came safe home again to Spernall, God be thanked!' in the late summer of 1679. There—as far as we know—he remained for the rest of his life, dying on March 21, 1690.

THE CHIEF PEOPLE OF THE DIARY

THE REV. HENRY TEONGE.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM HOULDING, of H.M. Frigate *Assistance*.

LIEUTENANT HAUGHTON, of the same.

Thursday, May 20, 1675. This day I began my voyage from my house at Spernall, in the county of Warwick; with small accoutrements, saving what *Mr. Teonge* I carried under me in an old sack. My steed *sets out on* like that of Hudibras¹ for mettle, courage and *his Travels*. colour (though not of the same bigness): and for flesh, one of Pharaoh's lean mares. My stock of moneys was also proportionable to the rest; being little more than

¹ The hero of Samuel Butler's satiric poem of the same name.

what brought me to London, in an old coat, and breeches of the same; an old pair of hose and shoes; and a leathern doublet of nine years old and upward. Indeed (by the suddenness of my journey), I had nothing but what I was ashamed of; save only:

An old fox broadsword, and a good black gown;
And thus Old Henry came to London town.

Here was I no sooner arrived, but I was courteously received, first by Lieutenant Haughton, with bottles of claret, etc.: and after, by Captain William Houlding, with entertainment of the same fashion.

He becomes May 27. Thence to the Long Reach,¹
Chaplain on where I was that morning entered on board
His Majesty's Chaplain to His Majesty's Frigate *Assistance*,
Frigate of 56 guns, and under the command of Cap-
'Assistance'—tain Will. Houlding: and returned again that
night to London.

May 28. And now a small sea-bed is my one necessity (though I wanted everything else), a thing that I could not be without, nor knew how to compass it. —*And* I sent for some bedding into the country, and
equips him- self with I tried some friends to borrow money, but all
Difficulty. in vain; and all to retrieve my cloak, left long since not at Troas as St. Paul's was, for his was recovered only with demand; mine could not be got by fair or foul means. Seeing no other means, I summoned all my forces, and I borrowed 5s. of my landlady; and thus I redeemed my cloak, lying only for 10s. Having done thus, my lean mare, with saddle, bridle, and boots and spurs, I sold to my landlord for 26s., upon condition that if 26s. was sent to him in a fortnight's time, the mare

¹ Off Deptford.

might be redeemed, but the other things lost. And my cloak I pawned again for 40s.

May 30. With this moneys I paid my quarters¹: and took coach at my Cousin Tyler's door, with my man: and at Poplar I bought a small bed, one pillow, one blanket, one rug, for 21s. And thus having still a small parcel of moneys left, and being loath to go to sea too rich for fear of pirates, I am coached to Blackwall, where I take leave of some friends that accompanied me thither; and, carrying my all with me, I take water, and come on board the ship *Assistance*, then still in the Long Reach; drank part of three bowls of punch (a liquor very strange to me); and so to bed in a cabin so much out of order, that when I thought to find my pillow on the top, I found it slipped between the cords, and under the bed.

*He goes
Aboard—*

June 2. This day we fall down into the Hope² (our Captain being come on board the night before).

We hoist sail; and with Essex on the left hand, and Kent on the right, we come to the Buoy of the Nore³; a thing as strange to me as was the rest of their dialect. Hither many of the seamen's wives follow their husbands, and several other young women accompany their sweethearts, and sing 'Loath to depart.'

*—And sets
Sail.*

Thence we pass to the Buoy on the Redsands, thinking to go the nearest way over the Flats, but fearing we should be becalmed, we tack about and go the other way.

And here we begin our warlike achievements, for, seeing a merchantman near us without taking the least

¹ Paid for my lodging.

² Off Gravesend.

³ The mouth of the Thames.

notice of a man-of-war, we give him a shot, and make him lower his top-gallant (that is, put off his hat to us), and our gunner presently goes on board of him, makes him pay 6s. 6d. for his contempt. And so we pass on to the Buoy in the Gunfleet, and anchor for that night there.

They meet with a Merchantman and teach him Manners. June 4. Early we weigh anchor: the weather being stormy, and my head begins to be very giddy, but no whit sick. We leave Harwich far on the lar-board ¹ side; and keep our lead going, for fear of the Galloper.² Here is the first green water which I have seen; no land is now to be seen. The wind is against us, and we point just toward the coasts of Norway. Then we tack, and stand for the Downs, where the porpoises come in herds on both sides the ship: a sign of a storm, as the seamen say. We make several tacks, and see many mackerel boats; and at four of the clock we come to an anchor near the North Foreland, where we stay but the turning of the tide.

June 5. We come to an anchor in the Downs ³ this morn about four. And here I might tell you what Providence put into my hands; which though little worth of themselves, yet were they of great use to him that then wanted almost every thing. Early in the morning I met with a ragged towel on the quarter deck, which I soon secured. And soon after, Providence brought me a piece of an old sail,

¹ i.e. left hand, now called port.

² i.e. sounding the depth of the ocean for fear they should run aground on the Galloper sandbanks.

³ i.e. off Deal.

and an earthen pot, all very helpful to him that had nothing.

Sunday, June 13. Fair weather on Saturday. But so tempestuous on the Sunday that many said they never saw such weather there at that time of year. This day I preached my first sermon on ship-board; where I could not stand without holding by both the pillars in the steerage; and the Captain's chair and others were ready to tilt down sometimes backwards, sometimes forward. All our women and old seamen were sick this day; I was only giddy.

June 16. The Captain and his lady, the Lieutenant and his wife, and myself, went on shore at Deal; we were all carried out of our pinnace¹ to the shore on men's shoulders. We saw Sandown Castle, Deal Castle and Walmer Castle. Here we dined. And here Mrs. Walton, our landlady, gave me a little jug full of ink, which did me a great pleasure. Towards evening we were all carried from shore to our pinnace at least 100 paces, the water being up to the middles of the seamen; the women for fear of falling, and especially the Lieutenant's wife, hugging the watermen about the necks till they almost choked them; which caused much laughter, though our feet and garments wept.

June 20. We are making ready to sail; and are under sail after dinner, yet we drink a health to all our friends behind us, in a good bowl of punch, knowing now that we shall go not only to Tripoli, but to convoy the *Scipio*, fraught with 27,000 dollars, to Scanderoon.²

And now may you see our mournful ladies singing

¹ An eight-oared boat.

² The port for Aleppo.

'Loath to depart'; whilst our trumpets sound—*Maids, where are your hearts?* Our noble Captain (though much bent on the preparations for his voyage), yet might you see his heart full of trouble to part from his lady and his son and heir, who, though so young, yet with his maid to lead him by his dading ¹ sleeves, would go from gun to gun, and put his finger on the breech of the gun, and cry 'Boo!'

And now being sailing out of the Downs about four of the clock, accompanied with the *Scipio*, the Smyrna merchant, and the *Mary*, a Malaga man, we are bade good speed with guns from every ship there, whilst we thank each ship in the same language.

August 8. This morning we come near the Barbarian coast, and within view of Tripoli, and see their ships lying *The 'Assistance'* in their harbour, and close under the walls of *arrives* their castle and city. Here we find only one *off Tripoli*— of our English ships cruising about, viz. the *Newcastle*, a 4th rate frigate, whom we salute with 3 cheers, and they answer in like manner. They tell us of our ships burning 4 of their brigantines, and the slaughter of many of the Turks on the shore by our great guns from our ships, which happened a few days before our coming; and then we sail along to our Flag.² The wind is so high that the *Newcastle's* main topsail was blown clear off just by us.

August 28. Towards evening the last night we discovered a vessel belonging to the Tripolees—*And* cover a vessel belonging to the Tripolees *encounters* thrust between two rocks, and many Moors *the Enemy.* lying behind the rocks to guard her; at which we made several great shot; but the evening coming

¹ Leading-strings.

² The English Squadron, then in the Mediterranean, had been sent out against the pirates of Algiers and Tripoli.

suddenly on, caused us to stand off, till, in the morning early, having the *Roebuck*, a small ship come to us, which could go much nearer the rocks than we, we having beaten off the Turks, send in our pinnace and long boat, and pull their vessel in pieces, and carry away as much as we could to burn for our use.

A RELATION OF THIS COMBAT

Composed (for want of better employment) before
Tripoli, August 31, 1675

*Upon which,
Mr. Teonge
writes a
Poem.*

An English frigate, trim and tight,
Cruising with merry glee,
Well furnishèd with men of might
An hundred fifty three.

And five and twenty guns she had
Well mounted on each side;
Which, when they once began to roar,
The Turks could not abide.

Upon the seven and twentieth day
Of August seventy five,
That man was wise that thus could say-
This day I'll be alive.

Our fleet we leave; along we sail
The coast of Barbary,
Not far from shore with pleasant gale
Westward from Tripoli.

'A prizel a prizel' our Captain cries,
'A prize I surely see;
Beyond these rocks a vessel lies,
Belongs to Tripoli.

'And now with me, my merry hearts,
Your courage forth advance,
And show yourselves brave English sparks
What ever be our chance.'

Then in we make near to the shore,
Our great shot we let fly,
The thunder of our cannons roar
Farther than Tripoli.

Pinnacle and long boat now well manned,
Do boldly venture in,
Twice forcing near the rocks and sand,
And twice forced back again.

Long lasted this same cruel fight,
Which ran with bloody streams,
Until the sun, that western light,
Withdrew his glorious beams.

No sooner did the morn break forth
But we renew the theme,
And fall upon the Turks as with
Gholya's ¹ weaver's beam.

Our great guns and our musketeers,
And our petarreroes ² humming,
The bullets flew about their ears—
They thought the Devil was coming.

Then soon we force those craggy rocks
With Turkish blood all drunk,
Whereas we find, with sturdy knocks,
Their famous vessel sunk.

God bless King Charles, the Duke of York,
The Royal Family,
From Turks and Jews that eat no pork,
Good Lord deliver me.

¹ Goliath.

² Small guns.

September 30. A brave gale all night, which brought us this morning near Candia. More mirth at dinner this day than ever since we came on board. The *A Brave* wind blew very hard, and we had to dinner *Gale and a* a rump of beef, a little salted and well roasted. *Dinner under* When it was brought in to the cabin and set *Difficulties.* on the table (that is, on the floor, for it could not stand on the table for the ship's tossing), our Captain sent for the Master, Mr. Fogg, and Mr. Davis, to dine with himself and myself, and the Lieutenant and the Purser. And we all sat close round about the beef, some securing themselves from slurring by setting their feet against the table, which was fast tied down. The Lieutenant set his feet against the bed, and the Captain set his back against a chair which stood by the side of the ship. Several tumblers we had, we and our plates, and our knives slurred often together. Our liquor was white rubola,¹ admirable good. We had also a couple of fat pullets; and whilst we were eating of them, a sea came, and forced into the cabin through the chinks of a porthole, which by looking behind me I just discovered when the water was coming under me. I soon got up, and no whit wet; but all the rest were well washed, and got up as fast as they could, and laughed one at the other.

December 6. And now, having come all along by the Mediterranean, and also compassed the furthermost end of it, we come to Palestine, whose chief city *Where the* is Tarsus. To this city of Tarsus, Jonah *Whale* would have fled, when he should have gone to *landed* Nineveh, but was swallowed by the fish; and *Jonah.* also was landed again by the fish about 16 miles from Tarsus, and but two good miles from Scanderoon. where

¹ Wine.

to this day the Greeks keep a monument of white bastard marble,¹ built in the place where Jonah was landed, called by the name of Jonah's Pillar.

January 30, 1676. This day being the day of our King's martyrdom, we show all the signs of mourning as *The Anniver-* possible we can, viz. our jacks² and flags only *sary of King* half staff high; and at 5 o'clock in the after- *Charles I's* noon our ship fired 20 guns; the trumpets at *Execution—* the close ringing the bells on the trumpets very dolefully, and also the guns firing at half a minute distance. Then the *Dartmouth* fire 18 guns at the same distance, and their trumpets also the same; and our 2 merchants fired 16 a-piece. After all our trumpets sounded *Well-a-day*, the *Dartmouth* did the same, and so we ended the day mournfully.

May 9, 1676. The Birthday and Restoration Day —*And of* of our Sovereign King Charles II. I *King Charles* preached a sermon: text, Psalm cxviii. 24. *II's Restora-* After dinner our Captain began the King's *tion.* health, and fired 11 guns.

August 22. We have no wind, and a troublesome rolling sea. At 10 came a small gale; we caulk up our *The 'Assist-* portholes, and our starboard side. And when *ance' encoun-* we thought to have crossed this dangerous *ters a Storm—* gulf without any trouble, in the evening arose 2 small clouds in the north, which were coal black, and in less than half an hour's time overspread all the heavens in sight; and brought such a vehement wind with them that we were forced to lower all our yards, and split our main-sail; in which trouble Phynny Shreusbury brake his leg

¹ A white stone with the appearance of marble.

² A small Union Jack flown from a short upright staff on the bowsprit, denoting the ship's nationality.

between the main-mast and main-yard, and Roger Lyswell fell from the main-yard upon a gun, being much bruised.

August 23. The storm continues all this day. At 5 at night, being forced to run before the wind, and out of our right course, we came by Minorca, and close under Port Mahon, where we lie by, for the *Dartmouth* and *Martin*. The first came presently, the other at 9 o'clock.

August 24. Bartholomew Day, and we have a brave gale, and we passed the Cabrera.¹

August 25. Still a fine gale to bring us to England sooner than we expected.

September 16. Rain and very stormy; and the seas run very high. At 6 in the afternoon the storm split our foresail all into bits, and very much rent our new mainsail. We took in that, and bent —*And yet*
another mainsail, which was no sooner *Another.*
spread, but rent; so that we were forced to lie under a mizzen all that cruel night. The wind grew more strong, and the seas more furious, and our companions we saw near us, but can see them no more. Now we ship several seas; our men are all tired with pumping and bailing. And we expect every sea to break our ship in pieces.

September 17. About 4 in the morning the seas grow far more outrageous, and break clearly over our quarter-deck; drive our hen coops overboard; and washed one of our seamen clean off the crotchets-yard.² A second sea came and threw down all our booms, brake both pinnace and long boat on the decks. A third came, and flung our anchor off the ship side, flung the bell out of his place,

¹ A range of mountains near the coast of Portugal.

² Crotchets or crutches, a forked support of wood or iron.

brake off the carving, and pulled 2 planks asunder in the midst of the ship, between decks, and just against the pump. Our forecastle was broken all down long before. Now the men are all disheartened, and all expect nothing but the loss of ship and life. Our larboard gunwale all broke up, a whole plank almost out between decks; men swimming about in the waist of the ship; and great seas often breaking over us. I never saw such a Sunday, and I hope shall never forget to give God thanks for this day's deliverance; for it was a miracle that ever we escaped. At last our Captain and the rest, consulting, made a shift to put up a small foresail, and put the ship before the wind. Many great seas break over us all this night, and we have little hopes of any safety yet.

September 18. As bad still, and we are glad we can put our ship before the wind to come to any port; but we strive for Lisbon in Portugal. God send us safe in any port! for our ship is miserably shaken, and our men all tired off their legs, and much disheartened.

September 19. Somewhat more calm wind and seas. All very busy on board, some repairing our boats, others drying their clothes and bedding, for all things were wet. At sunset, to our great joy, we see the Rock of Lisbon.

September 20. By eight in the morning we come to the Rock, and at 10 take in a pilot, and about 1 of the clock we come to anchor in the River Tagus.

September 25. Having caulked and mended our starboard¹ side as well as we could, we repair the larboard side; hoping still to be brought in her safe to England, but can by no means stop the main leak. But our carpenters nail on sheets of

¹ i.e. the right hand.

lead, and clapped in great pieces of timber to strengthen her larboard quarter, which was much shaken.

October 8. No prayers to-day; by 12 we are under sail once more for England; God bless the King's ships! *Homeward Bound.*

October 25. This morning by 8 of the clock we are at an anchor in Falmouth Road, under Pendennis Castle, where we must take in provision.

November 2. We have had a great run. The weather is very hazy: about 12 we make land, viz. the Fair Lee; and at 8 came to an anchor in the Downs, where every ship we came by did bid us heartily welcome, supposing we had all been drowned. *Once more in the Downs.*

November 8. Our Captain's wife, and our Master's, and Doctor's, and Carpenter's wives came all aboard, crying for joy to see us, whom they thought lost. *The Captain's Wife comes Aboard.*

November 9 and 10. We have got a pilot aboard, and are got out of Sheerness about 3, and at 7 run aground at Spitend. We are soon off again, and at anchor at 12 in the upper end of the Hope, near Gravesend. *Coming up the Thames.*

November 15 and 16. We come with the tide to Deptford, and anchor close to the Bangor.

November 17. Friday, the 17th of November, we are paid off at Deptford; where we leave the rottenest frigate that ever came to England. *Voyage and Diary End.*

And here our voyage ends.

HENRY TEONGE.

THE DIARY OF JOHN EVELYN

(1620-1706)

JOHN EVELYN was, as he himself tells us in his Diary, born at Wotton in Surrey, the son of a country gentleman. When the Civil War broke out he was twenty-two, one year younger than Prince Rupert, who at once hastened over to England to put his sword at the service of the King. Evelyn, on the contrary, though a Royalist in sympathy, obtained the King's permission to travel abroad, preferring sightseeing in foreign lands to fighting in the Royalist ranks. He was a man of many interests, a lover of literature, gardening, forestry, architecture, and science. During the reign of Charles II, when he was once again settled in England, he did much useful work—caring for the wounded in the wars with the Dutch, planning the rebuilding of London after the Great Fire, trying to find a remedy for London's smoking chimneys, or advocating the replanting of the woods that had been thinned relentlessly during the Civil War. His Diary covers a period of over eighty years, i.e. from 1624 to 1706, but the first few years were, of course, written from memory only.

THE CHIEF PEOPLE OF THE DIARY

JOHN EVELYN.

RICHARD EVELYN, his father.

ELEANOR EVELYN, his mother.

GEORGE EVELYN, his brother.

MARY EVELYN, his wife.

JOHN EVELYN, his son.

KING CHARLES I.

KING CHARLES II.

JAMES, DUKE OF YCRK, afterwards King James II.

MARY OF MODENA, his wife.

PRINCE JAMES FRANCIS EDWARD, their son.
 WILLIAM, PRINCE OF ORANGE, afterwards King William III.
 MARY, PRINCESS OF ORANGE, his wife, afterwards Queen.
 PRINCE RUPERT, cousin to King Charles II.
 PRINCE MAURICE, his brother.
 ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA, his mother.
 JAMES, DUKE OF MONMOUTH, son to King Charles II.
 THOMAS WENTWORTH, EARL OF STRAFFORD.
 GEORGE MONK, DUKE OF ALBEMARLE.
 SIR GODFREY KNELLER.
 OLIVER CROMWELL, Protector.
 JOHN BRADSHAW, who presided at the trial of King Charles I.
 MR. SAMUEL PEPYS (see page 61).

I was born at Wotton, in the county of Surrey, on Tuesday, the 31st of October, 1620, after my Father had been married about seven years, and my Mother had borne him two daughters and one son—Eliza, 28 November, 1614; Jane, 16 February, 1616; George, 18 June, 1617. They had another son after me, Richard, born 4 December, 1622.

*Mr. Evelyn
tells Some-
thing of his
Home and
Family—*

My Father, named Richard, was of a sanguine complexion, mixed with a dash of choler: his hair inclining to light, which though very thick became hoary by the time he was 30 years of age: it was somewhat curled towards the extremity. His beard, which he wore a little pricked, as the mode was, was of a brownish colour, and so continued to the last, save that it was somewhat mingled with grey hairs about his cheeks: which, with his countenance, was clear and fresh-coloured; his eyes quick and piercing, an ample forehead, and manly aspect; low of stature, but very strong. His wisdom was great, his judgment acute; of solid discourse, affable, and in nothing affected; of a thriving, neat, and

methodical genius; discreetly severe, yet liberal on all just occasions, to his children, strangers and servants; a lover of hospitality; of a singular and Christian moderation in all his actions; a Justice of the Peace; he served his country as High Sheriff for Surrey and Sussex together. He was a studious decliner of honours and titles, being already in that esteem with his country that they could have added little to him beside their burden.

My Mother's name was Eleanor, sole daughter and heiress of John Standsfield, Esq.; of an ancient and honourable family in Shropshire. She was of proper personage, of a brown complexion; her eyes and hair of a lovely black; of constitution inclined to a pious sadness; of a rare memory and most exemplary life.

Wotton, the house of my Father, is situated in the most southern part of the shire, and though in a valley, yet really upon part of Lyth Hill,¹ one of the most eminent in England for the prodigious prospect to be seen from its summit. From it may be discerned twelve or thirteen counties, with part of the sea on the coast of Sussex, in a serene day. The house is large and ancient, suitable to those hospitable times, and so sweetly environed with those delicious streams and venerable woods, as in the judgment of strangers as well as Englishmen, it may be compared to one of the most pleasant Seats in the nation: it has rising grounds, meadows, woods, and water in abundance.

The distance from London is little more than twenty miles, and yet so securely placed as if it were a hundred; three miles from Dorking, which serves it abundantly with provisions as well of land as sea; 6 from Guildford, 12 from Kingston. I will say nothing of the air, because

¹ Leith Hill.

the pre-eminence is universally given to Surrey, the soil being dry and sandy; but I should speak much of the gardens, fountains, and groves that adorn it, were they not as generally known to be amongst the most natural and most magnificent that England afforded.

A.D. 1624. I was not initiated into any rudiments till I was four years of age, and then Master Frier taught us at the church porch of Wotton; and I do perfectly remember the great talk and stir about the Ambassador from Spain (for near about this time was the match of our Prince ¹ with the Infanta proposed). —*And of his School Days.*

1625. I was this year, being the first of the reign of King Charles I, sent by my Father to Lewes, in Sussex, to be with my Grandfather Standsfield, with whom I passed my childhood. This was the year in which the pestilence was so great that there died in London 5,000 a week; and I well remember the strict watches and examinations upon the ways as we passed.

1628. It was not till the year 1628 that I was put to learn my Latin rudiments, and to write, of one Citolin, a Frenchman, in Lewes. I very well remember that general muster previous to the Isle of Rhe's ² expedition, and that I was one day awakened in the morning with the news of the Duke of Buckingham being slain by that wretch, Felton, after our disgrace before La Rochelle. *He remembers the Assassination of the Duke of Buckingham—*

1633. This year my father was appointed Sheriff.

¹ Afterwards King Charles I.

² The disastrous expedition to La Rochelle in aid of the Huguenots took place in 1627; it returned in October, and Buckingham was gathering forces at Portsmouth for a second attempt when he was assassinated in August 1628. The Isle of Rhe is opposite La Rochelle.

He had 116 servants in liveries, every one liveried in green — *And the* satin doublets. The King made this year
Birth of his progress into Scotland, and Duke James ¹
James II. was born.

1641. On the 12th of May, I beheld on Tower Hill the fatal stroke which severed the wisest head in England from the shoulders of the Earl of Strafford. With what reluctance the King
He sees the signed the execution, he has sufficiently
Execution of expressed.
the Earl of
Strafford.

On the 15th of July, having procured a pass at the Custom-House, where I repeated my oath of allegiance, *He sets out* I went from London to Gravesend, accom-
on his panied with one Mr. Caryll, a Surrey gentle-
Travels— man, and our servants, where we arrived at six o'clock that evening, with a purpose to take the first opportunity of a passage for Holland. But the wind as yet not favourable, we had time to view the Block-house of that town, which answered to another over against it at Tilbury, famous for the rendez-vous of Queen Elizabeth in the year 1588, which we found stored with twenty pieces of cannon, and other ammunition. On the 19th July we made a short excursion to Rochester, and having seen the Cathedral, went to Chatham to see the *Royal Sovereign*, a glorious vessel lately built there, being for defence and ornament the richest that ever spread cloth before the wind. She carried an hundred brass cannon, and was 1,200 tons; a rare sailer, the work of the famous Phineas Pett,² inventor of the frigate-fashion of building. We returned again this evening, and on the 21st July

¹ James, Duke of York, afterwards King James II.

² The Petts were a well-known family of shipbuilders (see also p. 65).

embarked in a Dutch frigate, bound for Flushing, convoyed and accompanied by five other stout vessels, whereof one was a man-of-war. The next day, at noon, we landed at Flushing.

Arrived at The Hague, I went first to the Queen of Bohemia's court, where I had the honour to kiss her Majesty's hand, and several of the Princesses, — *And visits her daughters.* Prince Maurice was also *the Queen of* there, newly come out of Germany. It was *Bohemia.* a fasting day with the Queen for the unfortunate death of her husband,¹ and the presence chamber had been hung with black velvet ever since his decease.

January 17, 1649. To London. I heard the rebel, Peters, incite the rebel powers met in the Painted Chamber, to destroy His Majesty; and saw *He refuses to* that arch-traitor, Bradshaw, who not long *be present at* after condemned him. *the Execution*

January 22. The villainy of the rebels *of King* proceeding now so far as to try, condemn, and *Charles I.* murder our excellent King on the 30th of this month, struck me with such horror, that I kept the day of his martyrdom a fast, and would not be present at that execrable wickedness; receiving the sad account of it from my brother George and Mr. Owen, who came to visit me this afternoon, and recounted all the circumstances.

June 11, 1652. The weather being hot, and having sent my man on before, I rode negligently under favour of the shade, till, within three miles of *He is* Bromley, at a place called the Procession *Waylaid by* Oak, two cutthroats started out, and striking *Cutthroats.* with long staves at the horse, and taking hold of the reins,

¹ Frederick, Elector-Palatine of the Rhine and King of Bohemia.

threw me down, took my sword, and hauled me into a deep thicket, some quarter of a mile from the highway, where they might securely rob me, as they soon did. What they got of money was not considerable, but they took two rings, the one an emerald with diamonds, the other an onyx, and a pair of buckles set with rubies and diamonds, which were of value, and after all, bound my hands behind me, and my feet—having before pulled off my boots. They then set me up against an oak, with most bloody threats to cut my throat if I offered to cry out or make any noise, for they should be within hearing, I not being the person they looked for. I told them that if they had not basely surprised me, they should not have had so easy a prize, and that it would teach me never to ride near a hedge, since, had I been in the mid-way, they durst not have adventured on me. At which, they cocked their guns, and told me they had long guns, too, and were fourteen companions. I begged for my onyx, and told them it being engraved with my arms would betray them; but nothing prevailed. My horse's bridle they slipped, and searched the saddle, which they pulled off, but let the horse graze, and then turning again bridled him and tied him to a tree, yet so as he might graze, and thus left me bound. My horse was perhaps not taken because he was well known on that road.

Left in this manner, grievously was I tormented with flies, ants and the sun, nor was my anxiety little how I should get loose in that solitary place, where I could neither hear nor see any creature but my poor horse and a few sheep straggling in the copse. After near two hours attempting, I got my hands to turn palm to palm, having been tied back to back, and then it was long before I could slip the cord over my wrists to my thumb,

which at last I did, and then soon unbound my feet, and saddling my horse, and roaming about a while, I at last perceived dust to rise and soon after heard the rattling of a cart, towards which I made, and by the help of two countrymen, I got back into the highway. I rode to Colonel Blount's, a great justiciary of the times, who sent out hue and cry immediately.

The next morning, sore as my wrists and arms were, I went to London, and got 500 tickets printed and dispersed by an officer of Goldsmiths' Hall, and within two days had tidings of all I had lost, except my sword, which had a silver hilt, and some trifles. The rogues had pawned one of my rings for a trifle to a goldsmith's servant, before the tickets came to the shop, by which means they escaped; the other ring was bought by a victualler, who brought it to a goldsmith, but he having seen the ticket seized the man. I afterwards discharged him on his protestation of innocence. Thus did God deliver me from these villains, and not only so, but restored what they took.

October 22, 1659. Saw the superb funeral of the Protector. He was carried from Somerset House in a velvet bed of state, drawn by six horses, *He sees the*
 housed with ¹ the same; the pall held by his new *Funeral of*
 Lords; Oliver lying in effigy in royal robes, *Oliver*
 and crowned with a crown, sceptre and globe, *Cromwell—*
 like a king. The pendants ² and guidons ² were carried by the officers of the army; the Imperial banners, achievements,³ etc., by the heralds in their coats; a rich caparisoned horse, embroidered all over with gold; a knight of honour, armed cap-a-pie, and, after all, his guards,

¹ i.e. wearing.

² Flags with pointed ends.

³ Shields of arms.

soldiers and innumerable mourners. In this equipage, they proceeded to Westminster; but it was the joyfulest funeral I ever saw, for there were none that cried but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with a barbarous noise, drinking and taking tobacco in the streets as they went.

May 29, 1660. This day, his Majesty, Charles the Second, came to London, after a sad and long exile and —*And the* calamitous suffering both of the King and *Return of* Church, being seventeen years. This was *Charles II.* also his birthday, and with a triumph of above 20,000 horse and foot, brandishing their swords, and shouting their inexpressible joy; the way strewed with flowers, the bells ringing, the streets hung with tapestry, fountains running with wine; the Mayor, Aldermen, and all the Companies, in their liveries, chains of gold, and velvet; the windows and balconies all set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven hours in passing the city, even from two in the afternoon till nine at night. I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and blessed God.

October 1, 1665. I sailed this morning with his Majesty in one of his yachts (or pleasure boats), vessels not *He sails in* known among us till the Dutch East India *the King's* Company presented that curious piece to the *Yacht.* King, being very excellent sailing vessels. It was on a wager between his other new pleasure-boat, built frigate like, and one of the Duke of York's; the wager £100; the race from Greenwich to Gravesend and back. The King lost it going, the wind being contrary, but saved stakes in returning. There were divers noble persons and lords on board, his Majesty sometimes steer-

ing himself. His barge and kitchen boat attended. I brake fast this morning with the King at the return in his smaller vessel, he being pleased to take me and only four more, who were noblemen, with him; but dined in his yacht, where we all eat together with his Majesty. In this passage he was pleased to discourse to me about my book inveighing against the nuisance of the smoke of London, and how it might be reformed, being, as he said, resolved to have something done in it.

May 8, 1666. To Queensborough, where finding the *Richmond* frigate, I sailed to the buoy of the Nore, to my Lord-General¹ and Prince Rupert, where was the Rendez-vous of the most glorious fleet in the world, now preparing to meet the Hollander.

*War with
the Dutch.*

June 1. Being in my garden at six o'clock in the evening, and hearing the great guns go thick off, I took my horse and rode that night to Rochester; thence, next day, towards the Downs and sea-coast, but meeting the Lieutenant of the *Hampshire* frigate, who told me what passed, or rather what had not passed, I returned to London, there being no noise at Deal, or on that coast of any engagement. Recounting this to His Majesty, whom I found at St. James's Park, impatiently expecting, and knowing that Prince Rupert was loose about three o'clock at St. Helen's Point, north of the Isle of Wight, it greatly rejoiced him; but he was astonished when I assured him they heard nothing of the guns in the Downs, nor did the Lieutenant who landed there by five that morning.

*The Guns of
the Fleet.*

June 3. *Whit-Sunday.* After sermon came news that the Duke of Albemarle was still in fight, and had

¹ George Monk, Duke of Albemarle.

been all Saturday, and that Captain Harman's ship, the *Prince Henry*, was like to be burnt. Then a letter *Rupert to* from Mr. Vertue that Prince Rupert was come *the Rescue.* up with his squadron and put new courage into our fleet, now in a manner yielding ground; so that now we were chasing the chasers; that the Duke of Albemarle was slightly wounded, and the rest still in great danger. So, having been much wearied with my journey, I slipped home, the guns still roaring very fiercely.

June 5. I went this morning to London, where came several particulars of the fight.

The News in *June 6.* Came Sir Daniel Harvey from *London.* the General, and related the dreadful encounter, on which His Majesty commanded me to despatch an extraordinary physician and more chirurgeons.¹ It was on the solemn Fast Day when the news came; His Majesty being in the chapel made a sudden stop to hear the relation which being with much advantage on our side, His Majesty commanded that public thanks should immediately be given as for a victory. The Dean of the chapel going down to give notice of it to the other Dean officiating; and notice was likewise sent to St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. But this was no sooner over, than news came that our loss was very great both in ships and men; that the *Prince* frigate was burnt, and as noble a vessel of 90 brass guns lost; and the taking of Sir George Ayscue, and exceeding shattering of both fleets; so as both being obstinate, both parted rather for want of ammunition and tackle than courage; our General retreating like a lion; which exceedingly abated our former joy. There was, however, orders given for

¹ Surgeons.

bonfires and bells; but, God knows, it was rather a deliverance than a triumph.

June 15. I went to Chatham—*16th.* *Mr. Evelyn visits the Fleet and Dines with the Prince.*
In the *Jemmy* yacht (an incomparable sailer) to sea, arrived at the fleet at the Buoy of the Nore, dined with Prince Rupert and the General.

June 17. Came His Majesty, the Duke, and many Noblemen. After Council, we went to prayers, My business being despatched, I returned to Chatham, having lain but one night in the *Royal Charles*; we had a tempestuous sea. *The Shattered Ships.* I went on shore at Sheerness, where they were building an arsenal for the fleet, and designing a royal fort with a receptacle for great ships to ride at anchor; but here I beheld the sad spectacle, more than half that gallant bulwark of the kingdom miserably shattered, hardly a vessel entire, but appearing rather so many wrecks and hulks, so cruelly had the Dutch mangled us. The loss of the *Prince*, that gallant vessel, had been a loss to be universally deplored, none knowing for what reason we were engaged in this ungrateful war. We lost, besides nine or ten more, and near 600 men slain, and 1,100 wounded, 2,000 prisoners; to balance which, perhaps, we might destroy eighteen or twenty of the enemy's ships, and 700 or 800 poor men.

June 18. Weary of this sad sight, I returned home.

September 2, 1666. This fatal night, about ten, began the deplorable fire, near Fish Street, in London.

September 3. The fire continuing, after dinner, I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the Bankside in Southwark, *The Fire of London.* where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the city

in dreadful flames near the water-side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed; and so returned, exceedingly astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season, I went on foot to the same place; and saw the whole south part of the city burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracechurch Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly.

The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished that, from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house, and street to street, at great distances one from the other. For the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to conceive the fire which devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything.

Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time

and courage to save, as, on the other side the carts, etc., were carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with movables of all sorts, and tents erected to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles roundabout for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like. The noise and crackling and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on. The clouds of smoke were dismal, and reached near fifty miles in length.

September 4. The burning still rages, and it is now gotten as far as the Inner Temple. All Fleet Street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Street are now flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes.

*The River
the only
Refuge.*

The stones of Paul's flew like grenados,¹ the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them. The eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward.

September 5. It crossed towards Whitehall; but oh, the confusion there was then at Court. It pleased His Majesty to command me, among the rest, to look after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve (if possible) that part of Holborn;

*Houses
Blown up.*

¹ Grenades, small shells thrown by hand, the men who throw them being called Grenadiers.

whilst the rest of the gentlemen took their several posts, some at one part, and some at another, for now they began to bestir themselves, and to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made. It was therefore now commanded, and my concern being particularly for the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, near Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men,¹ made me the more diligent to promote it.

It now pleased God, by abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noon, so as it came no farther than the Temple westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield north: but continued all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower as made us all despair.

The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields, and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels, many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed or board.

September 6. Thursday. It is not indeed imaginable how extraordinary the vigilance and activity of the King *King Charles* and Duke was, even labouring in person and *lends a* being present to command, order, reward or *Hand.* encourage workmen, by which he showed his affection to his people, and gained theirs.

September 7. I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate and out to Moorfields, thence through

¹ i.e. from the Dutch War.

Cornhill, etc., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was; the ground under my feet as hot that it even burnt the soles of my shoes.

In the meantime, His Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff,¹ which, being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attacked the White Tower, where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the Bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At my return I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly Church, St. Paul's—now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (not long before repaired by the late King) now rent in pieces, flakes of large stones split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave² showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined,³ so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and peojectures of massy Portland stone, flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than six acres by measure) was totally melted. The ruins of the vaulted roof falling, broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the Stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following.

The exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all

¹ Moat.

² Main beam over a doorway, or row of pillars.

³ Reduced to powder.

the rest of the Companies' Halls, splendid buildings—all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling; cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow.

The people, who now walked about the ruins, appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather, in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy. Sir Thomas Gresham's¹ statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the Kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces, while the vast iron chains of the City streets hinges, bars, and gates of prisons were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrow streets, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapour continued so intense that my hair was almost singed, and my feet unsufferably surbated.² The bye-lanes and narrow streets were quite filled up with rubbish, nor could one have possibly known where he was but by the ruins of some Church or Hall that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining.

August 26, 1670. At Windsor I supped with the Duke of Monmouth, and the next day, invited by Lord *Mr. Evelyn* Arlington, dined with the same Duke and
visits divers Lords.

Windsor Windsor was now going to be repaired,
Castle. being exceedingly ragged and ruinous. Prince Rupert, the Constable, had begun to trim up the Keep or high round tower, and handsomely adorned his hall with

¹ See page 92.

² Sore.

arms—so disposing the pikes, muskets, pistols, bandoliers,¹ holsters,² drums, back, breast and head pieces as was very extraordinary. Thus, those huge steep stairs ascending to it had the walls invested with this martial furniture, all new and bright, so disposing the bandoliers, holsters and drums as to represent festoons, and that without any confusion, trophy-like.

From the hall we went into his bed-chamber, and ample rooms hung with tapestry, curious and effeminate pictures, so extremely different from the other which presented nothing but war.

The King passed most of his time in hunting the stag, and walking in the Park, which he was now planting with rows of trees.

January 1, 1684. The weather continuing intolerably severe, streets of booths were set upon the Thames: the air was so very cold and thick, as of many years there had not been the like. *Frost Fair on the Thames.*

January 6. The river quite frozen. *Thames.*

January 9. I went across the Thames on the ice, now become so thick as to bear not only streets of booths, in which they roasted meat, and had divers shops of wares, quite across as in a town, but coaches, carts, and horses passed over.

January 24. The frost continuing more and more severe, the Thames before London, was still planted with booths in formal streets, all sorts of trades and shops furnished, and full of commodities, even to a printing press, where the people and ladies took a fancy to have their names printed, and the day and year set down when

¹ Shoulder belts which held the charges for the muskets.

² A leather case for a pistol, fixed to the belt or the pommel of the saddle.

printed on the Thames: this humour took so universally that it was estimated the printer gained £5 a day, for printing a line only, at sixpence a name, besides what he got by ballads, etc. Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, and from several other stairs to and fro, as in the streets, sleds, sliding with skates, horse and coach races, puppet-plays and interludes, so that it seemed a carnival on the water.

February 4, 1685. I went to London, hearing His Majesty had been the Monday before (2nd February) surprised in his bed-chamber with an apoplectic fit, so that if, by God's providence, Dr. *The Death of Charles II.* King (that excellent chirurgion as well as physician) had not been accidentally present to let him blood (having his lancet in his pocket) His Majesty had certainly died that moment. This rescued His Majesty for the instant, but it was only a short reprieve. On Thursday hopes of recovery were signified in the public Gazette, but that day about noon, the physicians thought him feverish. He passed Thursday night with great difficulty, complaining of a pain in his side; by six in the morning on Friday, he lay dozing, the physicians despairing of him, and he gave up the ghost at half an hour after eleven in the morning, being the sixth of February, 1685, in the 36th year of his reign, and 54th of his age.

Thus died King Charles II, of a vigorous and robust constitution, and in all appearances promising a long life. He was a prince of many virtues, and many great imperfections; debonaire, easy of access, not bloody or cruel; his countenance fierce, his voice great, proper of person, every motion became him; a lover of the sea, and skilful in shipping; not affecting other studies, yet he had a laboratory and knew of many medicines, and the easier

mechanical mathematics; he loved planting and building, and brought in a politer way of living. He had a peculiar talent for telling a story, and facetious passages, of which he had innumerable. He took delight in having a number of little spaniels follow him and lie in his bed-chamber.

His Majesty being dead, the Duke, now King James II, went immediately to Council, and before entering into any business, passionately declared his sorrow. Then were the Council sworn, and a Proclamation ordered to be published that all officers should continue in their stations, that there might be no failure of public justice, till his further pleasure should be known. Then the King rose, the Lords accompanying him to his bed-chamber, where, whilst he reposed himself, tired indeed as he was with grief and watching, they returned again into the Council Chamber to take order for the proclaiming His Majesty.

*The King
is Dead!
Long live
the King!*

Thence with the Lords, the Lord Marshall and Heralds, and other Crown officers being ready, we first went to Whitehall Gate, where the Lords stood on foot, bare-headed, whilst the Herald proclaimed His Majesty's title to the Imperial Crown and succession according to the form, the trumpets and kettle-drums having first sounded three times, which ended with the people's acclamations. Then a Herald called the Lords' coaches according to rank, myself accompanying the solemnity in my Lord Cornwallis's coach, first to Temple Bar, where the Lord Mayor and all his brethren met us on horseback, in all their formalities, and proclaimed the King; hence to the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, and so we returned in the order we set forth. Being come to Whitehall, we all went and kissed the King's and Queen's hands. He

had been on the bed, but was now risen and in his undress.

June 14. There was now certain intelligence of the Duke of Monmouth landing at Lyme in Dorsetshire, and *Rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth.* having set up his standard as King of England. I pray God deliver us from the confusion which these beginnings threaten.

Such a dearth for want of rain was never in my memory.

June 17. The Duke landed with but 150 men; but the whole kingdom was alarmed, fearing that the disaffected would join them, many of the trained bands flocking to him. At his landing, he published a Declaration, charging his Majesty with usurpation and several horrid crimes, on pretence of his own title, and offering to call a free Parliament. This Declaration was ordered to be burnt by the hangman, the Duke proclaimed a traitor, and a reward of £5,000 to any one who should kill him.

The exceeding drought still continues.

June 28. We had now plentiful rain after two years' excessive drought and severe winters.

July 2. No considerable account of the troops sent against the Duke, though great forces sent. There was a smart skirmish; but he would not be provoked to come to an encounter, but still kept in the fastnesses.

July 8. Came news of Monmouth's utter defeat, and the next day of his being taken by Sir William Portman and Lord Lumley with the militia of their *His Defeat and Capture.* counties. It seems the Horse, commanded by Lord Grey, being newly raised and undisciplined, were not to be brought in so short a time to endure the fire, which exposed the Foot to the King's, so as when Monmouth had led the Foot in great silence

and order, thinking to surprise Lieutenant-General Lord Feversham newly encamped, and given him a smart charge, interchanging both great and small shot, the Horse, breaking their own ranks, Monmouth gave it over, and fled with Grey, leaving their party to be cut in pieces to the number of 2,000. The whole number reported to be above 8,000; the King's but 2,700. The slain were most of them Mendip miners who did great execution with their tools, and sold their lives very dearly, whilst their leaders flying were pursued and taken the next morning, not far from one another. Monmouth had gone sixteen miles on foot, changing his habit for a poor coat, and was found by Lord Lumley in a dry ditch covered with fern brakes, but without sword, pistol or any weapon, and so might have passed for some countryman, his beard being grown so long and so grey as hardly to be known, had not his George¹ discovered him, which was found in his pocket. It is said he trembled exceedingly all over, not able to speak. Grey was taken not far from him.

July 15. Monmouth was this day brought to London, and examined before the King, to whom he made great submission. He was sent to the Tower. For his faults he professed great sorrow, and so died without any apparent fear. He made no speech on the scaffold (which was on Tower Hill), but gave a paper containing not above five or six lines for the King, in which he disclaims all title to the Crown, and desired His Majesty to be kind to his wife and children. This relation I had from Dr. Tenison (Rector of St. Martin's), who, with the Bishops of Ely and Bath and

*His
Execution.*

¹ The jewelled figure of St. George and the Dragon worn by Knights of the Garter.

Wells, were sent to him by His Majesty, and were at the execution.

Thus ended this quondam ¹ Duke, darling of his father and the ladies, being extremely handsome and adroit; an excellent soldier and dancer, a favourite of the people, of an easy nature; seduced by crafty knaves who would have set him up only to make a property, and taking the opportunity of the King being of another religion, to gather a party of discontented men. He failed and perished. He was a lovely person.

September 15. I accompanied Mr. Pepys to Portsmouth, whither His Majesty was going the first time since his coming to the Crown, to see in what state the fortifications were. We took coach
Mr. Evelyn and six horses, late after dinner, yet got to
and Mr. Bagshot that night. The next morning,
Pepys visit and six horses, late after dinner, yet got to
Portsmouth Bagshot that night. The next morning,
Together. setting out early, we arrived soon enough at Winchester to wait on the King, who was lodged at the Dean's. I found very few with him besides my Lords Feversham, Arran, Newport, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells. His Majesty was discoursing with the Bishops concerning miracles. There was something said also of the second sight happening to some persons, especially Scotch; upon which His Majesty, and I think Lord Arran, told us that a French nobleman, lately here in England, seeing the late Duke of Monmouth come into the playhouse at London, suddenly cried out to somebody sitting in the same box, *Voilà Monsieur comme il entre sans tête!*

September 17. Early next morning, we went to Portsmouth, something before His Majesty arrived. We found all the road full of people, the women in their best

¹ Former.

dress, in expectation of seeing the King pass by, which he did, riding on horseback a good part of the way. The Mayor and Aldermen with their mace, and in their formalities, were standing at the entrance of the fort, a mile on this side of the town, where the Mayor made a speech to the King, and then the guns of the fort were fired, as were those of the garrison, as soon as the King was come into Portsmouth. All the soldiers (near 3,000) were drawn up, and lining the streets and platform to God's House (the name of the Governor's residence), where, after he had viewed the new fortifications and ship-yard, His Majesty was entertained at a magnificent dinner by the Lieutenant-Governor, all the gentlemen in his train sitting down at table with him.

After dinner I went to wait on His Majesty again, who was pulling on his boots in the Town Hall adjoining the house where he dined, and then, having saluted some ladies who came to kiss his hand, he took horse for Winchester, whither he returned that night. Portsmouth when finished will be very strong, and a noble quay. There were now thirty-two men-of-war in the harbour. I was invited by Sir R. Beach, the Commissioner, where, after a great supper, Mr. Secretary Pepys and myself lay that night, and the next morning set out for Guildford, where we arrived in good hour, and so the day after to London.

June 10, 1688. A young Prince born,¹ which will cause disputes. About two o'clock we heard the Tower ordnance discharged, and the bells ring for the birth of a Prince of Wales.

*Birth of
'The Old
Pretender.'*

August 10. Dr. Tenison told me there would sud-

¹ James Francis Edward, the father of Bonnie Prince Charlie.

denly be some great thing discovered. This was the
Rumour of the Coming of William of Orange. Prince of Orange intending to come over.
 September 18. I went to London where I found the Court in the utmost consternation on report of the Prince of Orange's landing; which puts Whitehall in so panic a fear that I could hardly believe it possible to find such a change.

October 7. Hourly expectation of the Prince of Orange's invasion heightened to that degree that His Majesty called over 5,000 Irish and 4,000 Scots, and continued to remove Protestants and put in Papists at Portsmouth and other places of trust, and retained the Jesuits about him, increasing the universal discontent. It brought people to so desperate a pass, that they seemed passionately to long for and desire the landing of that Prince, whom they looked on to be their deliverer from Popish tyranny, praying incessantly for an east wind, which was said to be the only hindrance of his expedition with a numerous army ready to make a descent. To such a strange temper, and unheard-of in former times, was this poor nation reduced, and of which I was an eye-witness.

October 14. The King's Birthday. No guns from the Tower as usual. The sun eclipsed at its rising. The wind, which had been hitherto west, was east all this day. Wonderful expectation of the Dutch fleet.

November 2. It was now certainly reported by some who saw the fleet, and the Prince embark, that they sailed from the Brill on Wednesday morning, and that the Princess of Orange was there to take leave of her husband.

November 4. Fresh reports of the Prince being landed somewhere about Portsmouth, or the Isle of Wight, whereas it was thought it would have been northward. The Court in great hurry.

November 5. I went to London; heard the news of the Prince having landed at Torbay, coming with a fleet of near 700 sail, passing through the Channel with so favourable a wind that our navy *He lands at Torbay.* could not intercept or molest them. This put the King and Court into great consternation; they were now employed in forming an army to stop their further progress, for they were got to Exeter, and the season and ways very improper for His Majesty's forces to march so great a distance.

A Declaration was published, prohibiting all persons to see or read the Prince's Manifesto in which was set forth at large the cause of his expedition. These are the beginnings of sorrow, unless God in His mercy prevent it by some happy reconciliation of all dissensions among us. I pray God to protect and direct the King for the best and truest interest of his people.

November 14. The Prince increases every day in force. The City of London in disorder. The Queen prepares to go to Portsmouth for safety, to attend the issue of this commotion.

December 2. Plymouth declared for the Prince, Bath, York, Hull, Bristol, and all the eminent Nobility and Persons of Quality through England, declare for the Protestant Religion and Laws, and go to meet the Prince, who every day sets forth new Declarations against the Papists. The great favourites at Court, Priests and Jesuits, fly. The Prince of Wales and great treasure sent privily to Portsmouth. It looks like a Revolution.

December 13. The King flies to sea, puts in at Faversham for ballast; is rudely treated by the people; comes back to Whitehall. The Prince of Orange advanced

to Windsor, is invited by the King to St. James's, the messenger sent was the Earl of Faversham, the General of the Forces, who going without trumpet or passport, is detained prisoner by the Prince, who accepts the invitation, but requires His Majesty to retire to some distant place that his own Guards may be quartered about the Palace and City.

December 18. I saw the King take barge to Gravesend at 12 o'clock—a sad sight! The Prince comes to St. James's, and fills Whitehall with Dutch Guards. All the world go to see the Prince at St. James's, where there is a great Court. There I saw him. He is very stately, serious and reserved.

December 24. The King passes into France, whither the Queen and child were gone a few days before.

July 8, 1689. I sat for my picture to Mr. Kneller, for Mr. Pepys, late Secretary to the Admiralty, holding my 'Sylva' ¹ in my right hand. *Mr. Evelyn presents* It was on his long and earnest request, and is placed in his library. *Mr. Pepys with his Portrait.* Kneller never painted in a more masterly manner.

June 24, 1690. Dined with Mr. Pepys, who the next day was sent to the Gate House, on suspicion of being affected to King James. *Mr. Pepys is sent Prisoner to the Tower—*

—And is Released. *July 30.* I dined with Mr. Pepys, now suffered to return to his house on account of indisposition.

May 26, 1703. This day died Mr. Sam. Pepys, a very worthy, industrious and curious person, none in

¹ His book on forestry, published in 1664, with a frontispiece engraved by Prince Rupert.

England exceeding him in knowledge of the Navy, in which he had passed through all the most considerable offices, Clerk of the Acts and Secretary of the Admiralty, all of which he performed with great integrity. When King James II went out of England, he laid down his office and would serve no more, but withdrawing himself from all public affairs, he lived at Clapham with his partner Mr. Hewer, formerly his clerk, in a very noble house and sweet place, where he enjoyed the fruits of his labours in great prosperity. He was universally beloved, hospitable and generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation. His library and collection of other curiosities were of the most considerable, the models of ships especially. Mr. Pepys had been for near forty years my particular friend.

[Evelyn himself was now almost eighty-three. He survived Pepys for nearly three years, keeping up his *Diary* until the last month of his life. He died on February 27, 1706.]

THE DIARY OF ELIZABETH BYROM

(1722-1801)

Elizabeth or 'Beppy' Byrom lived in Manchester, and was the eldest child of John Byrom, the friend of Addison and Steele. He was a man of learning; had studied theology, mathematics and medicine, and had invented a system of shorthand. He also wrote poems and hymns, and contributed to *The Spectator*. Beppy was twenty-three when she wrote her diary of 'The '45' (Prince Charles Edward's Invasion of England). She was an ardent Jacobite, as her diary shows, but her father was a little cautious in the expression of his sympathy with the Cause. (See page 140.) Beppy lived to be a very old woman, dying, unmarried, at the age of seventy-nine, but the only portion of her diary we know covers only a few months of her life, from August 1745 to January 1746. Perhaps there was more of it; or perhaps Beppy, having recorded the coming of Bonnie Charlie, thought nothing else worth setting down.

THE CHIEF PEOPLE OF THE DIARY

ELIZABETH BYROM.

JOHN BYROM, her father.

ELIZABETH BYROM, her mother.

EDWARD BYROM (aged 21), her brother.

DOROTHY (aged 15), her sister.

THE REV. THOMAS LEWTHWAITE, the curate of St. Ann's Church, Manchester.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD, 'Bonnie Charlie,' The Young Pretender.

SIR JOHN COPE, General for King George III, who had been defeated by the Prince at the Battle of Prestonpans.

GENERAL WADE, another General for King George.

THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, son of King George, afterwards

known as 'Butcher Cumberland' on account of his barbarous treatment of the Scots after the Battle of Culloden.

August 14, 1745. Went with my brother to Preston; we went through Wigan and Chorley; went the next day to Kirkham, stayed there till the Tuesday following; on the Monday we went to Lytham and Blackpool, ten miles off Kirkham, for a ride by the sea-side; and the next day went to Liverpool with Mrs. Roughsedge,¹ in the chair.² On Monday the 16th of September my papa, mamma, brother and sister, came for me home. Great talk of the Pretender coming. *The Pretender is Coming!*

September 26. The gentlemen are gone to subscribe at Preston; news is come that the rebels have beat Sir John Cope on the 21st.³ Two regiments gone through this town. Mr. Lewthwaite preached against rebellion. I bought a blue and white gown off Mr. Starkey, gave 12s. for it. The Presbyterians are sending everything that's valuable away, wives, children, and all, for fear of the rebels. *Betty buys a New Gown.*

November 14. An express has come that the rebels are coming, and another that they are not, and so on. My Lord Derby is come to town to have the militia put in readiness, they are all quartered in the town. *The Militia in Readiness.*

November 16. An express is come that Carlisle is surrendered to the rebels, and the next day the Castle. General Wade is gone to the relief of it, but went but two days' march and turned again; they were two days without any provisions. Captain Barlow has writ a most dismal account of them, *General Wade on the March.*

¹ A distant connection of the Byroms.

² Sedan chair.

³ At Prestonparr.

that they are so numbed with cold that their limbs mortify and they die very fast.

November 26. They are at Preston this morning, came in there at ten o'clock, behaved very civilly; every-
Advance of body is going out of town and sending all their
Prince effects away; there is hardly any family left
Charlie. but ours and our kin; they have shut up shop, and all the warehouses in town almost are empty; to-night the bellman is going about to forbid anybody sending provision out of town, for a great many have to-day.

They have pulled up Stockport Bridge and Barton Bridge, and we expect every minute they will begin at Salford Bridge; if they do, some folks say they will set the fire bells ringing to raise a mob to stop them.

November 27. The postmaster is gone to London to-day, we suppose to secure the money from falling into
Bonnie the hands of the rebels; we expect a party of
Prince them here to-morrow. The Prince lay at
Charlie. Lawyer Starkey's at Preston last night; he has marched from Carlisle on foot at the head of his army; he was dressed in a Scotch plaid, a blue silk waistcoat with silver lace, and a Scotch bonnet with J.R.¹ on it.

The Militia Yesterday the militia was all discharged and
go Home. sent home, but just in time before the Highlanders came—well contrived!

November 28. About three o'clock to-day came into town two men in Highland dress, and a woman behind
Who'll follow one of them with a drum on her knee, and for
Prince all the loyal work that our Presbyterians
Charlie? have made, they took possession of the town as one may say, for immediately after they were 'light

¹ Jacobus Rex, i.e. James the King.

they beat up the volunteers for Prince Charles: 'All gentlemen that have a mind to serve His Royal Highness Prince Charles with a willing mind, etc., five guineas advance,' and nobody offered to meddle with them. They were directly joined by Mr. J. Bradshaw, Tom Sydall, Mr. Tom Deacon, Mr. Fletcher, Tom Chaddock, and several others have listed, above eighty men by eight o'clock, when my papa came down to tell us there was a party of horse come in; he took care of me to the Cross, where I saw them all; it is a very fine moonlight night. They are my Lord Pitsligo's Horse, and Hugh Sterling, that was 'prentice at Mr. Hibbert's, is with them. One of the Highlanders that came to-day is a Yorkshireman, and is gone to-night to see his sister that lives at Sleat Hall; he took his drawn sword in his hand and went by himself.

November 29. They are beating up for the Prince; eleven o'clock we went up to the Cross to see the rest come in; there came small parties of them till about three o'clock, when the Prince and the *King*
James III. main body of them came, I cannot guess how many. The Prince went straight up to Mr. Dickenson's where he lodges. The bells they rung, and P. Cotterel made a bonfire, and all the town was illuminated. My papa, mamma and sister, and my uncle and I walked up and down to see it. About four o'clock the King¹ was proclaimed, the mob shouted very cleverly, and then we went up to see my aunt Brearcliffe and stayed till eleven o'clock making St. Andrew's crosses for them; we sat up making till two o'clock.

November 30. St. Andrew's Day. More crosses making till twelve o'clock; then I dressed me up in my

¹ i.e. James III, or 'The Old Pretender.'

white gown and went up to my aunt Brearcliffe's, and
The Prince an officer called on us to see the Prince. We
goes a-riding. went to Mr. Fletcher's and saw him get
 a-horseback, and a noble sight it is, I would not
 have missed it for a great deal of money. His horse had
 stood an hour in the court without stirring, and as
 soon as he gat on he began a-dancing and capering as if
 he was proud of the burden, and when he rid out of the
 court he was received with as much joy and shouting
 almost as if he had been king without any dispute,
 indeed, I think scarce anybody that saw him could
 dispute it.

Went up to my uncle's; stayed there till the Prince
 was at supper, then the officer introduced us into the
 room; stayed awhile and then went into the
Betty kisses great parlour where the officers were dining.
his Hand. We sat there till Secretary Murray came to
 let us know that the Prince was at leisure and had done
 supper, so we were all introduced and had the honour to
 kiss his hand; my papa was fetched prisoner to do the
 same, as was Doctor Deacon; Mr. Cattell and Mr.
 Clayton did it without; the latter said grace for him; then
 we went out and drank his health in the other room, and
 so to Mr. Fletcher where my mamma waited for us, and
 then went home.

December 1. About six o'clock the Prince and the
 foot set out, went up Market Street Lane and over
 Cheadle ford; the horse was gathering toge-
The Drums ther all forenoon; we went up to the Cross to
are Beating! see them. About four o'clock Aunt Phebe
 came down ill frightened and said that they were coming
 again, for that the King's forces had met them; it proved
 only a party of them was come back for the subscription

money.¹ Mr. Lewthwaite supped with us; he has been with Sir William Dunbar, who gives him the finest character of the Prince, that he's almost in love with him. He says when they were about to take the Castle of Edinburgh there came an order from King George to the government to fire the town, upon which the Prince ordered his men to desist and said he would not have the town destroyed. Sir William said to his men: 'Faith, lads, this is Solomon's decision; ye may see who's the mother of the child.'

This morning, although Sunday, the drums beat up for volunteers for his Majesty King James.

Sunday, December 8. Our folks gone to church, but I am going to my Aunt Ann, she is ill, keeps her bed. The bellman is going by order of Dr. Mainwaring and Justice Bradshaw. *To Arms!* 'This is to give notice to all the inhabitants of this town that they are desired to rise and arm themselves with guns, swords, pickaxes, shovels, or any other weapons they can get, and go stop all the ends of the town to prevent the rebels from coming in for two hours, and the King's forces will be up with them.'

Monday, December 9. Went up to my aunt's; continued accounts of the Highlanders coming; about two o'clock they brought us word that a party of them was come in, and some people had slouched them and thrown stones, and so it proved; but the Highlanders told them if they did not give over they must fire amongst them, so they gave over. I came home from my uncle's and met all the artillery going up and all the army coming in, and everybody went to their old quarters. The officers walked up and down the streets to send people to their

¹ Manchester gave £2,000 to the Cause.

own houses, and then the bellman went, 'By order of His Royal Highness Charles, Prince of Wales, and so forth, I give notice to all persons,' that he orders no two persons be seen walking together in the streets at after nine o'clock to-night, except they be guarded by some of H.R.H. own troops, on pain of being deemed mobbers and rioters, and by them be punished as such; so we are quiet to-night.

Tuesday, December 10. An express that the Duke of Cumberland will be here to-morrow with his army.

The Coming of King George's General. *Wednesday, December 11.* The bells are ringing, for they expect the Duke every minute; now the bellman is going for everybody to provide for the army. Dr. Mainwaring is come home, he looks mighty gruff, he is gone straight through the town to meet the Duke.

Thursday, December 12. Smoothing¹: my brother came and fetched me to see the Duke; we all went up to aunt Brearcliffe's, stayed there all day, saw nothing but the light horse and hussars, which went straight through the town; came home about five o'clock, and found my Lord Lempster, Captain and Lieutenant Harris, quartered upon us, Handiside's regiment; my Lord is the Earl of Pomfret's eldest son; they are very civil; they have their man and two horses here.

Saturday, 14. Our gentlemen march away.

Monday, December 16. Smoothing the rest of the clothes out when my brother came to tell me that all the soldiers were coming back, and the officers would be at their old quarters. They did not come; they marched back two miles on this side Wigan, but turned again.

¹ i.e. Ironing.

Monday, December 23. Washing; two regiments of soldiers are come in to-day. They seem to expect an invasion about London; they have ordered everybody to drive all their cattle twenty *London takes Alarm.* miles from the seaside, and given orders for the lighting of beacons, and the train bands to be ready at the firing of seven guns from the Tower.

Tuesday, December 24. Smoothing.

December 25. Christmas Day. Dined at my uncle's; and at night we went up to the Cross. Yesterday came an account in the *Gazette* of a skirmish there has been at Clifton Moor on this side Carlisle; they say they lost about forty men, but they cannot tell how many the Highlanders have lost, for they carried off their men in the dark.

Saturday, December 28. All the reports *Hope for the* are quite of our side the question to-day, if *Jacobites.* they will but any of them prove true!

Sunday, December 29. Mr. Lewthwaite *Mrs. Byrom* drank tea at my uncle's; he and my mamma *falls out* had a great scolding bout about these High- *with Mr.* landers, he abuses them most strangely. *Lewthwaite.*

Monday, December 30. Washing: my mamma and I at Lady Lever's and Mrs. Roughsedge. The Highland army has got into Scotland and left a garrison *The Duke of* in Carlisle, and the Duke is besieging it; he *Cumberland* was to have cannon come from Whitehaven *before* for that purpose last Tuesday, he did not *Carlisle.* question but he should be master of it in twenty-four hours; there are 350 Scotch and 250 English for to garrison it.

Wednesday, January 1, 1746. New Year's Day. All uncles and aunts here as usual on this day, but

Aunt Ann.¹ (Last night Mr. Lewthwaite asked my papa pardon for scolding with him.)

Thursday, January 2. This morning we were waked with ringing for the taking of Carlisle again,² but we hear no particulars, that the Duke is gone post to London. The bellman is going to-night to order everybody to illuminate to-morrow night; there has been a great bonfire all day, and the bells have scarce ever ceased.

Friday, January 3. The bells again, and illuminations in every house in the town except Mr. Cattell's; he drank tea here. The Presbyterians have made two effigies of the Prince, one in his Scotch, and one in his English dress, and carried them up and down the town and raised a great mob, which was headed by some of the young Presbyterian gentlemen, and went to all the houses in town where any were gone from and broke their windows although lighted, and a great many more besides that were not thick enough. They were very rude, and they carried their bunch of rags down to Mr. Dukenfield's,³ and the Justice out of his great courage got a gun and shot at it, and then it was brought into the house and he wrung it by the nose, then his wife and daughter were introduced and had the honour to slap it in the face, and so on till they were all tired. Then they hung it upon the signpost, then quartered it, then threw it into the fire. The next day several gentlemen went down to the corner to make complaint, but the justices would hear none. Lady

¹ Who was ill.

² Cumberland took Carlisle on December 30, and executed thirty-one of Prince Charlie's followers.

³ The High Sheriff of Lancashire.

Lever went because Dr. Deacon's house was hers, but they were very rude to her and told her Dr. Deacon was a Jesuit and must not live in town; if she would meddle with nobody, nobody would meddle with her; she must sell him up, give him warning, for he must not live in town.

Saturday, January 11. There's an account that the Highlanders are got into Stirling town and are besieging the Castle, and that our Manchester men, who *The Highlanders* were all in Carlisle (except Mr. J. Bradshaw *landers* and Mr. R. Jackson) are taken to York on *besiege Stirling Castle* their way to London, and all the common men are brought to Lancaster; some must go forward to Chester. Poor Bobby Deacon is left ill at Carlisle; Mr. Tom Moss has been at York to see them all, and they are very well, and have been well used.

Monday, January 20. Went to Baguley: stayed all night.

Tuesday, January 21. Went a-hunting, *Beply goes Hunting.* and good sport, but the rain sent us in; it rained so all day, I stayed the night again.

Wednesday, January 22. Came home behind my uncle Houghton.¹ They have no true news for us still. Dolly B.² here this evening; my uncle Houghton has been to Dr. Hall's who has heard that there is a letter come to Mr. Kilshaw's that Hawley³ is defeated. The Presbyterians have gathered 16s. to send a lad, an express.

Thursday, January 23. They have ordered the bells to be ready to ring and say there shall be such rejoicing as

¹ i.e. riding pillion on his horse.

² Her cousin Dorothy Brearcliffe.

³ General Hawley was defeated by Prince Charlie at Falkirk Muir.

never was in Manchester before, but to their disappointment he has brought word that there was an action on Friday the 17th. Sunday the *Manchester prepares to ring her Bells, and Beppy's Diary comes to an Abrupt End.* *Gazette* came to Warrington, but not here; Berry went to Rochdale for his news, put a cockade in his pocket expecting to hear of another engagement, but did not; Mr. Cattell, Mr. Houghton and Aunt Brearcliffe's folks are here.

[And so ends Beppy's Diary. Prince Charles Edward was finally defeated at Culloden three months later.¹]

¹ See page 157.

JAMES BOSWELL'S JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES

(1740-1793)

JAMES BOSWELL was the son of Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, Ayrshire, a Scottish Judge. After leaving Edinburgh University, he travelled abroad. In 1763 he was in London, where, in a bookseller's shop, he was introduced to Dr. Johnson. Boswell already admired him greatly, and from the moment of their meeting began to store up matter for the book which was to make him famous—his *Life of Samuel Johnson*. It was ten years later that he persuaded Johnson to go with him upon a tour in Scotland, an account of which he published in 1786—two years after Johnson's death—under the title of *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*. Boswell died in London in 1793.

THE CHIEF PEOPLE OF THE DIARY

JAMES BOSWELL.

ALEXANDER BOSWELL, his father.

MARGARET BOSWELL, his wife.

VERONICA, his baby daughter.

MRS. RIDDOCH, his cousin.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LORD ERROL, son of Lord Kilmarnock who had been beheaded on Tower Hill for his part in Prince Charlie's Rising.

MR. MALCOLM MACLEOD, a Highland gentleman.

MR. MACDONALD of Kingsburgh, another Highland gentleman.

FLORA MACDONALD, his wife.

August 14, 1773. On Saturday the fourteenth of August, 1773, late in the evening, I received a note from him, that he had arrived at Boyd's Inn at the

head of the Canongate. I went to him directly. He *Dr. Johnson* embraced me cordially; and I exulted in *arrives in* the thought that I now had him actually in *Edinburgh*—Caledonia.¹ Before I came in, the Doctor had unluckily had a bad specimen of Scottish cleanliness. He asked to have his lemonade made sweeter; upon which the waiter, with his greasy fingers, lifted a lump of sugar, and put it into it. The Doctor, in indignation, threw it out of the window.

Mr. Johnson and I walked arm in arm up the High Street, to my house in James's Court. It was a dusky night. My wife had tea ready for him, which it is well known he delighted to drink at all hours, particularly when sitting up late. We sat till near two in the morning, having chatted a good while after my wife left us.

August 15. Mr. Johnson was pleased with my daughter Veronica, a child of about four months. She had the appearance of listening to him. His motions —*To the Amusement of Boswell's Baby.* seemed to her to be intended for her amusement; and when he stopped, she fluttered and made a little noise, and a kind of signal for him to begin again. She would be held close to him; which was a proof that his figure was not horrid. Her fondness for him endeared her still more to me, and I declared she should have five hundred pounds of additional fortune.

August 16. We walked out that Dr. Johnson might *Boswell* see some of the things which we have to show *shows him* at Edinburgh. We went to the Parliament *the Sights of Edinburgh.* House. We went to the Advocates' Library, of which Dr. Johnson took a cursory view, and then to what is called the Laigh, or under Parlia-

¹ Scotland.

ment House, where the records of Scotland are deposited till the great Register Office be finished. I was pleased to behold Dr. Samuel Johnson rolling about in this old magazine of antiquities. There was by this time a pretty numerous circle of us attending upon him. Somebody talked of happy moments for composition; and how a man can write at one time and not at another. 'Nay,' said Dr. Johnson, 'a man may write at any time, if he will set himself doggedly to it.' We were too proud not to carry him to the Abbey of Holyrood House, that deserted mansion of royalty. We surveyed that part of the palace in which our beautiful Queen Mary ¹ lived, and in which David Rizzio ² was murdered, and also the state rooms. Dr. Johnson was a great reciter of all sorts of things, serious or comical. I overheard him repeating here, in a kind of muttering tone, a line of the old ballad, 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night':

'And ran him through the fair body.'

August 18. On this day we set out from Edinburgh. Dr. Johnson thought it unnecessary to put himself to the additional expense of bringing with him *They set out* Francis Barber, his faithful black servant, so *upon their* we were attended only by my man, Joseph *Tour—* Ritter, a Bohemian, a fine stately fellow above six feet high. From an erroneous apprehension of violence, Dr. Johnson had provided a pair of pistols, some gunpowder, and a quantity of bullets; but upon being assured we should run no risk of meeting any robbers, he left his arms and ammunition in an open drawer, of which he gave my wife charge.

When we came to Leith, I talked with perhaps too

¹ Mary, Queen of Scots.

² Her secretary.

boasting an air how pretty the Firth of Forth looked; —*While the* as I believe the view of that firth and its *Doctor damps* environs from the Castle Hill of Edinburgh *Boswell's* is the finest prospect in Europe.

Enthusiasm. 'Ay,' said Dr. Johnson, 'that is the state of the world. Water is the same everywhere.'

August 20. About eleven at night we arrived at Montrose. We found but a sorry inn, where I myself saw another waiter put a lump of sugar with his fingers into Dr. Johnson's lemonade, for *Lemonade* which he called him 'Rascal!' It put me in *and a Ghost.* great glee that our landlord was an Englishman. I rallied the Doctor upon this, and he grew quiet. He was angry at me for proposing to carry lemons with us to Sky, that he might be sure of his lemonade. 'Sir,' said he, 'I do not wish to be thought that feeble man who cannot do without anything.'

Having taken the liberty this evening to remark to Dr. Johnson that he very often sat quite silent for a long time, even when in company with only a single friend, which I myself had sometimes sadly experienced, he smiled and said, 'It is true, sir. Tom Tyers has described me the best. He once said to me, "Sir, you are like a ghost; you never speak till you are spoken to."'

August 22. [At Aberdeen.] At dinner, Dr. Johnson ate several platefuls of Scotch broth, with *Scotch Broth* barley and peas in it, and seemed very fond of the *and a Giant.* dish. I said, 'You never ate it before.' Johnson: 'No, sir; but I don't care how soon I eat it again.'

My cousin, Miss Dallas, was married to Mr. Riddoch, one of the ministers of the English chapel here. She sent us a kind invitation to tea, which we accepted. She was the same lively, sensible, cheerful woman as

ever. Dr. Johnson here threw out some jokes against Scotland. He said, 'You go first to Aberdeen, then to Enbru (the Scottish pronunciation of Edinburgh); then to Newcastle, to be polished by the colliers; then to York; then to London.' And he laid hold of a little girl, Stuart Dallas, niece to Mrs. Riddoch, and representing himself as a giant, said he would take her with him, telling her in a hollow voice that he lived in a cave, and had a bed in the rock, and she should have a little bed cut opposite to it.

August 24. We set out about eight in the morning, and breakfasted at Ellon. We had received a polite invitation to Slains Castle. We arrived there *Mr. Boswell* just at three o'clock, as the bell for dinner *has an Un-* was ringing. My lord was gone to dine in *easy Night.* the neighbourhood. Lady Errol received us politely, and was very attentive to us during the time of dinner. There was nobody at table but her ladyship, Mr. Boyd, and some of the children, their governor and governess. About nine the Earl came home. He went with us to our rooms at night, said he took the visit very kindly, and told me my father and he were very old acquaintance, that I now knew the way to Slains, and he hoped to see me there again.

I had a most elegant room, but there was a fire in it which blazed, and the sea, to which my window looked, roared, and the pillows were made of the feathers of some sea-fowl which had to me a disagreeable smell; so that by all these causes I was kept awake a good while. I saw in imagination Lord Errol's father, Lord Kilmarnock, who was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1746, and I was somewhat dreary. But the thought did not last long, and I fell asleep.

August 26. In the afternoon, we drove over the very heath where Macbeth met the witches. Dr. Johnson repeated solemnly:

*Where Mac-
beth met the
Witches.*

How far is't called to Forres? What are these
So withered, and so wild in their attire?
They look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't.

He repeated a good deal more of *Macbeth*. He then parodied the 'All hail' of the witches to Macbeth, addressing himself to me. I had purchased some land called Dalblair; and as in Scotland it is customary to distinguish landed men by the name of their estates, I had thus two titles, Dalblair and Young Auchinleck. So my friend, in imitation of

All hail! Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!
condescended to amuse himself with uttering:

All hail, Dalblair! hail to thee, Laird of Auchinleck!

We got to Forres at night, and found an admirable inn, in which Dr. Johnson was pleased to meet with a landlord who styled himself 'Wine Cooper, from London.'

August 29. [At Inverness.] After church we walked down the quay. We then went to Macbeth's castle. I had a romantic satisfaction in seeing Dr. Johnson actually in it. It perfectly corresponds with Shakespeare's description:

*Macbeth's
Castle.*

This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses—

Just as we came out of it a raven perched on one of the chimney-tops and croaked. Then I repeated:

The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements.

Monday, August 30. When we had advanced a good way by the side of Loch Ness, I perceived a little hut, with an old-looking woman at the door of it.

I thought here might be a scene that would amuse Dr. Johnson, so I mentioned it to him. *A Home in the Highlands.*

‘Let’s go in,’ said he.

We dismounted, and we and our guides entered the hut. It was a wretched little hovel of earth only, I think, and for a window had only a small hole, which was stopped with a piece of turf that was taken out occasionally to let in light. In the middle of the room or space which we entered was a fire of peat, the smoke going out at a hole in the roof; she had a pot upon it, with goat’s flesh boiling. There was at one end, under the same roof but divided by a kind of wattles, a pen or fold, in which we saw a good many kids.

Dr. Johnson was curious to know where she slept. I lighted a piece of paper, and went into the place where the bed was. There was a little partition of wicker, rather more neatly done than that for the fold, and close by the wall was a kind of bedstead of wood, with heath upon it by way of bed, at the foot of which I saw some sort of blankets or covering rolled up in a heap. The woman’s name was Fraser; her husband was a man of eighty. Mr. Fraser of Balnain allows him to live in this hut, and keep sixty goats, for taking care of his woods, where he then was. They had five children, the eldest only thirteen; two were gone to Inverness to buy meal, the rest were looking after the goats. This contented family had four stacks of barley, twenty-four slaves in

each; they had a few fowls. They lived all the spring without meal, upon milk and curds and whey alone. What they get for their goats, kids and fowls, maintains them during the rest of the year.

She asked us to sit down and take a dram¹; I saw one chair. She said she was as happy as any woman in Scotland; she could hardly speak any English, except a few detached words. She asked for snuff; it is her luxury, and she uses a great deal. We had none, but gave her sixpence a-piece. She sent us away with many prayers in Erse.²

Wednesday, September 8. When I waked the rain was much heavier than yesterday; but the wind had *They meet a* abated. We resolved to set out directly after *Follower of* breakfast. We had about two miles to ride *Bonnie Prince* to the sea-side, and there we expected to get *Charlie*— one of the boats belonging to the fleet of bounty herring-busses³ then on the coast, or at least a good country fishing-boat. But while we were preparing to set out, there arrived Mr. Donald Macqueen, a decent minister, an elderly man with his own black hair, courteous and rather slow of speech. Along with him came our pilot, a gentleman whom I had a great desire to see, Mr. Malcolm Macleod, one of the Rasay family, celebrated in the year 1745. He was now sixty-two years of age, hale and well proportioned, with a manly countenance, and tanned by the weather. His eye was quick and lively, yet his look was not fierce. He wore a pair of brogues,⁴ tartan hose which came up only

¹ A little whisky.

² Gaelic, the language of the Highlanders.

³ Two- or three-masted boats.

⁴ Rough heavy shoes.

near his knees, and left them bare, a purple camblet¹ kilt, a black waistcoat, a short green cloth coat bound with gold cord, a yellowish bushy wig, a large blue bonnet with a gold thread button. I never saw a figure that gave a more perfect representation of a Highland gentleman.

We rode down to the shore, but Malcolm walked with graceful agility. We got into Rasay's carriage, which was a good strong open boat made in Norway. —*Sail with* The wind had now risen pretty high, and *him along* was against us; but we had four stout rowers, *the Coast of* particularly a Macleod, a robust black-haired *Scalpa*—fellow, half naked and bare-headed, something between a wild Indian and an English tar. Dr. Johnson sat high on the stern, like a magnificent Triton.² Malcolm sang an Erse song, with words of his own. The tune resembled 'Ower the muir among the heather.' The boatmen and Mr. Macqueen chorused, and all went well. At length Malcolm himself took an oar and rowed vigorously. We sailed along the coast of Scalpa, a rugged island, about four miles in length. Dr. Johnson proposed that he and I should buy it.

After we were out of the shelter of Scalpa, the wind made the sea very rough. I did not like it.

Johnson: 'This, now, is the Atlantic. If I should tell at a tea-table in London that I had crossed the Atlantic in an open boat, how they'd shudder, and what a fool they'd think me to expose myself to such danger.'

In the confusion and hurry of this boisterous sail, Dr. Johnson's spurs, of which Joseph had charge, were carried

¹ Camlet (see page 74).

² A sea-god.

into the sea and lost. Dr. Johnson was a little angry at first, observing that 'there was something wild in letting a pair of spurs be carried into the sea out of a boat.' It was past six o'clock when we arrived at Rasay.

Sunday, September 12. It was a beautiful day; and although we did not approve of travelling on Sunday, —*And visit* we resolved to set out, as we were in an island
Flora from whence one must take occasion as it serves.
Macdonald. We were resolved to pay a visit to Kingsburgh, and see the celebrated Miss Flora Macdonald, who is married to the present Mr. Macdonald of Kingsburgh. We had a most pleasant sail between Rasay and Sky.

I was highly pleased to see Dr. Johnson safely arrived at Kingsburgh, and received by the hospitable Mr. Macdonald. Kingsburgh was completely the figure of a gallant Highlander. He had his tartan plaid thrown about him, a large blue bonnet with a knot of black ribbon like a cockade, a brown short coat of a kind of duffil,¹ a tartan waistcoat with gold buttons, and gold button-holes, a bluish philabeg,² and tartan hose. He had jet black hair tied behind, and was a large stately man, with a steady sensible countenance.

There was a comfortable parlour with a good fire, and a dram went round. By and by supper was served, at which there appeared the lady of the house, the celebrated Miss Flora Macdonald. She is a little woman, of a genteel appearance and uncommonly mild and well-bred. To see Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great champion of the English Tories, salute Miss Flora Macdonald in the Isle of Sky was a striking sight.

¹ A coarse woollen cloth.

² Kilt.

Monday, September 13. The room where we lay was a celebrated one. Dr. Johnson's bed was the very bed in which the grandson of the unfortunate King James the Second lay, on one of the nights after the failure of his rash attempt in 1745, while he was eluding the pursuit of the emissaries of government, which had offered thirty thousand pounds as a reward for apprehending him. *Dr. Johnson sleeps in Prince Charlie's Bed—*

From what Miss Flora Macdonald told me, I have compiled the following:

Prince Charles Edward, after the Battle of Culloden, was conveyed to Long Island, where he lay for some time concealed. But intelligence having been obtained where he was, and a number of troops having come in quest of him, it became absolutely necessary for him to quit that country without delay. Miss Flora Macdonald, then a young lady, offered to accompany him in an open boat to Sky, though the coast they had to quit was guarded by ships. He dressed himself in women's clothes, and passed as her supposed maid, by the name of Betty Burke, an Irish girl. They got off undiscovered, though several shots were fired to bring them to, and landed at Mugstot, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald. Sir Alexander was then at Fort Augustus, with the Duke of Cumberland; but his lady was at home. Prince Charles took his post upon a hill near the house. Flora Macdonald waited on Lady Margaret, who at once settled that Prince Charles should be conducted to old Rasay, who was himself concealed. The plan was instantly communicated to Kingsburgh who was despatched to the hill to inform the wanderer, *—And Flora Macdonald tells how the Prince escaped from Culloden.* carry

him refreshments. When Kingsburgh approached, he started up, holding a large knotted stick, ready to knock him down, till he said, 'I am Macdonald of Kingsburgh, come to serve your Highness.'

Flora Macdonald dined with Lady Margaret, at whose table there was an officer of the army, stationed here with a party of soldiers, to watch for Prince Charles. She afterwards often laughed with this gentleman on her having so well deceived him.

After dinner, Flora Macdonald on horseback, and her supposed maid and Kingsburgh, with a servant carrying some linen, all on foot, proceeded towards that gentleman's house. Upon the road was a small rivulet which they were obliged to cross. The wanderer, forgetting his assumed sex, that his clothes might not be wet, held them up a great deal too high. Kingsburgh mentioned this to him, observing it might make a discovery. He said he would be more careful for the future. He was as good as his word; for the next brook he crossed, he did not hold up his clothes at all, but let them float upon the water. He was very awkward in female dress. His size was so large, and his strides so great. At Kingsburgh he slept soundly till next day at one o'clock. On the afternoon of that day, the wanderer, still in the same dress, set out for Portree, with Flora Macdonald and a manservant. His shoes being very bad, Kingsburgh provided him with a new pair, and taking up the old ones, said, 'I will faithfully keep them till you are safely settled at St. James's. I will introduce myself by shaking them at you to put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof.' He smiled, and said, 'Be as good as your word!'

Tuesday, November 2. We were now in a country

not only of saddles and bridles, but of post chaises; and having ordered one from Kilmarnock, we got to Auchinleck before dinner.

*Boswell
brings Dr.*

My father was not quite a year and a half older than Dr. Johnson, but he was as sanguine a Whig and Presbyterian as Dr. Johnson was a Tory and Church of England man, and used to call him 'a *Jacobite fellow*.' Knowing all this, I should not have ventured to bring them together, had not my father, out of kindness to me, desired me to invite Dr. Johnson to his house.

*Johnson to
his Father's
House—*

Wednesday, November 3. It rained all day.

Some gentlemen of the neighbourhood came to visit my father, but there was little conversation. One of them asked Dr. Johnson how he liked the Highlands. The question seemed to irritate him, for he answered, 'How, sir, can you ask me what obliges me to speak unfavourably of a country where I have been hospitably entertained? Who *can* like the Highlands? I like the inhabitants very well.' The gentlemen asked no more questions.

*—With
Unfortunate
Results.*

Saturday, November 6. Mr. Johnson and my father came into collision. The contest began while my father was showing him his collection of medals; and Oliver Cromwell's coin unfortunately introduced Charles the First and Toryism.

*'The Great
Bear.'*

They became exceedingly warm and violent. Whiggism and Presbyterianism, Toryism and Episcopacy, were terribly buffeted. My father's opinion of Dr. Johnson may be conjectured from the name he afterwards gave him, which was *Ursa Major*.¹

¹ The Great Bear.

Tuesday, November 9. We arrived this night at
Back in Edinburgh after an absence of eighty-three
Edinburgh. days. I cannot express how happy I was
on finding myself again at home.

[A few days later Dr. Johnson took his place in the
coach for London.]

THE DIARY OF FANNY BURNEY

(1752-1840)

FANNY BURNEY was born at King's Lynn, where her father, Charles Burney, was organist of St. Margaret's Church. He had formerly been organist of St. Dionis Backchurch, London, and had come to Lynn for his health. When Fanny was eight, he returned to London, taking a house in Poland Street, off Oxford Street, or, as it was then called, the Oxford Road. There he soon became the favourite music teacher of fashionable London. In 1761 Mrs. Burney died, leaving her husband with six children, the eldest of whom was only twelve and the youngest a baby. Fanny was a shy little thing, called by some 'the little dunce,' and laughed at by her brother James because, at the age of eight, she had not learnt to read. But Fanny had her own abilities; she was very observant, and almost as soon as she could write, she amused herself with 'scribbling' stories which she read to her small sister Susannah. In 1767 Dr. Burney married again. When Fanny's Diary begins, the family were living in St. Martin's Street, in a house where Sir Isaac Newton had once lived, and here, in a little wooden turret which was said to have been his observatory, Fanny continued to 'scribble,' until in 1778, unknown to anyone save her brothers and sisters, she published her first novel *Evelina*. Through Mrs. Delany, Fanny became known to the King and Queen, and in 1786 Queen Charlotte appointed her Junior Keeper of the Robes. For five years Fanny was at Court; then her health gave way, and she was permitted to retire, with a pension of £100 a year. Two years later she married—M. Alexandre D'Arblay, a refugee from the French Revolution, and in 1794 her son Alexander was born. Fanny outlived them both.

THE CHIEF PEOPLE OF THE DIARY

FANNY BURNEY.

DR. CHARLES BURNEY, her father.

MRS. ELIZABETH BURNEY, her stepmother.

ESTHER (or HETTY), her elder sister.

SUSANNAH, } her younger sisters.

CHARLOTTE, }

RICHARD BURNEY, her cousin.

MR. SAMUEL CRISP (living at Chessington, near Kingston),
whom Fanny calls 'Daddy.'

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

MR. THRALE, a wealthy brewer, } friends of Dr. Johnson.

MRS. THRALE,

QUEENIE THRALE, their daughter.

MRS. DELANY, an old lady, a favourite of the King and Queen.

KING GEORGE III.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL, } their daughters.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH,

PRINCESS AMELIA,

GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES, afterwards King George IV, their
son.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, the King's brother.

MRS. SCHWELLENBERG, the Senior Keeper of the Robes.

MRS. THIELKY, wardrobe woman.

MADAME LA FITE, French Reader to the Queen.

ALEXANDER D'ARBLAY, Fanny's son.

1778. This year was ushered in by a grand and most important event. At the latter end of January, the literary world was favoured with the first publication of the ingenious, learned, and most profound Fanny Burney. This admirable authoress has named her most elaborate performance *EVELINA; or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World*.

Fanny Burney, having Secretly Published a Novel, finds herself in a Difficult Position.

A thousand little odd incidents happened about this time, however they were none of them productive of a discovery either to my father or mother.

My aunt Anne and Miss Humphries being settled at this time at Brompton, I was going thither with Susan to tea, when Charlotte acquainted me that they were then employed in reading 'Evelina' to the invalid, my cousin Richard.

This intelligence gave me the utmost uneasiness—I foresaw a thousand dangers of a discovery. In truth I was quite sick with apprehension, and was too uncomfortable to go to Brompton, and Susan carried my excuses.

Upon her return I was somewhat tranquillised, for she assured me that there was not the smallest suspicion of the author, and that they had concluded it to be the work of a *man*.

Finding myself safe, I ventured to go to Brompton next day. On my way upstairs, I heard Miss Humphries in the midst of Mr. Villars' letter of consolation upon Sir John Belmont's rejection of his daughter; and just as I entered the room, she cried out, 'How pretty that is.'

How much in luck would she have thought herself, had she known *who* heard her. My aunt Anne told me a thousand things that had been said in its praise. I must own I suffered great difficulty in refraining from laughing upon several occasions—and several times, when they praised what they read, I was on the point of saying, 'You are very good,' and so forth, and I could scarcely keep myself from making acknowledgments, and bowing my head involuntarily. However, I got off perfectly safe.

Chessington, June 18. I came hither the first week in May, and could not resist treating myself *She reads it* with a little private sport with 'Evelina.' *to her Friend* I had promised *Hetty* that *she* should read it 'Daddy' to Mr. Crisp, but I wrote my excuses and *Crisp* introduced it myself.

I told him it was a book which Hetty had taken to Brompton, to divert my cousin Richard. He was so indifferent about it that I thought he would not give himself the trouble to read it, and often embarrassed me by unlucky questions, such as, 'If it was reckoned clever?' and 'What I thought of it?' and 'Whether folks laughed at it?' At length he desired me to begin reading to him. I found it a much more awkward thing than I had expected; my voice quite faltered when I began it, which, however, I passed off for the effect of remaining weakness of lungs; and, in short, the book, by my reading, lost all manner of spirit. I determined to leave Hetty the third volume, and therefore pretended I had not brought it. He was in a delightful ill-humour about it, and I enjoyed his impatience far more than I should have done his forbearance.

I have had a visit from my beloved Susy, who, with my mother and little Sally, spent a day here, to my no small satisfaction; and yet I was put into an embarrassment, of which I even yet know not what will be the end; for Mr. Crisp, before my mother, very innocently said to Susan, 'O, pray Susette, do send me the third volume of *Evelina*. Fanny brought me the first two on purpose, I believe, to tantalise me.'

I felt myself in a ferment; and Susan, too, looked foolish, and knew not what to answer. As I sat on the same sofa with him, I gave him a gentle shove, as a token, which he could not but understand, that he had said something wrong—though I believe he could not imagine *what*. Indeed how should he?

My mother instantly darted forward, and repeated, '*Evelina*, what's that, pray?'

Again I jolted Mr. Crisp, who, very much perplexed,

said in a boggling manner, that it was a novel—his supposed from the circulating library—‘Only a trumpery novel.’

Ah, my dear daddy, thought I, you would have devised some other sort of speech, if you knew all.—But he was really, as he well might be, quite at a loss for what I *wanted* him to say.

Two days after I received from Charlotte a letter, the most interesting that could be written to me, for it acquainted me that my dear father was at length reading my book, which has now been published six months. *Her Father reads it.*

It seems the very moment almost that my mother and Susan left the house, he desired Charlotte to bring him the *Monthly Review*. She contrived to look over his shoulder as he opened it, which he did at the account of *Evelina; or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World*. He read it with great earnestness, then put it down; and presently after snatched it up again. He turned to Charlotte, put his finger on the word ‘Evelina’ and saying *she knew what it was*, bade her write down the name and send the man to Lowndes’, as if for herself. This she did, and away went William.

When William returned, he took the book from him, and the moment he was gone, opened the first volume—and opened it upon the ode.¹ How great must have been his astonishment at seeing himself so addressed. Indeed, Charlotte says he looked all amazement, read a line or two with great eagerness, and then, stopping short, he seemed quite affected and the tears started into his eyes; dear soul!

¹ In front of ‘Evelina’ was an Ode ‘To **** *’, which was in reality addressed to Dr. Burney himself.

I believe he was obliged to go out before he advanced much further. But the next day I had a letter from Susan, in which I heard he had begun reading it with Lady Hales and Miss Coussmaker, and that they like it vastly. Lady Hales spoke of it in the highest terms, declaring she was sure it was written by somebody in high life, and added 'He must be a man of great abilities.'

What will all this come to? Where will it end? and when and how shall I wake from the vision of such splendid success? for I hardly know how to believe it real.

Well, I cannot but rejoice that I published the book, little as I ever imagined how it would fare.

August 3. Susan writes me word that when my father went last to Streatham, Dr. Johnson was not there, but Mrs. Thrale told him that when *Fanny meets the Great Doctor Johnson.* he gave her the first volume of 'Evelina,' which she had lent him, he said, 'Why, madam, why, what a charming book you lent me,' and eagerly enquired for the rest.

Dr. Johnson's approbation! It almost crazed me with agreeable surprise—it gave me such a flight of spirits that I danced a jig to Mr. Crisp, without any preparation, music or explanation—to his no small amazement and diversion. I left him, however, to make his own comments upon my friskiness.

I now come to last Saturday evening, when my beloved father came to Chessington. In his way hither he had stopped at Streatham, and he settled with Mrs. Thrale that he would call on her again in his way to town, and carry me with him, and Mrs. Thrale said, 'We all long to know her.'

I have been in a kind of twitter ever since.

London, August. I have now to write an account of the most consequential day I have spent since my birth; namely my Streatham visit.

Our journey was the least pleasant part of the day, for the roads were dreadfully dusty, and I was really in the fidgets from thinking what my reception might be.

Mr. Thrale's house is white, and very pleasantly situated, in a fine paddock. Mrs. Thrale was strolling about, and came to us as we got out of the chaise. She then received me, taking both my hands, and welcoming me to Streatham. She led me into the house, and addressed herself almost wholly for a few minutes to my father, as if to give me an assurance that she did not mean to regard me as a show, or to distress or frighten me by drawing me out. Afterwards she took me upstairs and showed me the house, and said she had very much wished to see me. But though we were some time together, she did not *hint* at my book.

When we returned to the music room, we found Miss Thrale was with my father. Miss Thrale is a very fine girl about fourteen years of age, but cold and reserved, though full of knowledge and intelligence.

Soon after Mrs. Thrale took me to the library; she talked a little while upon common topics, and then, at last, she mentioned 'Evelina!'

'Yesterday at supper,' she said, 'we talked it all over. Dr. Johnson repeated whole scenes by heart. I declare I was astonished at him. O, you can't imagine how much he is pleased with the book. But was it not droll,' she said, 'that I should recommend it to Dr. Burney and tease him so innocently to read it?'

When we were summoned to dinner, Mrs. Thrale made my father and me sit on each side of her. I said

that I hoped I did not take Dr. Johnson's place—for he had not yet appeared.

'No,' answered Mrs. Thrale, 'he will sit by you, which I am sure will give him great pleasure.'

Soon after we were seated, this great man entered. I have so true a veneration for him that the very sight of him inspires me with delight and reverence, notwithstanding the cruel infirmities to which he is subject; for he has almost perpetual convulsive movements, either in his hands, lips, feet, or knees, and sometimes all together.

Mrs. Thrale introduced me to him, and he took his place. We had a noble dinner, and a most elegant dessert. Dr. Johnson, in the middle of dinner, asked Mrs. Thrale what was in some little pies that were near him.

'Mutton,' answered she, 'so I don't ask you to eat any, because I know you despise it.'

'No, madam, no,' cried he; 'I despise nothing that is good of its sort; but I am too proud now to eat of it. Sitting by Miss Burney makes me very proud to-day.'

Friday, December 16, 1785. After dinner, while Mrs. Delany¹ was left alone, as usual, to take a little rest, *She encounters the King—* Mr. B. Dewes, his little daughter, Miss Port, and myself, went into the drawing room. And here, while, to pass the time, I was amusing the little girl with teaching her some Christmas games, in which her father and cousin joined, Mrs. Delany came in. We were all in the middle of the room, and in some confusion; but she had but just come up to us to inquire what was going forwards, and I was disentangling myself from Miss Dewes, to be ready to

¹ Fanny was staying with Mrs. Delany at Windsor.

fly off if any one knocked at the street-door, when the door of the drawing-room was again opened, and a large man, in deep mourning, appeared at it, entering and shutting it himself without speaking.

A ghost could not more have scared me, when I discovered by its glitter on the black, a star. The general disorder had prevented his being seen, except by myself, who was always on the watch, till Miss Port, turning round, exclaimed, 'The King, Aunt, the King!'

O mercy, thought I, that I were but out of the room. Which way shall I escape? and how pass him unnoticed? There is but the single door at which he entered in the room. Every one scampered out of the way: Miss Port, to stand next the door; Mr. Bernard Dewes to a corner opposite it; his little girl clung to me; and Mrs. Delany advanced to meet his Majesty, who, after quietly looking on till she saw him, approached and inquired how she did.

He then spoke to Mr. Bernard, whom he had already met two or three times here.

I had now retreated to the wall, and purposed gliding softly, though speedily out of the room; but before I had taken a single step, the King, in a loud whisper to Mrs. Delany, said, 'Is that Miss Burney?' and on her answering, 'Yes, sir,' he bowed, and with a countenance of the most perfect good humour, came close up to me.

A most profound reverence on my part arrested the progress of my intended retreat.

'How long have you been come back, Miss Burney?'

'Two days, sir.'

Unluckily he did not hear me, and repeated his question; and whether the second time he heard me or not, I don't

know, but he made a little civil inclination of the head, and went back to Mrs. Delany.

He insisted she should sit down, though he stood himself, and began to give her an account of the Princess Elizabeth, who was once again recovering, and trying, at present, James's powders. He spoke of her illness with the strongest emotion, and seemed quite filled with concern for her danger and sufferings.

Mrs. Delany next inquired for the younger children. They had all, he said, the whooping cough, and were soon to be removed to Kew.

'Not,' added he, 'for any other reason than change of air for themselves; though I am pretty certain I have never had the distemper myself, and the Queen thinks she has not had it either—we shall take our chance. When the two eldest had it, I sent them away, and would not see them till it was over; but now there are so many of them that there would be no end to separations, so I let it take its course.'

Mrs. Delany expressed a good deal of concern at his running this risk, but he laughed at it, and said he was much more afraid of catching the rheumatism, which has been threatening one of his shoulders lately. However, he added, he would hunt the next morning in defiance of it.

During this discourse, I stood quietly in the place where he had first spoken to me. His quitting me so soon and conversing freely and easily with Mrs. Delany, proved so delightful a relief to me that I no longer wished myself away. The Christmas games we had been showing Miss Dewes, it seemed as if we were still performing, as none of us thought it proper to move, though our manner of standing reminded one of Puss in the corner.

Close to the door was posted Miss Port; opposite her, close to the wainscot, stood Mr. Dewes; at just an equal distance from him, close to a window, stood myself; Mrs. Delany, though seated, was at the opposite side to Miss Port; and His Majesty kept pretty much in the middle of the room. The little girl, who kept close to me, did not break the order, and I could hardly help expecting to be beckoned, with a 'Puss! Puss! Puss!' to change places with one of my neighbours.

But the King, I have reason to think, meant only to give me time to recover from my first embarrassment. When the discourse upon health was over, the King went up to the table, and looked at a book of prints which had been brought down for Miss Dewes, but Mrs. Delany, by mistake, told him they were for me. He turned over a leaf or two, and then said:

'Pray, does Miss Burney draw, too?'

'I believe not, sir,' answered Mrs. Delany, 'at least, she does not tell.'

'Oh!' cried he, laughing, 'that's nothing. She is not apt to tell; she never does tell, you know! Her father told me that himself. He told me the whole history of her *Evelina*. And I shall never forget his face when he spoke of his feelings at first taking up the book—he looked quite frightened, just as if he was doing it at that moment. I never can forget his face while I live.'

Then coming up close to me, he said—

'But what? what? how was it?'

'Sir?' cried I, not well understanding him.

'How came you—how happened it? what? what?'

'I—I only wrote, sir, for my own amusement—only in some odd, idle hours.'

'But your publishing—your printing—how . . . that?'

‘That was only, sir—only because——’

I hesitated most abominably, not knowing how to tell him a long story, and growing terribly confused at these questions.

The *What* was then repeated with so earnest a look that, forced to say something, I stammeringly answered—

‘I thought—sir—it would look very well in print.’

I do really flatter myself this is the silliest speech I ever made. I am quite provoked with myself for it; but a fear of laughing made me eager to utter anything, and by no means conscious, till I had spoken, of what I was saying.

He laughed very heartily himself—well he might—and walked away to enjoy it, crying out—

‘Very fair indeed! that’s being very fair and honest.’

Monday, July 24, 1786. I rise at six o’clock, dress in a morning gown and cap, and wait my first summons, —*And tells* which is at all times from seven to near eight, *Something of* but commonly in the exact half hour between *her Court* them.

Duties.

Mrs. Schwellenberg, since the first weeks, has never come down in the morning at all. The Queen’s dress is finished by Mrs. Thielky and myself. No maid ever enters the room while the Queen is in it. Mrs. Thielky hands the things to me, and I put them on. ’Tis fortunate for me I have not the handing of them. I should never know which to take first, embarrassed as I am, and should run a prodigious risk of giving the gown before the hoop, and the fan before the neck-kerchief.

By eight o’clock, or a little after, for she is extremely expeditious, she is dressed. She then goes out to join the King, and be joined by the Princesses, and they all proceed to the King’s chapel in the Castle, to prayers,

attended by the governesses of the Princesses and the King's equerry.

I then return to my own room for breakfast. I make this meal the most pleasant part of the day; I have a book for my companion, and I allow myself an hour for it. I have my time at my own disposal till a quarter before twelve, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when I have it only to a quarter before eleven. These times mentioned call me to the irksome and quick-returning labours of the toilette. The hour advanced on the Wednesdays and Saturdays is for curling and craping¹ the hair, which it now requires twice a week.

A quarter before one is the usual time for the Queen to start dressing for the day. Mrs. Schwellenberg then constantly attends; so do I; Mrs. Thielky of course, at all times. We help her off with her gown, and on with her powdering things, and then the hairdresser is admitted. She generally reads the newspapers during that operation. She never forgets to send me away while she is powdering, with a consideration not to spoil my clothes that one would not expect belonged to her high station.

When I return I find her removed to her state dressing-room, if any room in this private mansion can have the epithet of state. There, in a very short time, her dress is finished. She then says she won't detain me, and I hear and see no more of her till bed-time.

Wednesday, August 2, 1786. This evening I went into my own room for my cloak, and, as usual, found Madame La Fite just waiting for me. She was all emotion—she seized my hand—‘Have you heard? O, *mon Dieu!*—O, *le bon Roi!* Oh, Miss Burney!—*What an horreur!*’

¹ i.e. waving.

I was very much startled, but soon ceased to wonder at her perturbation; she had been in the room with the Princess Elizabeth, and there heard that an attempt had just been made upon the life of the King!

I was almost petrified with horror at the intelligence. If this King is not safe—good, pious, beneficent as he is, if his life is in danger from his own subjects, what is to guard the Throne? and which way is a monarch to be secure?

Madame La Fite had heard of the attempt only, not the particulars; but I was afterwards informed of them in the most interesting manner—namely, how they were related to the Queen.

No information arrived here of the matter before His Majesty's return, at the usual hour, from the levee. The Spanish Minister had hurried off instantly to Windsor, and was in waiting, at Lady Charlotte Finch's, to be ready to assure her Majesty of the King's safety, in case any report anticipated his return.

The Queen had the two eldest Princesses, the Duchess of Ancaster and Lady Charlotte Bertie with her when the King came in. He hastened up to her, with a countenance of striking vivacity, and said:

'Here I am! Safe and well—as you see!—but I have very narrowly escaped being stabbed.'

His own conscious safety, and the pleasure he felt in thus personally showing it to the Queen, made him not aware of the effect of so abrupt a communication. The Queen was seized with a consternation that at first almost stupefied her, and, after a most painful silence, the first words she could articulate were, in looking round at the Duchess and Lady Charlotte, who had both burst into tears:

‘I envy you! I can’t cry!’

The two Princesses were for a little while in the same state; but the tears of the Duchess proved infectious, and they then wept even with violence.

The King, with the gayest good humour, did his utmost to comfort them; and then gave a relation of the affair, with a calmness and unconcern that, had anyone but himself been his hero, would have been regarded as totally unfeeling.

His carriage had just stopped at the garden door at St. James’s, and he had just alighted from it, when a decently dressed woman, who had been waiting for him some time, approached him with a petition. It was rolled up, and had the usual superscription—‘For the King’s Most Excellent Majesty.’ She presented it with her right hand; and, at the same moment that the King bent forward to take it, she drew from it, with her left hand, a knife, with which she aimed straight at his heart.

The fortunate awkwardness of taking the instrument with the left hand made her design perceived before it could be executed—the King started back, scarce believing the testimony of his own eyes; and the woman made a second thrust, which just touched his waistcoat before he had time to prevent her, and at that moment one of the attendants, seeing her horrible intent, wrenched the knife from her hand.

‘Has she cut my waistcoat?’ cried he, in telling it. ‘Look! for I have had no time to examine.’

Thank heaven, however, the poor wretch had not gone quite so far.

‘Though nothing,’ added the King, in giving his relation, ‘could have been sooner done, for there was nothing for her to go through but a thin lining of fat.’

While the guards and his own people now surrounded the King, the assassin was seized by the populace, who were tearing her away, no doubt to fall the instant sacrifice of her murderous purpose, when the King, the only calm and moderate person then present, called aloud to the mob—

‘The poor creature is mad! Do not hurt her! She has not hurt me!’

He then came forward, and showed himself to all the people, declaring he was perfectly safe and unhurt; and then gave positive orders that the woman should be taken care of, and went into the palace, and had his levee.

In the evening, just as usual, the King had his concert; but it was an evening of grief and horror to his family; nothing was listened to, scarce a word was spoken; the Princesses wept continually; the Queen, still more deeply struck, could only, from time to time, hold out her hand to the King, and say—

‘I have you yet!’

When I went to the Queen at night she scarce once opened her lips. Indeed I could not look at her without feeling the tears ready to start into my eyes. But I was very glad to hear again the voice of the King, though only from the next apartment, and calling to one of his dogs.

November 5, 1786. Mr. and Mrs. Smelt and Mrs. Delany came to us at tea-time. The sweet little princess *The Little Amelia*, who had promised me a visit, came during tea, brought by Mrs. Cheveley. I left everybody to play with her, and Mr. Smelt joined in our gambols. We pretended to put her in a phaeton, and to drive about and make visits with her. She entered into the scheme with great spirit and delight,

and we waited upon Mrs. Delany and Mrs. Smelt alternately.

In the midst of this frolicking, which at times was rather noisy, by Mr. Smelt's choosing to represent a restive horse, the King entered. We all stopped short, guests, hosts, and horses; and all, with equal celerity, retreated, making the usual circle for his Majesty to move in.

The little Princess bore this interruption to her sport only while surprised into quiet by the general respect inspired by the King. The instant that wore off, she grew extremely impatient for the renewal of our gambols, and distressed me most ridiculously by her innocent appeals.

'Miss Burney! Come! Why don't you play? Come, Miss Burney, I say, play with me! Come into the phaeton again! Why don't you, Miss Burney?'

After a thousand vain efforts to quiet her by signs, I was forced to whisper her that I really could play no longer.

'But why? Why, Miss Burney? Do, do come and play with me! You must, Miss Burney!'

This petition growing still more and more urgent, I was obliged to declare my reason, in hopes of appeasing her, as she kept pulling me by the hand and gown, so entirely with all her little strength, that I had the greatest difficulty to save myself from being suddenly jerked into the middle of the room: at length, therefore, I whispered:

'We shall disturb the King, ma'am.'

This was enough: she flew instantly to his Majesty, who was in earnest discourse with Mr. Smelt, and called out:

'Papa, go!'

‘What?’ cried the King.

‘Go! Papa, you must go!’ she repeated eagerly.

The King took her up in his arms, and began kissing and playing with her; she strove with all her might to disengage herself, calling aloud:

‘Miss Burney! Miss Burney! Take me! Come, I say, Miss Burney! O Miss Burney, come!’

You may imagine what a general smile went round the room at this appeal: the King took not any notice of it, but set her down, and went on with his discourse.

She was not, however, a moment quiet till he retired: and then we renewed our diversions, which lasted to her bed-time.

January 18, 1787. [The Queen’s Birthday—a Ball at St. James’s Palace.] I had received orders from the *An Adven- Queen to go out at the end of the second ture in a country dance. At the appointed moment Sedan Chair.* I slipped through the door, and passed alone and quietly to Mr. Rhamus’s apartment, which was appropriated for the company to wait in. Here I desired a servant I met with to call my man: he was not to be found. I went down the stairs, and made them call him aloud, by my name, all to no purpose. Then the chairmen were called, but called also in vain.

What to do I knew not; though I was still in a part of the palace, it was separated by many courts, avenues, passages and alleys, from the Queen’s or my own apartments; and though I had so lately passed them, I could not remember the way, nor at that late hour could I have walked, dressed as I then was, and the ground wet with recent rain, even if I had had a servant: I had therefore ordered the chair allotted me for these days; but chair and chairmen and footmen were alike out of the way.

My fright lest the Queen should wait for me was very serious. I believe there are state apartments through which she passes, and therefore I had no chance to know when she retired from the ball-room. Yet could I not stir, and was forced to return to the room whence I came, in order to wait for John.

I now found a young clergyman standing by the fire. I suppose my anxiety was visible, for he instantly inquired if he could assist me. I declined his offer, but walked up and down, making frequent questions about my chair and John. He then very civilly said:

‘You seem distressed, ma’am; would you permit me the honour to see you to your chair, or, if it is not come, as you seem hurried, would you trust me to see you home?’

I thanked him, but could not accept his services. He was sorry, he said, that I refused him, but could not wonder as he was a stranger. At length a hackney chair was procured me. My new acquaintance would take no denial to handing me to the chair. When I got in, I told the men to carry me to the palace.

‘We are there now!’ cried they. ‘What part of the palace?’

I was now in a distress the most extraordinary: I really knew not my own direction. I had always gone to my apartment in a chair, and had been carried by chairmen officially appointed; and, except that it was in St. James’s Palace, I knew nothing of my own situation.

‘Near the park,’ I told them, and saw my new esquire look utterly amazed at me.

‘Ma’am,’ said he, ‘half the palace is in the park!’

‘I don’t know how to direct,’ cried I, in the greatest embarrassment; ‘but it is somewhere between Pall Mall and the Park.’

'I know where the lady lives well enough,' cried one of the chairmen; 'tis in St. James's Street.'

'No, no,' cried I, 'tis in St. James's Palace.'

'Up with the chair!' cried the other man; 'I know best, 'tis in South Audley Street; I know the lady well enough.'

Think what a situation at the moment! I found they had both been drinking the Queen's health till they knew not what they said, and could with difficulty stand. Yet they lifted me up, and though I called in the most terrible fright to be let out, they carried me down the steps.

I now actually screamed for help, believing they would carry me off to South Audley Street; and now my good genius, who had waited patiently in the crowd, forcibly stopped the chairmen, who abused him violently, and opened the door himself, and I ran back to the hall.

He begged me to go again upstairs, but my apprehension about the Queen prevented me. I knew she was to have nobody but me, and that her jewels, though few, were to be intrusted back to the Queen's house to no other hands. I must, I said, go, be it in what manner it might. All I could devise was to summon Mr. Rhamus, the page. Mr. Rhamus was nowhere to be found; he was already supposed to be gone to the Queen's house to wait the arrival of His Majesty. This news redoubled my fear; and now my new acquaintance desired me to employ him in making inquiries for me as to the direction I wanted.

It was almost ridiculous, in the midst of my distress, to be thus at a loss for an address to myself! I felt averse to speaking my name amongst so many listeners, and only

told him he would much oblige me by finding out a direction to Mrs. Haggerdorn's rooms.

He went upstairs; and returning, said he could now direct the chairmen, if I did not fear trusting them.

I did fear—I even shook with fear—yet my horror of disappointing the Queen upon such a night prevailed over all my reluctance, and I ventured once more into the chair, thanking this excellent Samaritan, and begging him to give the direction very particularly.

Imagine, however, my gratitude and my relief, when, instead of hearing the direction, I heard only these words: 'Follow me!'

And then did this truly benevolent young man play the footman, in walking by the side of the chair till we came to an alley, when he bid them turn; but they answered him with an oath, and ran on with me, till the poles ran against a wall, for they had entered a passage in which there was no outlet!

I would fain have got out, but they would not hear me; they would only pull the chair back, and go on another way. But my guardian angel told them to follow him or not at their peril; and then walked before the chair.

We next came to a court where we were stopped by the sentinels. They said they had orders not to admit any hackney chairs. The chairman vowed they would make way; I called out aloud to be set down; the sentinels said they would run their bayonets through the first man that attempted to dispute their orders. I then screamed out again to be set down, and my new and good friend peremptorily forced them to stop, and opening the door with violence, offered me his arm, saying:

'You had better trust yourself with me—*William*.'

Most thankfully I now accepted what so fruitlessly I had declined, and I held by his arm, and we walked on together—but neither of us knew whither, nor the right way from the wrong! It was really a terrible situation.

The chairmen followed us, clamorous for money, and full of abuse. They demanded half a crown; my companion refused to listen to such an imposition; my shaking hand could find no purse, and I begged him to pay them what they asked, that they might leave us. He did; and when they were gone, I shook less, and was able to pay that one part of the debt I was now contracting.

We wandered about, heaven knows where, in a way the most alarming and horrible to myself imaginable; for I never knew where I was. It was midnight—I concluded the Queen waiting for me. It was wet. My head was full dressed. I was under the care of a total stranger; and I knew not which side to take, wherever we came. Inquiries were vain. The sentinels alone were in sight, and they are so continually changed that they knew no more of Mrs. Haggerdorn than if she had never resided here.

At length I spied a door open, and I begged to enter it at a venture, for information. Fortunately a person stood in the passage who instantly spoke to me by my name; I never heard that sound with more glee. To me he was a stranger, but I suppose he had seen me in some of the apartments. I begged him to direct me straight to the Queen's rooms. He did; and I then took leave of my most humane new friend, with a thousand acknowledgments for his benevolence and services.

I found myself just in time.

November 4, 1788. The Queen is in deep distress,

the King in a state almost incomprehensible, and all the house uneasy and alarmed. The Drawing Room was again put off, and a steady residence fixed at Windsor.

*Illness of
the King.*

November 5. Oh, dreadful day! I found my poor Royal Mistress, in the morning, sad and sadder still; something horrible seemed impending, and I saw her whole resource was in religion.

I was still wholly unsuspecting of the greatness of the cause she had for dread. Illness, a breaking up of the constitution, the payment of sudden infirmity and premature old age for the waste of unguarded health and strength—these seemed to me the threats awaiting her; and great and grievous enough; yet how short of the fact.

I had given up my walks some days; I was too uneasy to quit the house while the Queen remained at home, and she now never left it.

At noon the King went out in his chaise, with the Princess Royal, for an airing. I looked from my window to see him; he was all smiling benignity, but gave so many orders to the postilions, and got in and out of the carriage twice, with such agitation, that again my fear of a great fever hanging over him grew more and more powerful. Alas! how little did I imagine I should see him no more for so long—so black a period!

When I went to my poor Queen, still worse and worse I found her spirits. The Princess Royal soon returned. She came in cheerfully, and gave, in German, a history of the airing, and one that seemed comforting. Soon after, suddenly arrived the Prince of Wales. He had just quitted Brighton. He desired to speak with her; they retired together.

Meanwhile a stillness the most uncommon reigned

over the house. Nobody stirred; not a voice was heard; not a motion. I could do nothing but watch, not knowing for what: there seemed a strangeness in the house most extraordinary.

June 25, 1789. This morning I was called before five o'clock, though various packages and business had kept me up till near three. The day was *Joy at his Recovery,* rainy, but the road was beautiful; Windsor and a *Four-* Great Park, in particular, is charming.

ney to Weymouth. The crowds increased as we advanced, and at Winchester the town was *one head*. The King was everywhere received with acclamation. His popularity is greater than ever. Compassion for his late suffering seems to have endeared him now to all conditions of men.

At Romsey, on the steps of the Town Hall, an orchestra was formed, and a band of musicians, in common brown coarse cloth and red neckcloths, and even in carters' loose gowns, made a chorus of 'God save the King,' in which the countless multitude joined.

The New Forest is all beauty, and when we approached Lyndhurst the crowds were as picturesque an appearance as the landscapes. Carriages of all sorts lined the roadside—chariots, chaises, landaus, carts, waggon, whiskies,¹ gigs, phaetons—mixed and intermixed, filled within and surrounded without by faces all glee and delight.

The old law of the Forest, that His Majesty must be presented with two milk-white greyhounds, peculiarly decorated, upon his entrance into the New Forest, gathered together multitudes to see the show. A party, also, of foresters, habited in green, and each with a bugle-horn, met His Majesty at the same time.

¹ Light two-wheeled carriages.

Arrived at Lyndhurst, we drove to the Duke of Gloucester.

June 30. We continued at Lyndhurst five days. The journey to Weymouth was one scene of festivity and rejoicing. We passed through Salisbury, where a magnificent arch was erected, of festoons of flowers, for the King's carriage to pass under, and mottoed with 'The King Restored,' and 'Long live the King,' in three divisions. The green bowmen accompanied the train thus far; and the clothiers and manufacturers here met it, dressed out in white loose frocks, flowers, and ribbons, with sticks or caps emblematically decorated from their several manufactories. And the acclamations with which the King was received amongst them—it was a rapture past description.

Gloucester House, which we now inhabit at Weymouth, is situated in front of the sea, and the sands of the bay before it are perfectly smooth and soft. The whole town, and Melcomb Regis, and half the country of Dorset, seemed assembled to welcome their Majesties.

The King and Queen, and Princesses, and their suite, walked out in the evening; an immense crowd attending them—sailors, bargemen, mechanics, countrymen; and all united in so vociferous a volley of 'God save the King' that the noise was stunning.

July 8. The King bathes, and with great success; a machine follows the Royal one into the sea, filled with fiddlers, who play 'God save the King' as His Majesty takes his plunge. *The King bathes while the Fiddles play.*

1817. A few days only remained ere the party was to be dispersed,¹ when I determined upon devoting a

¹ Fanny and her son were staying at Ilfracombe.

morning to the search of such curiosities as the coast
Fanny and produced. I marched forth attended only by
her Dog are M. d'Arblay's favourite little dog, Diane, with
in Peril of a large silk bag, to see what I could find as
Drowning. a local offering to the collection of my
General, who was daily increasing his mineralogical stores.

I began by visiting the promontory called the Capstan—or rather attempting that visit; for after mounting to nearly its height, by a circuitous path from the town, by which alone the ascent is possible, the side of the promontory being a mere precipice overlooking the ocean, a sudden gust of wind dashed so violently against us, that in the danger of being blown into the sea, I dropped on the turf at full length, and saw Diane do the same, with her four paws spread as widely as possible, to flatten her body more completely to the ground.

This opening to my expedition thus briefly set aside, I repaired to the coast, where there are pebbles, at least, in great beauty as well as abundance. The coast of Ilfracombe is broken by rocks which bear evident marks of being fragments of some one immense rock, which, undermined by the billows in successive storms, has been cast in all directions in its fall. We went down to the edge of the sea, which was clear, smooth, and immovable as a lake, the wind having subsided into a calm so quiet that I could not tell whether the tide were in or out. Not a creature was in sight; but presently a lady descended with a book in her hand, and passed on before us to the right, evidently to read alone. Satisfied by this circumstance that the tide was going out, and all was safe, I began my search, and soon accumulated a collection of beautiful pebbles, each of which seemed to merit being set in a ring. The pleasure they afforded me insensibly

drew me on to the entrance of the Wildersmouth, which is the name given to a series of recesses formed by the rocks, and semicircular, open at the bottom to the sea, and only to be entered from the sands at low tide. I coasted two or three of them, augmenting my spoil as I proceeded; and perceiving the lady I have already mentioned composedly engaged with her book, I hurried past to visit the last recess, whither I had never yet ventured. I found it a sort of chamber, though with no roof but a clear blue sky.

My eye was presently caught by the appearance near the top of a cavern, at the foot of which I perceived something of so brilliant a whiteness that, in hopes of a treasure for my bag, I hastened to the spot. What had attracted me proved to be the jawbone and teeth of some animal. Diane brushed forward, and was soon out of sight; but while I was busily culling, hoarding, or rejecting whatever struck my fancy, she returned with an air so piteous and a whine so unusual that, concluding she pined to return to a little puppy of a week old that she was then rearing, I determined to hasten; but still went on with my search, till the excess of her distress leading her to pull me by the gown, moved me to take her home; but when I descended—for this recess was on a slant—how was I confounded to find the sands at the bottom, opening to the recess, were covered by the waves; though so gentle had been their motion, and so calm was the sea, that their approach had not caught my ear. I hastily remounted, hoping to find some outlet at the top by which I might escape, but there was none. This was not pleasant; but still I was not frightened, not conceiving or believing that I could be completely enclosed; the less, as I recollected in my passage to the cavern having had a glimpse of the

lady who was reading in the neighbouring recess. I hastily scrambled to the spot to look for her and entreat her assistance; but how was I startled to find that she was gone and that her recess, which was on less elevated ground than mine, was fast filling with water.

I now rushed down to the sea, determined to risk a wet jerkin by wading through a wave or two, to secure myself from being shut up in this unfrequented place; but the time was past. The weather suddenly changed, the lake gone, and billows mounted one after the other, as if with enraged pursuit of what they could seize and swallow.

I eagerly ran up and down, from side to side, and examined every nook and corner, every projection and hollow, to find any sort of opening through which I could pass—but there was none.

Diane looked scared; she whined, she prowled about; her dismay was evident, and filled me with compassion—but I could not interrupt my affrighted search to console her. Soon after, however, she discovered a hole in the rock at the upper part, which seemed to lead to the higher sands. She got through it, and then turned round to bark, as triumphing in her success, and calling upon me to share its fruits. But in vain, the hollow was too small for any passage save of my head, and I could have only remained in it as if standing in the pillory. I made a motion to my poor Diane to go, deeming it cruel to detain her from her little one. Yet I heard her howl as if reduced to despair that I would not join her. Anon, however, she was silent—I looked after her, but she had disappeared.

Alone, without the smallest aid, or any knowledge how high the sea might mount, or what was the extent

of my danger, I looked up wistfully at Capstan, and perceived the iron salmon, but this angle of the promontory was so steep as to be utterly unfit for climbing; and its height was such as nearly to make me giddy. I went from it, therefore, to the much less elevated and less perpendicular rock opposite, but there all that was not slate, which crumbled in my hands, was moss, from which they glided. There was no hold whatsoever for the feet.

I ran therefore to the top, where a large rock, by reaching from the upper part of this slated one to Capstan, formed the chamber in which I was imprisoned. But this was so rough, pointed, sharp and steep that I could scarcely touch it. The hole through which Diane had crept was at an accidentally thin part, and too small to afford a passage to anything bigger than her little self.

The rising storm, however, brought forward the billows with augmented noise and violence; and my wild asylum lessened every moment.

Now, indeed, I comprehended the fullness of my danger. If a wave once reached my feet, while coming upon me with the tumultuous vehemence of this storm, I had nothing I could hold by, and must inevitably be carried away into the ocean.

I darted about in search of some place of safety, rapidly and all eye, till at length I espied a small tuft of grass on the top of the highest of the small rocks that were scattered about my prison.

This happily pointed out to me a spot that the waves had never yet attained; for all around bore marks of their visits. To reach that tuft would mean safety, and I made the attempt with eagerness, but the obstacles I encountered were terrible. The roughness of the rock tore my clothes; its sharp points cut now and then my

now my fingers; and the distances from each other of the holes by which I could gain any footing for my ascent, increased the difficulty. I gained, however, nearly a quarter of the height, but I could climb no further; and then found myself on a ledge where it was possible to sit down.

But in a few minutes a sudden gust of wind raised the waves to a frightful height, whence their foam reached the base of my place of refuge, and threatened to attain soon the spot to which I had ascended. I now saw a positive necessity to mount yet higher, *coûte que coûte*,¹ and little as I had thought it possible, the pressing danger gave me both means and fortitude to accomplish it. My hands were wounded, my knees were bruised and my feet were cut; for I could only scramble up by clinging to the rock on *all fours*.

When I had reached to about two-thirds of the height of my rock, I could climb no further. All about was so sharp and perpendicular that neither hand nor foot could touch it without being wounded. My head, however, was nearly on a level with the tuft of grass, and my elevation from the sands was very considerable. I hoped, therefore, I was safe from being washed away by the waves; but I could only hope; I had no means to ascertain my situation; and hope as I might, it was as painful as it was hazardous. Before me was an immense slab, chiefly of slate, but it was too slanting to serve for a seat—and seat I had none. My only prop, therefore, was holding by the slab, where it was of a convenient height for my hands.

Glad was I at least that my perilous clambering had finished by bringing me to a place where I might remain

¹ Cost what it might.

still, for with affright, fatigue and exertion I was almost exhausted.

The wind was now abated and the sea so calm that I could not be sure whether the tide was still coming in. I fixed my eyes, therefore, upon two rocks that stood near the sea entrance into my recess. As they were always in the sea I could easily make my calculation by observing whether they seemed to lengthen or shorten. With my near-sighted glass I watched them, and great was my consternation when, little by little, I lost sight of them. I now looked wistfully onward to the main ocean in the hope of espying some vessel or fishing boat, with intention of spreading and waving my parasol in signal of distress. But nothing appeared. All was vacant and vast. I was wholly alone.

In this terrible state, who could paint my joy, when suddenly, re-entering by the aperture in the rock through which she had quitted me, I perceived my dear little Diane. For the instant I felt as if restored to safety—I no longer seemed abandoned. She soon leaped across the flat stones and the sands which separated us, but how great was the difficulty to make her climb as I had climbed. Twenty times she advanced only to retreat from the sharp points of the rock, till ultimately she picked herself out a passage by help of the slate, and got upon the enormous table of which the upper part was my support; but the slant was such that as fast as she ascended she slipped down, and we were both, I believe, almost hopeless of the desired junction, when, catching at a favourable moment that had advanced her paws within my reach, I contrived to hook her collar by the curved end of my parasol and help her forward. This I did with one hand, and as quick as lightning, dragging her over the slab

and dropping her at my feet, whence she soon nestled herself in a sort of niche of slate. I hastily recovered my hold, which I marvel now that I had the temerity to let go; but to have at my side my dear little faithful Diane was a comfort which no one can conceive. What cries of joy the poor little thing uttered when thus safely lodged, and with what tenderness I sought to make her sensible of my gratitude for her return.

To see after my kind little companion was an occupation that for awhile kept me from seeing after myself; but when I had done what I could towards giving her comfort and assistance, I again looked before me, and saw the waters at the base of my rock of refuge, still gradually rising on, while both my rocks of mark were completely swallowed up.

My next alarm was one that explained that of Diane when she came back so scared from the cavern; for the waves, probably from some subterranean passage, now forced their way through that cavern, threatening inundation to even the highest part of my chamber.

This was horrific. I could no longer even speak to Diane—my eyes were riveted upon this unexpected gulf, and in a few minutes an immense breaker attacked my rock and, impeded by its height from going straight forward, was dashed in two directions, and foamed onward against each side.

I did not breathe—I felt faint—I felt even sea-sick.

On then, with added violence, came two wide-spreading waves, and being parted by my rock, completely encompassed it, meeting each other on the further and upper ground. The next waves reached to the uppermost end of my chamber, which was now all sea, save the small rock upon which I was mounted. My poor Diane was

seized with a dismay that filled me with pity. She trembled violently, and rising and looking down at the dreadful sight of sea, sea, sea all around, and sea still to the utmost extent of the view beyond, she turned up her face to me as if appealing for protection; and when I spoke to her with kindness, she crept forward to my feet, and was instantly taken with a shivering fit. I could neither sit nor kneel to offer her any comfort, but I dropped down as children do when they play at hunt the slipper, for so only could I loose my hold of the slab without falling, and then I stroked and caressed her in as fondling a way as if she had been a child; and I recovered her from her ague-fit by rubbing her head and back with my shawl. She then looked up at me somewhat composed, though still piteous and forlorn, and licked my hands with gratitude.

While this passed the sea had gained considerably in height, and a few minutes afterwards, all the horrors of a tempest seemed impending. The wind roared around me. It whistled with shrill tones from the numberless crevices in the three immense rocky mountains; it burst forth at times in squalls, reverberating from height to height. A wave at length, more stupendous than any which had preceded it, dashed against my rock as if enraged at an interception of its progress, and rushed on to the extremity of this savage chamber with foaming impetuosity. This moment I believed to be my last, but a moment only it was, for this wave, which had bounded forward with such fury, was the last of the rising tide. In its rebound, it forced back with it for an instant the whole body of water, and the transporting sight was granted me of an opening in the sands; but they were covered again the next instant; but not hope

no more. The tide was turned; it could rise therefore no higher; the danger was over.

The threat of the tempest also was over; the air grew as serene as my mind, the sea far more calm, the sun beautifully tinged the west, and its setting upon the ocean was resplendent. It told me of the waning day.

The night came on—there was no moon, but the sea by its extreme whiteness, afforded some degree of pale light, when suddenly I thought I perceived something in the air. Affrighted, I looked around me, but nothing was visible; yet in another moment something like a shadow flitted before my eyes. I looked up at Capstan: nothing was there, but the now hardly discernible iron salmon. I then looked at the opposite side . . . ah, gracious Heaven, what were my sensations to perceive two human figures. I trembled—I could not breathe—in another minute I was espied, for a voice loud, but unknown to my ears, called out ‘Holloa!’ I unhesitatingly answered, ‘I am safe!’

‘Thank God!’ was the eager reply, in a voice hardly articulate; ‘Oh, thank God!’ but not in a voice unknown—it was the voice of my dear son.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL

(1771-1855)

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH was born at Cockermouth on Christmas Day, 1771. Her father, John Wordsworth, was a lawyer and agent to the first Lord Lonsdale. At the age of six, Dorothy lost her mother, and six years later her father died, leaving her and her four brothers, Richard, William, Christopher, and John, to the guardianship of their Uncle Kit. All through her life she was the devoted admirer and comrade of her brother William, the poet. They first set up house together at Racedown in Dorsetshire, then at Alfoxden, Somersetshire, but in 1799, they came back to their own North Country, settling in a little cottage overlooking the Lake of Grasmere. Three years later William married—his cousin, Mary Hutchinson, but Dorothy shared their home. She outlived her brother by five years.

THE CHIEF PEOPLE OF THE DIARY

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, } her brothers.
JOHN WORDSWORTH, }

MARY WORDSWORTH, William's wife.

JOHN, their baby son.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, the author of 'The Ancient Mariner.'

MR. (afterwards SIR) WALTER SCOTT.

MRS. (afterwards LADY) SCOTT.

January 20, 1798. The green paths down the hill-sides are channels for streams. The young *The Country-* wheat is streaked by silver lines of water *side in* running between the ridges, the sheep are *January.* gathered together on the slopes. After the wet dark

days, the country seems more populous. It peoples itself in the sunbeams. The garden, mimic of spring, is gay with flowers. The purple-starred hepatica¹ spreads itself in the sun, and the clustering snowdrops put forth their white heads, at first upright, ribbed with green, and like a rosebud when completely opened, hanging their heads downwards, but slowly lengthening their slender stems. The slanting woods of an unvarying brown, showing the light through the thin net-work of their upper boughs. Upon the highest ridge of that round hill covered with planted oaks, the shafts of the trees show in the light like the columns of a ruin.

January 21. Walked on the hill-tops—a warm day. Sat under the firs in the park. The tops of the beeches of a brown-red, or crimson. Those oaks, fanned by the sea-breeze, thick with feathery sea-green moss, as a grove not stripped of its leaves. Moss cups more proper than acorns for fairy goblets.

February 3. A mild morning, the windows open at breakfast, the redbreasts singing in the garden. Walked *Dorothy goes with Coleridge over the hills.* The sea, at *for a Walk* first obscured by vapour; that vapour afterwards slid in one mighty mass along the *with Coleridge.* sea-shore; the islands and one point of land clear beyond it. The distant country (which was purple in the clear dull air), overhung with straggling clouds that sailed over it, appeared like the darker clouds, which are often seen at a great distance apparently motionless, while the nearer ones pass quickly over them, driven by the lower winds. I never saw such a union of earth, sky, and sea. The clouds beneath our feet spread themselves to the water, and the clouds of the sky

¹ Anemone.

almost joined them. Gathered sticks in the wood; a perfect stillness. The redbreasts sang upon the leafless boughs. Of a great number of sheep in the field, only one was standing. Returned to dinner at five o'clock.

September 14, 1798. Quitted London, Friday, 14th September, 1798. Arrived at Yarmouth on Saturday noon, and sailed on Sunday morning at *She makes* eleven o'clock. Before we heaved the anchor *her First Trip* I was consigned to the cabin, which I did *Abroad.* not quit till we were in still water at the mouth of the Elbe, on Tuesday morning at ten o'clock. I was surprised to find, when I came upon deck, that we could not see the shores, though we were in the river. It was to my eyes a still sea. But oh! the gentle breezes and the gentle motion! As we advanced towards Cuxhaven, the shores appeared low and flat, and thinly peopled; here and there a farm-house, cattle feeding, haystacks, a cottage, a windmill. Some vessels were at anchor at Cuxhaven, an ugly, black-looking place. Dismissed a part of our crew, and proceeded in the packet-boat up the river. Cast anchor between six and seven o'clock. The moon shone upon the waters. We drank tea upon deck, by the light of the moon.

At four o'clock in the morning we were awakened by the heaving of the anchor, and till seven, in the intervals of sleep, I enjoyed the thought that we were advancing towards Hamburgh; but what was our mortification on being told that there was a thick fog, and that we could not sail till it was dispersed. I went on deck. The air was cold and wet, the decks streaming, the shore invisible. At ten, however, the sun appeared, and we saw the green shores. All became clear, and we set sail.

At Altona we took a boat, and rowed through the

narrow passages of the Elbe, crowded with vessels of all nations. Landed at Boom House, where we were received by porters, ready to carry our luggage to any part of the town. William went to seek lodgings, and the rest of the party guarded the luggage. While we stood in the street, which was open on one side to the Elbe, I was much amused by the various people who passed us. There were Dutch women with immense straw bonnets, with flat crowns, and rims in the shape of oyster shells, without trimming, or with only a plain riband round the crown, and literally as large as a small-sized umbrella. Fruit women with large straw hats in the shape of an inverted bowl, or white handkerchiefs tied round the head like a bishop's mitre. Soldiers with dull-looking red coats, and immense cocked hats. The men little differing from the English, except that they have generally a pipe in their mouths.

After waiting an hour, we saw William appear. Two porters carried our luggage upon a sort of wheelbarrow, and we were conducted through dirty, ill-paved streets to an inn, where, with great difficulty, and after long seeking, lodgings had been procured for us.

September 29. Sought Coleridge at the bookseller's, and went to the Promenade. All the Hamburgers full of *The Ham-* Admiral Nelson's victory. Called at a baker's *burghers are* shop. Put two shillings into the baker's *Excited over* hands, for which I was to have had four small *Nelson's* rolls. He gave me two. I let him under- *Victory of the* stand that I was to have four, and with this *Nile, and* view I took one shilling from him, pointed *Dorothy is* to it and to two loaves, and at the same time *Cheated by* offering it to him. Again I took up two *the Baker.* others. In a savage manner he half knocked the

rolls out of my hand, and when I asked him for the other shilling, he refused to return it, and would neither suffer me to take bread, nor give me back my money, and on these terms I quitted the shop. I am informed that it is the boast and glory of these people to cheat strangers, that when a feat of this kind is successfully performed, the man goes from the shop into his house, and triumphantly relates it to his wife and family.

May 14, 1800. [At Grasmere.] William and John¹ set off into Yorkshire after dinner at half past two o'clock, cold pork in their pockets. I left them at *William and* the turning of the Lowwood bay under the *John set off* trees. My heart was so full that I could *on a Walking* hardly speak to William when I gave him *Tour—* a farewell kiss. I sat a long time upon a stone at the margin of the lake, and after a flood of tears my heart was easier. The lake looked to me—I know not why—dull and melancholy. I walked as long as I could amongst the stones of the shore. Came home by Clappergate. The valley very green. I resolved to write a journal of the time, till William and John return, and I set about keeping my resolve, because I will not quarrel with myself, and because I shall give William pleasure by it when he comes home again. Arrived at home, set some slips of privet, the evening cold, had a fire, my face now flame-coloured. It is nine o'clock. I shall now go to bed.

Friday morning, May 16. Warm and mild after a fine night of rain. The woods extremely —*While* beautiful with all autumnal variety and soft—*Dorothy*ness. I carried a basket for mosses, and *writes her* gathered some wild plants. I went forward *Journal.* round the lake at the foot of Loughrigg Fell. I was much

¹ Their brother.

amused with the business of a pair of stone-chats, their restless voices as they skimmed along the water, following each other, their shadows under them, and their returning back to the stones on the shore, chirping with the same unwearied voice.

Saturday. Incessant rain from morning till night. Worked hard and read *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The blackbird sat quietly in its nest, rocked by the wind and beaten by the rain.

Monday. Sauntered a good deal in the garden, bound carpets, mended old clothes, read *Timon of Athens*, dried linen.

Friday. In the morning went to Ambleside, forgetting the post does not come in till the evening. How was I grieved when I was so informed. I walked back, resolving to go again in the evening. It rained as I came home, and came on a wet afternoon and evening, and chilly. I caught Mr. Olliff's lad as he was going for letters. He brought me one from William! I planted London Pride upon the wall, and many things on the borders.

Sunday, June 1. Went to church. Walked upon the hill above the house till dinner time. After tea went to Ambleside, round the Lakes. A very fine warm evening. Upon the side of Loughrigg my heart dissolved in what I saw: when I was not startled, but called from my reverie by a noise as of a child paddling without shoes. I looked up and saw a lamb close to me. It approached nearer and nearer, as if to examine me, and stood a long time. I did not move. At last, it ran past me, and went bleating along the pathway, seeming to be seeking its mother.

Saturday. I did not leave home, in the expectation

of William and John, and sitting at work till after eleven o'clock, I heard a foot at the front of the house turn round, and open the gate. It was William! After our first joy was over, we got some tea. We did not go to bed till four o'clock in the morning.

*The Walkers
return, and
William cuts
down the
Cherry Tree.*

Monday. In the morning William cut down the winter cherry tree. I sowed French beans and weeded. A coroneted landau went by, when we were sitting upon the sodded wall. The ladies (evidently tourists) turned an eye of interest upon our little garden and cottage.

Friday, October 3, 1800. William and I met an old man almost double. He had on a coat, thrown over his shoulders, above his waistcoat and coat. Under this he carried a bundle, and had an apron on, and a night cap. His face was interesting. He had dark eyes and a long nose. John, who afterwards met him at Wytheburn, took him for a Jew. He was of Scotch parents, but had been born in the army. He had had a wife, and 'she was a good woman, and it pleased God to bless us with ten children.' All these were dead, but one, of whom he had not heard for many years, a sailor. His trade was to gather leeches, but now leeches were scarce, and he had not strength for it. He lived by begging and was making his way to Carlisle, where he would buy a few goodly books to sell. He said leeches were very scarce, partly owing to this dry season, but many years they had been scarce. He supposed it was owing to their being much sought after, that they did not breed fast, and were of slow growth. Leeches were formerly 2s. 6d. per 100; they are now 30s.

Friday, October 10, 1800. The Cockermouth traveller came with thread, hardware, mustard, etc. is very

healthy; has travelled over the mountains these thirty years.

The Pedlar. She does not mind the storms if she can keep her goods dry. Her husband will not travel with an ass, because it is the tramper's badge; she would have one to relieve her from the weary load. She was going to Ulverston, and was to return to Ambleside Fair.

The Old Sailor. *Tuesday, December 22, 1801.* As we came up the White Moss, we met an old man, who I saw was a beggar by his two bags hanging over his shoulders; but I let him pass. He said nothing, and my heart smote me. I turned back and said:

'You are begging?'

'Ay,' says he.

I gave him something. William, judging from his appearance, joined in:

'I suppose you were a sailor?'

'Ay,' he replied, 'I have been fifty-seven years at sea, twelve of them on board a man-of-war under Sir Hugh Palmer.'

'Why have you not a pension?'

'I have no pension, but I could have got into Greenwich Hospital, but all my officers are dead.'

He was seventy-five years of age, had a freshish colour in his cheeks, grey hair, a decent hat with a binding round the edge, the hat worn brown and glossy, his shoes were small thin shoes, pretty good. They had belonged to a gentleman. His coat was frock shaped, coming over his thighs. It had been joined up at the seams behind with paler blue, to let it out, and there were three bell-shaped patches of darker blue behind, where the buttons had been. His breeches were either of fustian or grey cloth, with strings hanging down, whole and tight. He had a checked shirt on, and a small coloured handker-

chief tied round his neck. His bags were hung over each shoulder, and lay on each side of him, below his breast. One was brownish, and of coarse stuff, the other was white with meal on the outside, and his blue waistcoat was whitened with meal.

Saturday, January 30, 1802. A cold dark morning. William chopped wood. I brought it in in a basket. He asked me to set down the story of Barbara *The Turtle* Wilkinson's turtle dove. Barbara had two *Dove who* turtle doves. One of them died, the first year, *loved a* I think. The other continued to live alone *Mouse.* in its cage for nine years, but for one whole year it had a companion and daily visitor—a little mouse, that used to come and feed with it; and the dove would carry it, and cover it over with its wings, and make a loving noise to it. The mouse, though it did not testify equal delight in the dove's company, was yet at perfect ease. The poor mouse disappeared, and the dove was left solitary till its death.

Thursday, April 15. It was a threatening, misty morning, but mild. We set off after dinner from Eusemere. The wind was furious, and we *'A Host of* thought we must have returned. We first *Golden* rested in a large boathouse, then under a *Daffodils.'* furze bush opposite Mr. Clarkson's. Saw the plough going in the field. The wind seized our breath. The lake was rough. We rested again in the Water Millock Lane. The hawthorns are black and green, the birches here and there greenish, but there is yet more of purple to be seen on the twigs.

When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park we saw a few daffodils close to the water side. We fancied that the sea had floated the seeds ashore, and that

the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along there were more and yet more; and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about and above them; some rested their heads upon these stones, as on a pillow, for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake; they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing.

Friday, April 16 (Good Friday). It rained and blew when we went to bed. When I undrew the curtains '*The Green* in the morning, the sun shone, the wind had *Field sleeps* passed away. The valley is at first broken *in the Sun.*' by little woody knolls that make fairy valleys in the vale, the river winds along under these hills, travelling not in a bustle but not slowly to the lake. We saw a fisherman in the flat meadow on the other side of the water. He came towards us and threw his line over the two-arched bridge. As we go on the vale opens out. Sat on the next bridge which we crossed—a single arch. A sheep came plunging through the river, stumbled up the bank, and passed close to us. It had been frightened by a little insignificant dog on the other side. Its fleece dropped a glittering shower under its belly.

When we came to the foot of Brothers Water, I left William sitting on the bridge, and went along the path on the right side of the lake through the wood. When I returned I found William writing a poem ¹ descriptive

¹ 'Lines written in March,' though according to Dorothy they were written in April. William also wrote about the daffodils—'I wandered lonely as a cloud.'

of the sights and sounds we saw and heard. There was the gentle flowing of the stream, the glittering, lively lake, green fields without a living creature to be seen on them; behind us a flat pasture with cattle feeding; to our left, the road leading to the hamlet. No smoke there; the sun shone on the bare roofs. The people were at work ploughing, harrowing, and sowing; a dog barking now and then, cocks crowing, birds twittering, the snow in patches at the top of the highest hills, yellow palms, purple and green twigs on the birches, ashes with their glittering stems quite bare.

Wednesday, June 16. The swallows come to the sitting-room window as if wishing to build, but I am afraid they will not have courage for it; but I believe *The Building* they will build in my room window. They *of the* twitter and make a bustle, and a little cheerful *Swallows'* song, hanging against the panes of glass with *Nest.* their soft white bellies close to the glass and their forked fish-like tails. They swim round and round, and again they come.

Saturday, June 19. The swallows were very busy under my window this morning.

Friday, June 25. I went just before tea, into the garden. I looked up at my swallows' nest, and it was gone. It had fallen down. Poor little creatures, they could not themselves be more distressed than I was. I went upstairs to look at the ruins. They lay in a large heap upon the window ledge; these swallows had been ten days employed in building this nest, and it seemed to be almost finished. I had watched them early in the morning, in the day many and many a time, and in the evenings when it was almost dark. I had seen them sitting together side by side in their underground nest,

both morning and night. But they did not pass the night there. I watched them one morning when William was at Eusemere, for more than an hour. Every now and then there was a motion in their wings, a sort of tremulousness, and they sang a low song to one another. . . .

It is now eight o'clock. I will go and see if my swallows are on their nest. Yes! there they are, side by side, both looking down into the garden. I have

William been out on purpose to see their faces.
finishes a Sunday, July 4. William finished *The Poem and the Leech Gatherer* to-day.

Swallows Tuesday, July 6. The swallows have completed their beautiful nest.
their Nest.

August 15, 1803. William, Coleridge and I left Keswick on Monday morning, August 15th, at twenty minutes after eleven o'clock. The day was
A Tour in very hot; we walked up the hills, and along
Scotland. all the rough road, which made our walking half the day's journey.

Saturday, August 20. We inquired the road of a middle-aged man, dressed in a shabby black coat, at work
William has in one of the hay-fields; he looked like the
to turn minister of the place, and he spoke like one
Blacksmith. who had been accustomed to dictate. Our car wanted mending in the wheel, and we asked him if there was a blacksmith in the village. 'Yes,' he replied, but when we showed him the wheel, he told William that he might mend it himself without a blacksmith, and he would put him in the way; so he fetched hammer and nails and gave his directions, which William obeyed, and repaired the damage entirely to his own satisfaction and the priest's, who did not offer to lend any assistance himself.

Tuesday, August 23. Left Glasgow at about three o'clock in a heavy rain. We were obliged to ride through the streets to keep our feet dry, and, in spite of the rain, every person as we went along stayed his steps to look at us; indeed, we had the pleasure of spreading smiles from one end of Glasgow to the other—for we travelled the whole length of the town. A set of schoolboys, perhaps there might be eight, with satchels over their shoulders, and except one or two, without shoes and stockings, yet very well dressed in jackets and trousers, followed us in great delight, admiring the car and longing to jump up. At last, though we were seated, they made several attempts to get on behind; and they looked so pretty and wild, and at the same time so modest, that we wished to give them a ride, and there being a little hill near the end of the town, we got off, and four of them who still remained, the rest of them having dropped into their homes by the way, took our places; and indeed I would have walked two miles willingly to have had the pleasure of seeing them so happy. When they were to ride no longer, they scampered away, laughing.

*A Lift by
the Way.*

Saturday, August 27. We entered by the cow-house, the door being within, at right angles to the outer door. The woman was distressed that she had a bad fire, but she heaped up some dry peat and heather, and, blowing it with her breath, in a short time raised a blaze that scorched us into comfortable feelings. A small part of the smoke found its way out of the hole of the chimney, the rest through the open window-places, one of which was within the recess of the fireplace, and made a frame to a little picture of the restless lake and the opposite shore, so when the

*A Highland
Hut.*

outer door was open. The woman of the house was very kind: whenever we asked her for anything it seemed a fresh pleasure to her that she had it for us; she always answered with a sort of softening down of the Scotch exclamation 'Hoot!' 'Ho! yes, ye'll get that,' and hied to her cupboard in the spence.¹ We were amused with the phrase 'Ye'll get that' in the Highlands, which appeared to us as if it came from a perpetual feeling of the difficulty with which most things are procured.

When I went to bed, the mistress, desiring me to 'go ben,' attended me with a candle, and assured me that the bed was dry though not 'sic as I had been used to.' It was of chaff; there were two others in the room, a cupboard and two chests, on one of which stood the milk in wooden vessels covered over; I went to bed some time before the family. The door was shut between us, and they had a bright fire, which I could not see, but the light it sent up among the rafters and beams produced the most beautiful effect. It was like what I should suppose an underground cave to be, with a dripping or moist roof, and the moonlight entering in upon it by some means or other, and yet the colours were more like melted gems. I lay looking up till the light of the fire faded away, and the man and his wife and child crept into their bed at the other end of the room. I did not sleep much.²

Sunday, August 28. Before breakfast the housewife was milking behind the chimney, and I thought I had seldom heard a sweeter fire-side sound; in an evening, sitting over a sleepy, low-burnt fire, it would lull one like the purring of a cat.

¹ Pantry, or parlour, which in this case was probably the sleeping-room also.

² William and Coleridge slept in the barn.

Thursday, September 15. Arrived at Edinburgh a little before sunset. As we approached, the Castle rock resembled that of Stirling—in the same manner appearing to rise from a plain of cultivated ground, the Firth of Forth being on the other side, and not visible. Drove to the White Hart in the Grassmarket, an inn which had been mentioned to us, and which we conjectured would better suit us than one in a more fashionable part of the town. It was not noisy, and tolerably cheap. . . . The old town, with its irregular houses, stage above stage, seen as we saw it, in the obscurity of a rainy day, hardly resembles the work of men, it is more like a piling up of rocks; high as my expectations had been raised, the city of Edinburgh far surpassed all expectations.

Saturday, September 17. Arrived at Lasswade before Mr. and Mrs. Scott had risen, and waited some time in a large sitting room. Breakfasted with them, —*And meet* and stayed till two o'clock, and Mr. Scott *Mr. Walter* accompanied us almost to Roslin, having *Scott.* given us directions respecting our future journey, and promised to meet us at Melrose two days after.

Monday, September 19. We rose early, and went to Melrose, six miles, before breakfast. After breakfast we went out, intending to go to the Abbey, and in the street met Mr. Scott, who gave us a cordial greeting and conducted us there himself. He was here on his own ground, for he is familiar with all that is known of the history of Melrose and the popular tales connected with it. Dined with Mr. Scott at the inn; he was now travelling to the assizes at Jedburgh in his character of Sheriff of Selkirk, and on that account, as well as for his own sake, he was *The Sheriff of Selkirk.* met with

great respect, a small part of which was vouchsafed to us as his friends, though I could not persuade the woman to show me the beds, or to make any sort of promise till she was assured from the Sheriff himself that he had no objection to sleep in the same room with William.

Home *Sunday, September 25, 1803.* Arrived at
again. home between eight and nine o'clock, where
 we found Mary in perfect health, and little
John asleep in the clothes-basket by the fire.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S JOURNAL

(1771-1832)

SIR WALTER SCOTT was the son of Walter Scott, Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh. A fever which he had as a child left him permanently lame, but for all that he grew into a strong and active man. He studied law, and in 1792 was called to the Bar, ultimately becoming Sheriff of Selkirk and one of the Principal Clerks to the Court of Session in Edinburgh. But his true bent was for story writing and poetry, and in 1802 he published his first important work—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. The first of his famous novels, *Waverley*, appeared in 1814, anonymously. Book after book followed, still anonymously, until 'The Great Unknown,' as he was called, was the most famous man of his day. In 1820 he was made a Baronet. Then in 1826 the publishing and printing firms in which he was concerned went bankrupt, and Scott found himself involved in their ruin. Undaunted, he set himself to work off the vast amount of his debts—£130,000. But by 1830 his overworked brain gave way, and his day set, as he himself said, 'amid mists and storms.'

THE CHIEF PEOPLE OF THE DIARY

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LADY [CHARLOTTE] SCOTT, his wife.

SOPHIA SCOTT, } his daughters.
ANNE SCOTT, }

J. G. LOCKHART, Sophia's husband (who afterwards wrote the *Life of Scott*).

JOHNNIE LOCKHART, his little son.

WILL LAIDLAW, a friend of Scott.

TOM PURDIE, Scott's servant.

DANIEL TERRY, an actor, } friends of Scott.
 JOHN MORRITT, }
 JAMES BALLANTYNE, his printer and publisher.
 THEODORE HOOK, dramatist and wit.
 ALAN CUNNINGHAM, poet.
 MADAME D'ARBLAY (Fanny Burney).
 THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.
 KING GEORGE IV.
 THE DUCHESS OF KENT.
 PRINCESS (afterwards QUEEN) VICTORIA, her daughter.

November 20, 1825. Edinburgh. I have all my life regretted that I did not keep a regular Journal. I have myself lost recollection of much that was interesting, and I have deprived my family and the public of some curious information, by not carrying this resolution into effect. I have bethought me, on seeing lately some volumes of Byron's notes, that he had probably hit upon the right way of keeping such a memorandum book, by throwing aside all pretence to regularity and order, and marking down events just as they occurred to recollection. I will try this plan; and behold I have a handsome locked volume, such as might serve for a lady's album. N.B. John Lockhart, and Anne, and I are to raise a Society for the suppression of Albums. It is a most troublesome shape of mendicity—Sir, your autograph—a line of poetry—or a prose sentence!

December 10. A stormy and rainy day. Walked from the Court through the rain. I don't dislike this. Egad, I rather like it; for no man that ever stepped on heather has less dread than I of catch-cold; and I seem to regain, in buffeting with the wind, a little of the high spirit with which, in younger days, I used to enjoy a Tam-o'-Shanter

ride¹ through darkness, wind, and rain—the boughs groaning and cracking over my head, the good horse free to the road and impatient for home, and feeling the weather as little as I did.

‘The storm around might roar and rustle,
We didna mind the storm a whistle.’

Answered two letters—one, answer to a schoolboy, who writes himself Captain of Giggleswick School (a most imposing title), entreating the youngster not to commence editor of a magazine to be called the ‘Yorkshire Muffin,’ I think, at seventeen years old; second, to a soldier of the 79th, showing why I cannot oblige him by getting his discharge. A third rogue writes to tell me that he approves of the first three volumes of the *Heart of Midlothian*, but totally condemns the fourth. Doubtless he thinks his opinion worth the sevenpence which his letter costs. However, authors should be reasonably well pleased when three-fourths of their work are acceptable to the reader! The knave demands of me in a postscript, to get back the sword of Sir William Wallace² from England, where it was carried from Dumbarton Castle. I am not Master-General of the Ordnance, that I know. It was wrong, however, to take away that and Mons Meg.³ If I go to town this spring, I will renew my negotiation with the Great Duke for recovery of Mons Meg.

December 18. Ballantyne called on me this morning.

¹ i.e. at top speed, as Tam o’ Shanter rode when pursued by witches.

² The great Scottish leader defeated by Edward I at the Battle of Falkirk, 1298.

³ See page 223.

My extremity is come. Cadell has received letters from *Sir Walter* London which all but positively announce the *is faced* failure of Hurst and Robinson, so that Con- *with Ruin.* stable & Co. must follow, and I must go with poor James Ballantyne for company. I suppose it will involve my all. But if they leave me £500 I can still make it £1,000 or £1,200 a year. This news will make sad hearts at Darnick, and in the cottages at Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest? How live a poor indebted man where I was once the wealthy, the honoured? My children are provided; thank God for that! I was to have gone there on Saturday in joy and prosperity to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things, I must get them kind masters; there may yet be those who loving me may love my dog because it has been mine. I must end this, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress.

I find my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere—this is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things are. Poor Will Laidlaw! poor Tom Purdie! this will be news to wring your heart, and many a poor fellow's besides to whom my prosperity was daily bread. To save Abbotsford I would attempt all that was possible. My heart clings to the place I have created. There is scarce a tree on it that does not owe its being to me, and the pain of leaving it is greater than I can tell.

December 22. I wrote six of my close pages yesterday, which is about twenty-four pages in print. What is more,

I think it comes off twangingly. The air of 'Bonnie Dundee' running in my head to-day, I wrote *'Up with the a few verses to it before dinner. I wonder if Bonnets of they are good. Can't say what made me Bonnie take a frisk so uncommon of late years, as to Dundee!'* write verses of free will. I suppose the same impulse which makes birds sing when the storm seems blown over.

January 7, 1826. Knight, a young artist, came to paint my picture at the request of Terry. This is very far from being agreeable as I submitted to this *Maida and distressing state of constraint last year to New- his Master ton, at request of Lockhart; to Leslie at dislike having request of an American friend; to Wilkie, for their Portraits his picture of the King's arrival at Holyrood Painted.*

House; and some one besides. I am as tired of the operation as old Maida,¹ who had been so often sketched that he got up and went away with signs of loathing whenever he saw an artist unfurl his paper and handle his brushes. But this young man is civil and modest; and I have agreed he shall sit in the room while I work, and take the best likeness he can, without compelling me into fixed attitudes or the yawning fatigues of an actual sitting.

March 15. This morning I leave No. 39 Castle Street, for the last time. 'The cabin was convenient,' and habit had made it agreeable to me. I *Sir Walter never reckoned upon a change in this parti- gives up his cular so long as I held an office in the Court of House in Session. In all my former changes of resi- Edinburgh.* dence it was from good to better; this is retrograding. I leave this house for sale, and I cease to be an Edinburgh citizen, in the sense of being a proprietor, which my father

¹ His big wolfhound, who, under the name of Bevis, appears in *Woodstock*.

and I have been for sixty years at least. So farewell, poor 39, and may you never harbour worse people than those who now leave you! Lady S. and Anne remain till Sunday. As for me, I go, as aforesaid, this morning.

Abbotsford, 9 at night. I was welcomed here on my arrival by the tumult, great of men and dogs, all happy to see me. Tom Purdie in great glory, being released from all farm duty, and destined to attend the woods, and be my special assistant. The gardener Bogie is to take care of what small farm we have left.

April 1. Rose at seven or sooner, studied, and wrote till breakfast with Anne, about a quarter before ten.

He walks with his Dogs. Lady Scott seldom able to rise till twelve or one. Then I write or study again till one.

At that hour to-day I drove to Huntly Burn, and walked home by one of the hundred and one pleasing paths which I have made through the woods I have planted—now chatting with Tom Purdie, who carries my plaid, and speaks when he pleases, telling long stories of hits and misses in shooting twenty years back—sometimes chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy—and sometimes attending to the humours of two curious little terriers of the Dandie Dinmont breed, together with a noble wolf-hound puppy which Glengarry has given me to replace Maida.

June 18. This morning wrote till half-twelve—good day's work—at *Canongate Chronicles*. Methinks I

He works to pay off his Debts. can make this work answer. Then drove to Huntly Burn and called at Chiefswood.

Walked home. The country crying for rain; yet on the whole the weather delicious, dry, and warm, with a fine air of wind. The young woods are rising in a kind of profusion I never saw elsewhere. Let me once

clear off these encumbrances, and they shall wave broader and deeper yet. But to attain this I *must work*.

July 10. This morning I was visited by a Mr. Lewis, a smart Cockney whose object is to amend the handwriting. He uses as a mechanical aid a sort of puzzle of wire and ivory, which is put upon the fingers to keep them in the desired position, like the muzzle on a dog's nose to make him bear himself right in the field. It is ingenious, and may be useful. If the man comes here, as he proposes, in winter, I will take lessons. Bear witness, good reader, that if W. S. writes a cramped hand, as is the case, he is desirous to mend it.

August 2. Well; and to-day I finished before dinner five leaves more, and I would crow a little about it, but here comes Duty like an old housekeeper to an idle chamber-maid. Hear her very words:

Duty. Oh! you crow, do you? Pray, can you deny that your sitting so quiet at work was owing to its raining heavily all the forenoon, and indeed till dinner-time, so that nothing would have stirred out that could help it, save a duck or a goose? I trow, if it had been a fine day, by noon there would have been aching of the head, throbbing, shaking, and so forth to make an apology for going out.

I. And whose head ever throbbed to go out when it rained, Mrs. Duty?

Duty. Answer not to me with a fool-born jest, as your friend Erskine used to say to you when you escaped from his good advice under the fire of some silly pun. You smoke a cigar after dinner, and I never see you—

drink tea, too, which is loss of time; and then, instead of writing me one other page, or correcting those you have written out, you rollick into the woods till you have not a dry thread about you; and here you sit writing down my words in your foolish journal instead of minding my advice. However, good-night for the present. I would only recommend you to write three sheets of botheration all the six days of the week *per diem*,¹ and on the seventh to send them to the printer. Thus advising, I heartily bid you farewell.

October 10. Well, I must prepare for going to London, and perhaps to Paris.

He takes a Journey to London— *October 12.* Reduced my rebellious papers to order. Set out after breakfast, and reached Carlisle at eight o'clock at night.

October 13. We were off before seven, and visiting Appleby Castle by the way (a most interesting and curious place), we got to Morritt's about half-past four, where we had as warm a welcome as one of the warmest hearts in the world could give an old friend.

October 15. (Grantham.) Old England is no change-ling. It is long since I travelled this road, having come up to town chiefly by sea of late years, but things seem much the same. One race of red-nosed innkeepers are gone, and their widows, eldest sons, or head-waiters exercise hospitality in their room with the same bustle and importance. Other things seem, externally at least, much the same. The land, however, is much better ploughed; straight ridges everywhere adopted in place of the old circumflex of twenty years ago. Three horses, however, or even four, are often seen in a plough yoked one before the other. We slept at Grantham.

¹By the day.

October 16. (Biggleswade.) Visited Burleigh this morning; the first time I ever saw the grand place. The house is magnificent, in the style of James I's reign. Lady Exeter, who was at home, had the goodness or curiosity to wish to see us. We reached Biggleswade to-night at six.

October 17. (Pall Mall.) Here am I in this capital once more, after an April-weather meeting with my daughter and Lockhart. Too much grief in our first meeting to be joyful.¹

—Where he
buys a Hat
and visits

October 18. Sallied forth this morning and bought a hat.

King
George IV—

October 20. Commanded down to pass a day at Windsor. This is very kind of His Majesty. Went down to the Lodge in the Forest—a kind of cottage *ornée*²—too large perhaps for the style—but yet so managed that in the walks you only see parts of it at once, and these well composed and grouping with immense trees. His Majesty received me with the same mixture of kindness and courtesy which has always distinguished his conduct towards me. After we left table, there was excellent music by the Royal Band, who lay ambushed in a greenhouse adjoining the apartment. The King made me sit beside him and talk a great deal—*too much*, perhaps—for he has the art of raising one's spirits, and making you forget the *retinue*. But he converses himself with so much ease and elegance, that you lose thoughts of the prince in admiring the well-bred and accomplished gentleman.

November 14. We breakfasted at honest Allan Cun-

¹ Lady Scott had died five months ago.

² Ornamented.

ningham's—a leal and true Scotsman of the old cast. A man of genius, besides: I look upon 'It's hame and —Also the it's hame,' and 'A wet sheet and a flowing Duke of sea,' as among the best songs going. Dined at Wellington— Kensington with the facetious Theodore Hook. We came away rather early, that Anne and I might visit Mrs. Arbuthnot to meet the Duke of Wellington. In all my life I never saw him better. He has a dozen of campaigns in his body—and tough ones. Anne was delighted with the frank manners of this unequalled pride of British war, and me he received with all his usual kindness. He talked away about Bonaparte, Russia, and France.

November 18. Was introduced to Madame D'Arblay, the celebrated authoress of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*—an elderly lady, with no remains of personal —And Fanny beauty, but with a gentle manner and a Burney. pleasing expression of countenance. She told me she had wished to see two persons—myself, of course, being one; the other George Canning.¹ This was really a compliment to be pleased with—a nice little handsome pat of butter made up by a neat-handed Phillis of a dairymaid, instead of the grease, fit only for cart-wheels, which one is dosed with by the pound.

November 26. Happy to find myself at home, which is home, though never so homely. I have seen in my travels none I liked so well—fantastic in *Home* architecture and decoration if you please— *again.* but no real comfort sacrificed to fantasy. 'Ever gramercy my own purse,' saith the song; 'Ever gramercy my own home,' quoth I.

¹ The great statesman.

April 8, 1827. Ginger has four puppies; the mother and children all doing well. Faith! that is as *Ginger has* important an entry as my Journal could desire. *Puppies—*

May 24. A good thought came into my head: to write stories for little Johnnie Lockhart from the History of Scotland. I am persuaded children hate books which are written *down* to their capacity, and love those that are more composed for their elders and betters. I will make, *—And Sir Walter decides to* if possible, a book that a child will understand, *write ‘Tales of a Grand-father.’* yet a man will feel some temptation to peruse should he chance to take it up. It will require, however, a simplicity of style not quite my own. The grand and interesting consists in ideas, not in words.

September 27. The morning was damp, dripping and unpleasant; so I even made a work of necessity, and set to the *Tales* like a dragon. I murdered *A Good M’Lellan of Bomby at Thrieve Castle; Morning’s* stabbed the Black Douglas in the town of *Work.* Stirling; astonished King James before Roxburgh; and stifled the Earl of Mar in his bath in the Canongate. A wild world, my masters, this Scotland of ours must have been. No fear of want of interest, no lassitude in those days for want of work:

‘For treason, d’ ye see,
Was to them a dish of tea,
And murder bread and butter.’

December 24. My reflections on entering my own gate were of a very different and more pleasing cast than those with which I left my house about six weeks ago. I was then in doubt *A Gallant Resolve.* whether I should fly my country or become *...wedly*

bankrupt, and surrender my liberty and household furniture, with the life-rent of my estate, to sale. A man of the world will say I had better done so. I might have employed the £25,000 which I made since the insolvency of Constable and Robinson's houses in compounding my debts. But I could not have slept sound as I now can, under the comfortable impression of receiving the thanks of my creditors and the conscious feeling of discharging my duty like a man of honour and honesty. I see before me a long tedious and dark path, but it leads to true fame and stainless reputation. If I die in the harrows,¹ as is very likely, I shall die with honour; if I achieve my task I shall have the thanks of all concerned, and the approbation of my own conscience. And so I think I can fairly face the return of Christmas Day.

Sir Walter is presented to England's Future Queen. May 19, 1828. (In London.) Dined by command with the Duchess of Kent. I was presented to the little Princess Victoria—I hope they will change her name—the heir-apparent to the Crown as things now stand. How strange that so large and fine a family as that of his late Majesty should have died off and decayed into old age with so few descendants. This little lady is educated with much care, and watched so closely by the Duchess and the principal governess that no busy maid has a moment to whisper, 'You are heir of England.' I suspect if we could dissect the little head, we should find that some pigeon or other bird of the air had carried the matter. She is fair, like the Royal Family, but does not look as if she would be pretty.

March 9, 1829. Went about one o'clock to the Castle, where we saw the auld murderess Mons Meg brought up

¹ i.e. before I have paid off the debt.

there in solemn procession to reoccupy her ancient place on the Argyle battery. The day was cold *Mons Meg*¹ but serene, and I think the ladies must have *comes back* been cold enough, not to mention the Celts, *to Edinburgh* who turned out upon the occasion, under the *Castle.* leading of Cluny Macpherson, a fine spirited lad. Mons Meg is a monument of our pride and poverty. The size is immense, but six smaller guns would have been made at the same expense, and done six times as much execution as she could have done. There was immense interest taken in the show by the people of the town, and the numbers who crowded the Castle Hill had a magnificent appearance. About thirty of our Celts attended in costume; and as there was a Highland regiment on duty, with dragoons and artillerymen, the whole made a splendid show. The dexterity with which the last manned and wrought the windlass which raised old Meg, weighing seven or eight tons, from her temporary carriage to that which has been her basis for many years, was singularly beautiful as a combined exhibition of skill and strength. My daughter had what might have proved a frightful accident. Some rockets were let off, one of which lighted upon her head, and set her bonnet on fire. She neither screamed nor ran, but quietly permitted Charles K. Sharpe to extinguish the fire, which he did with great coolness and dexterity. I was very glad and proud of her presence of mind. My own courage was not put to the test, for being at some distance, escorting the beautiful and lively Countess of Hopetoun, I did not hear of the accident till it was over.

October, 1831. I have been very ill, and if not quite

¹ 'Mons Meg' was taken to the Tower of London in the time of James II of England.

unable to write, I have been unfit to do so. I have wrought, however, at two Waverley things, *The Last Journey.* but not well. I am perhaps setting. I am myself inclined to think so, and, like a day that has been admired as a fine one, the light of it sets down amid mists and storms. I neither regret nor fear the approach of death if it is coming.

[In the hope of restoring his health, Sir Walter made a voyage down the Mediterranean in the frigate *Barham*, which had been placed at his disposal by the King, William IV. He came back to Abbotsford in July 1832, to live for only three months longer. He died on September 17.]

THE LAST JOURNAL OF CAPTAIN ROBERT SCOTT

(1868-1912)

ROBERT FALCON SCOTT was born at Devonport. When he was twelve he joined the training ship *Britannia*, and two years later became a midshipman. In 1899 he was offered the command of the National Antarctic Expedition, and in 1902 set sail in the *Discovery*. He was away three years, but failed to reach the South Pole. In 1910 he took out a second expedition, his ship this time being the *Terra Nova*. It is from the Journal which he kept during this expedition that the following extracts are taken. On January 18, 1912 (as he here tells), he, with four comrades—Captain Lawrence Oates (or 'The Soldier'), Dr. Wilson, Lieutenant Bowers, and Petty-Officer Evans—reached the South Pole, only to find that the Norwegian explorer, Amundsen, had reached it before them. On the return journey, misfortune dogged them. The surface was terrible; they lost the track; Evans died; food and oil ran short; they all suffered from frost-bite; Captain Oates, the worst sufferer, went out into the blizzard to die rather than be a drag on his comrades. Four days later the other three were storm-bound in their tent, knowing that food and fuel were only eleven miles away at their next depot. Eight months afterwards the Relief Expedition found them. Wilson and Bowers had died first; then Scott, and beneath his body was the *Journal*.

THE CHIEF PEOPLE OF THE DIARY

CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT, R.N.

DR. EDWARD WILSON.

CAPTAIN LAWRENCE OATES, Inniskilling Dragoons (nicknamed 'The Soldier' and 'Titus Oates'), in charge of the ponies.

LIEUTENANT HENRY BOWERS.

PETTY-OFFICER EDGAR EVANS.

DR. EDWARD ATKINSON, Surgeon, R.N.

W. LASHLY, Chief Stoker.

CECIL MEARES, in charge of the dogs.

The 'Terra Nova' sets sail. Tuesday, November 29, 1910. We left the wharf at 2.30—bright sunshine—very gay scene.

Wednesday, November 30. Noon 110 miles. Light breeze from northward all day, freshening towards night-fall and turning to N.W. Bright sunshine.
At Sea. Ship pitching with south-westerly swell. All in good spirits except one or two sick.

Thursday, December 1. The month opens well on the whole. During the night the wind increased; we worked up to 8, to 9, and to 9.5 knots. Stiff wind from N.W. and confused sea. Awoke to much commotion.

The ship a queer and not altogether cheerful sight under the circumstances. Below one knows the space is packed as tight as human skill can devise—and on deck! Under the forecastle fifteen ponies close side by side, seven one side, eight the other, heads together and groom between—swaying, swaying continually to the plunging, irregular motion.

One takes a look through a hole in the bulkhead and sees a row of heads with sad, patient eyes come swinging up together from the starboard side, whilst those on the port swing back; then up come the port heads, whilst the starboard recede. It seems a terrible ordeal for these poor beasts to stand this day after day for weeks together.

Friday, December 2. A day of great disaster. From 4 o'clock last night the wind freshened with great rapidity,

and very shortly we were under topsails, jib, and staysail only. It blew very hard and the sea got up at once. Soon we were plunging heavily and taking much water over the lee rail. Oates and Atkinson with intermittent assistance from others were busy keeping the ponies on their legs. Cases of petrol, forage, etc., began to break loose on the upper deck; the principal trouble was caused by the loose coal bags, which were bodily lifted by the seas and swung against the lashed cases.

*And then
the Storm.*

The night wore on, the sea and wind ever rising, and the ship ever plunging more distractedly; we shortened sail to main topsail and staysail, stopped engines and hove to, but to little purpose. Tales of ponies down came frequently from forward, where Oates and Atkinson laboured through the entire night. Worse was to follow, much worse—a report from the engine-room that the pumps had choked and the water risen over the gratings.

From this moment, about 4 a.m., the engine-room became the centre of interest. The water gained in spite of every effort. Lashly, to his neck in rushing water, stuck gamely to the work of clearing suction. The outlook appeared grim. The ship was very deeply laden; it did not need the addition of much water to get her waterlogged, in which condition anything might have happened. The sea seemed higher than ever; it came over lee rail and poop, a rush of green water; the ship wallowed in it; a great piece of the bulwark carried clean away. On one occasion I was waist deep when standing on the rail of the poop.

The men were kept steadily going on the choked hand-pumps—this seemed all that could be done for the moment,

and what a measure to count as the sole safeguard of the ship from sinking, practically an attempt to bale her out! Yet, strange as it may seem, the effort has not been wholly fruitless—the string of buckets which has now been kept going for four hours, together with the dribble from the pump, has kept the water under.

Officers and men are singing chanties over their arduous work. Not a single one has lost his good spirits. A dog was drowned last night; one pony is dead, and two others in a bad condition—probably they too will go. Occasionally a heavy sea would bear one of the dogs away, and he was only saved by his chain. Meares with some helpers had constantly to be rescuing these wretched creatures from hanging, and trying to find them better shelter, an almost hopeless task. One poor beast was found hanging when dead; one was washed away with such force that his chain broke, and he disappeared overboard; the next wave miraculously washed him on board again and he is now fit and well.

Thank God, the gale is abating. The sea is still mountainously high, but the ship is not labouring so heavily as she was. I pray we may be under sail again before morning.

Saturday, December 3. Yesterday the wind slowly fell towards evening; less water was taken on board, therefore less found its way below, and it soon became evident that our baling was gaining on the engine-room. The water steadily decreased. It was good to visit that spot this morning and to find that the water no longer swished from side to side. Now all is well again, and we are steaming and sailing steadily south within two points of our course.

Wednesday, December 7. There was a report of ice at

dinner to-night—a berg far away to the west, showing now and again as the sun burst through the clouds.

*The First
Ice.*

Friday, December 9. At six this morning bergs and pack were reported ahead; at first we thought the pack might consist only of fragments of the bergs, but on entering a stream we found small worn floes—the ice not more than two or three feet in thickness. We decided to work to the south and west as far as the open water would allow, and have met with some success.

Sunday, December 11. The ice grew closer during the night, and at 6 it seemed hopeless to try and get ahead. We have lain tight in the ice all day; the wind from 6 a.m. strong from W. and N.W., with snow. I expect the wind will shift soon. This afternoon all hands have been away on ski over the floes. It is delightful to get the exercise. This waiting requires patience. . . . Truly, the getting to our winter quarters is no light task; at first the gales and heavy seas, and now this continuous fight with the pack ice.

*Fast in
the Ice.*

Friday, December 30. We are out of the pack at length; and at last one breathes again. Throughout the afternoon and evening we came along at fine speed. At six this morning we were well in the open sea.

*Release after
Twenty
Days.*

Wednesday, January 4, 1911. The site for the hut is levelled and the erecting party is living on shore in our large green tent with a supply of food for eight days. Nearly all the timber, etc., of the hut is on shore, the remainder half-way there. The ponies are picketed in a line on a convenient snow slope so that they cannot eat sand

*Landing at
Cape Evans.*

Floes and

Anton ¹ are sleeping ashore to watch over them. The dogs are tied to a long length of chain stretched on the sand; they are coiled up after a long day, looking fitter already. Meares and Demitri ² are sleeping in the green tent to look after them. A supply of food for ponies and dogs as well as for the men has been landed. Two motor sledges in good working order are safely on the beach.

A fine record for our first day's work.

[Before the end of January they set out on a depôt-laying expedition. Before the ice broke up, they had to reach Hut Point, so called because there stood the 'Discovery' Hut which Scott had used during his last expedition. From there they set out southward, leaving caches of food, fuel and fodder at various points (or depôts) to be in readiness for the great march to the Pole. At No. 6 depôt a blizzard came down on them.]

Sunday, February 5. Corner Camp, No. 6. The blizzard descended on us about 4 p.m. yesterday; for twenty-four hours it continued with moderate wind, then the wind shifting slightly to the west, came with much greater violence. Now it is blowing very hard, and our small tent is being well tested. As usual we sleep and eat, conversing as cheerfully as may be in the interval. There is scant news of our small outside world—only a report of comfort and a rumour that Bowers' pony has eaten one of his putties!!

11 p.m. Still blowing hard—a blizzard now with dusty, floury drift—two minutes in the open makes a white figure. We have just had an excellent meal, a quiet pipe, and fireside conversation within, almost forgetful for the time of the howling tempest without.

Monday, February 6. Corner Camp No. 6. 6 p.m.

¹ The groom.

² The dog-driver.

The wind increased in the night. It has been blowing very hard all day. No fun to be out of the tent—but there are no shirkers with us. Oates has been out regularly to feed the ponies; Meares and Wilson to attend to the dogs; the rest of us as occasion required. The ponies are fairly comfortable though one sees now what great improvements could be made to the horse clothes. The dogs ought to be quite happy. They are curled snugly in the snow and at meal time issue from steaming warm holes. We are comfortable enough in the tent, but it is terribly trying to the patience—over fifty hours already and no sign of the end.

[They came safely back to Cape Evans, to take up their winter quarters, for the long Polar night was about to fall.]

Sunday, April 23. Winter Quarters. The last day of the sun and a very glorious view of its golden light over the Barne Glacier.

Thursday, June 22. Midwinter Day, and *In Winter Quarters.* has been celebrated with all the festivity customary at Christmas at home. We drank to the Success of the Expedition.

August 26. The ponies are very buckish and can scarcely be held in at exercise; it seems certain that they feel the return of daylight. Oates and Anton took out Christopher and Snippets rather late. *The Return of the Sun.* Both ponies broke away within 50 yards of the stable and galloped away over the floe. It was nearly an hour before they could be rounded up.

Just before lunch the sunshine could be seen gilding the floe, and Ponting and I walked out to the bergs. From the top we could see the sun clear over the rugged outline of Cape Barne. It was glorious to stand bathed in

brilliant sunshine once more. We felt very young, sang and cheered.

[And then, at last, in November, the great march South began. By the 11th they were at their eighth camp, and already experiencing bad going.]

Saturday, November 11. Camp 8. The snow which had fallen in the day remained soft on the surface. Added to this we entered on an area of soft crust *Southward.* between a few scattered hard sastrugi.¹ In pits between these in places the snow lay in sandy heaps. A worse set of conditions for the ponies could scarcely be imagined. Nevertheless they came through pretty well. Such a surface makes one anxious. I expected these marches to be a little difficult, but not near so bad as to-day's. It is snowing again as we camp.

Saturday, November 18. Camp 14. The ponies are not pulling well. The surface is, if anything, a little worse than yesterday, but I should think about the sort of thing we shall have to expect henceforward.

Tuesday, December 5. Camp 30. Noon. We awoke this morning to a raging, howling blizzard. The ponies —heads, tails, legs, and all parts not protected *Storm-bound.* by their rugs—are covered with ice; the animals are standing deep in snow; the sledges are almost covered, and huge drifts above the tent. We have had breakfast, and are now again in our bags. One cannot see the next tent. What on earth does such weather mean at this time of year? It is more than our share of ill fortune, I think, but the luck may turn yet.

[For four days the storm raged, and when at length the start was made, the going was terrible. At the end of that first day the poor

¹ An irregular sort of wave made by the wind on a snow plain.

ponies were utterly exhausted and were mercifully shot. Later the dog teams had to be sent back, and some of the men. On January 4 Scott chose four men only to go with him upon the last stage of the journey—Captain Oates, Dr. Wilson, Lieutenant Bowers, and Petty-Officer Evans.]

Thursday, January 4, 1912. We were naturally late getting away this morning, the sledge having to be packed and arrangements completed for separation of parties. *The Five who went Forward.* It is wonderful to see how neatly everything stows on the little sledge, thanks to P.O. Evans. I was anxious to see how we could pull it, and glad to find we went easy enough.

Wednesday, January 10. Camp 62. Terrible hard march in the morning; only covered 5·1 miles. Dreaded to leave dépôt at lunch time. Built cairn and left one week's food together with sundry articles of clothing. *Fighting against Odds.* We are down as close as we can go in the latter. We go forward with eighteen days' food. Yesterday I should have said certain to see us through, but now the surface is beyond words—covered with sandy snow, and when the sun shines it is terrible.¹

Sunday, January 14. Camp 66. Oates seems to be feeling the cold and fatigue more than the rest of us, but we are all very fit. *Nearing the Pole.* It is a critical time, but we ought to pull through. Oh! for a few fine days! So close it seems and only the weather to baulk us.

Tuesday, January 16. Camp 68. The worst has happened, or nearly the worst. We started off in high spirits, feeling that to-morrow *Forestalled.* would see us at our destination. About the second hour of

¹ They had another 85 miles to go yet

the march, Bowers' sharp eyes detected what he thought was a cairn; he was uneasy about it. Half an hour later he detected a black speck ahead. Soon we knew that this could not be a natural snow feature. We marched on; found that it was a black flag tied to a sledge bearer; near by the remains of a camp, sledge tracks and ski tracks going and coming, and the clear trace of dogs' paws—many dogs. This told us the whole story. The Norwegians have forestalled us and are first at the Pole. It is a terrible disappointment, and I am very sorry for my loyal companions. To-morrow we must march on to the Pole and then hasten home with all the speed we can compass. All the day-dreams must go; it will be a wearisome return.

Wednesday, January 17. Camp 69. The Pole. Yes, but under very different circumstances from those *Conquered* expected. We started at 7.30, none of us *yet Uncon-* having slept much after the shock of our discovery. We followed the Norwegian sledge tracks for some way. At 12.30 Evans had such cold hands we camped for lunch. We had marched 7.4 miles. To-night . . . the wind is blowing hard. Great God! this is an awful place and terrible enough for us to have laboured to it without the reward of priority. Still, it is something to have got here, and the wind may be our friend to-morrow.

Thursday, January 18. The Pole Camp. We built a cairn, put up our poor slighted Union Jack, and photographed ourselves—mighty cold work all of it. We carried the Union Jack about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile north with us and left it on a piece of stick as near as we could fix it. Well, we have turned our back now on the goal of our ambition and must face

800 Miles
to Home.

our 800 miles of solid dragging—and good-bye to most of the day-dreams!

Wednesday, January 24. Lunch time. Things beginning to look a little serious. A strong wind at the start has developed into a *Bad Going.* full blizzard at lunch, and we have had to get into our sleeping bags. It was a bad march.

Saturday, January 27. We are slowly *Food Running* getting more hungry. A long way to go, *Short.* and by Jove, this is tremendous labour.

Sunday, February 11. The worst day we have had—there were times when it seemed almost *Lost!* impossible to find the way out of the awful turmoil in which we found ourselves. We won through at 10 p.m., and I write after 12 hours on the march.

[A few days later, Petty-Officer Evans fell out of the march utterly done for. They brought him on a sledge to the tent, and gave him all the care they could, but at midnight he died. On March 2, 'The Soldier's' feet were found to be badly frost-bitten.]

Thursday, March 5. Going from bad to worse. We went to bed on a cup of cocoa and pemmican solid with the chill off. The result is telling on us all, *Still* but mainly on Oates, whose feet are in a *Struggling on.* wretched condition. He is very lame this morning. Marched for five hours this morning over a slightly better surface covered with high moundy sastrugi. Sledge capsized twice. We are two pony marches and four miles about from our dépôt. Our fuel dreadfully low and the poor Soldier nearly done.

Sunday, March 11. Titus Oates is very near the end, one feels. What we or he will do. God only knows.

Friday, March 16, or Saturday, 17. Lost track of dates, but think the last correct. Tragedy all along the line. At lunch the day before yesterday, *A Very Gallant Gentleman.* poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag. That we could not do, and we induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him, he struggled on, and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew the end had come.

Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his Mother, but immediately before he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He had borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He did not—would not—give up hope till the very end. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning—yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, 'I am just going outside and may be some time.' He went out into the blizzard, and we have not seen him since.

[For three more days the others kept on, and then a blizzard came down on them, to keep them prisoners in their tent.]

Wednesday, March 21. Got within eleven miles of depôt ¹ Monday night; had to lay up all yesterday in severe blizzard.

*Storm-bound
once more.*

Thursday, March 22 and 23. Blizzard bad as ever—no fuel and only one or two of food left—must be near the end.

¹ The 60th camp from the Pole.

Thursday, March 29. Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale from W.S.W. and S.W. We had fuel to make two cups of tea apiece and bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our depôt *eleven miles away*, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker of course, and the end cannot be far. *The End.*

It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.

R. SCOTT.

MR. PEPYS' DIARY OF THE GREAT WAR

MR. SAMUEL PEPYS, Junior, alone of all our Diarists, is still living; and of him I will not venture to write, seeing that he is a modest man, 'unambitious of the title of Author.' Samuel, Junior, wrote his *Diary of the Great War* in imitation of the Pepys we already know, his senior by some two hundred and fifty years. But if his manner of writing is imitation, what he writes of was very real indeed. His Diary is a true Diary of the War, and records the day-by-day happenings as they affected, not the men at the Front, but the people at home.

THE CHIEF PEOPLE OF THE DIARY.

MR. SAMUEL PEPYS, JUNIOR.

MRS. SAMUEL PEPYS, JUNIOR.

ADMIRAL TOPPER,

MR. SQUILLINGER, } friends of Mr. Pepys.

MR. EVES,

KING GEORGE V.

QUEEN MARY.

PRINCESS MARY.

July, 1914. Blessed be God, at the end of last $\frac{1}{2}$ year I find myself in very good health, without any sense of *Mr. Pepys* my old pain but upon taking of cold. Still *begins his* to live in my flat in Westminster, having my *Diary.* wife and servants Ermyntude and cook, and no other in family than us four.

My own private condition very handsome, and now worth about 18 thousand pounds, yet I choose to pass

with others, and most of all with my wife, for not having above 9 or 10 thousand pounds. For when a man is known to have money, all the scheming rogues of his acquaintance forthwith at him to get some of it. And this is a risk which, by God's grace, I am resolved not to endure.

July 24. This day on all sides naught but bad news. Admiral Topper hears that the Navy Board have stayed the dispersal of the Fleet assembled at Spit-head for the King's reviewing. The Austrian Emperor delivering an ultimatum to Serbia to demand satisfaction for the murder of the Archduke.¹ 'Tis thought the Tsar of Muscovy² shall assuredly counsel the Serbs to refuse, and offer them support in war, wherein the Germans and Frenchmen shall speedily be involved and all Europe ablaze. How this shall end for us, only God do know.

*Rumours
of War.*

July 27. 'Tis said the Austrian Emperor hath declared war upon the Serbs, and both the Tsar and the German Emperor making their armies ready for war.

July 31. Up and post-haste to the City, where on all sides is such alarm as none living can remember. The Exchange is closed *sine die*.³ On all sides men standing idly, talking with long faces, as if the end of the world were come.

August 3. Bank Holiday, and the common people making to go about their merry-making, but I hear the trains be in great part stopped by reason of the Government moving troops, which is bad news. To the Club, and all the talk is that the Emperor will march his army

¹ The Archduke **Franz Ferdinand**, his heir.

² i.e. Russia.

³ Indefinitely.

through Belgium for the easier striking at the French, which, if he should commit such a treachery, we cannot but send aid to the Belgians.

August 4. Up betimes. Walked to Whitehall, where great crowds are gathered, and all agape for news, but I could learn naught for certain; neither at the *'The Fourth of August.'* Club. Presently comes in Squillinger, returned from Lausanne. Nigh three days on the journey, and hath lost his baggage. He tells of the trains and boats all overladen with travellers fleeing to England, hundreds unable to move, and many in dire straits for want of money, since neither inns, nor shops, nor railways will take English gold; which is very strange to hear, and God knows they are generally glad enough to see it.

Having dined, yet being unwilling to go home before the last news is come from Berlin, I to the King's Way playhouse. Coming from the theatre, the streets and Trafalgar Square thronged with such a concourse of people as I think was never before seen abroad at this hour. At the Club, news that the Germans will not have our terms, and their soldiers already in Belgium. So the war is begun for us at last. Going homeward I found all hurrying to the Palace, where a mighty assembly, and all cheering and shouting. Presently the King do appear on the balcony, with the Queen and the Princess, whereat a roar of cheers almost enough to awake the dead. Anon a great chorus raised of 'God save the King,' and after it a singing of 'For he's a jolly good fellow.' So home and to bed, praying God to defend us in this hour of our great need and danger, and kept awake till past one of the morning with the cheering and singing of the people in the street.

August 18. A letter from my wife from Bognor,¹ wanting 50 yards of red flannel from the Stores, which she would give to a women's needle guild to make Mrs. Pepys nightingales for the soldiers. Which vexes *bestirs* me by the extravagance of it, and if all the *Herself* women of England shall thus busy themselves, shall soon procure 10 times as many nightingales as there be soldiers. Yet, not willing to seem churlish, I did buy 20 yards of flannelette, which shall as well serve the purpose, and less than $\frac{1}{2}$ the money.

August 19. From many I do hear of how all the country from the borders of Oxfordshire to the east coast is now strongly held by the King's forces, and *England is held by the* the soldiers everywhere billeted upon the *King's Forces.* gentry. Mr. Scriven, the novel writer, hath 15 men quartered on him near King's Langley, in Herts. In Bedford all the better houses allotted to soldiers, and my friend Mr. Simpson had 50 Yeomanry horses drafted upon his meadows.

August 21. Squillinger showed me this day a postcard from his cousin at the Front, saying only 'All well,' but no post-mark nor aught else to show where he is. The mystery of our movements grows every day more perplexing. *While 'Somewhere in France' our Armies move.* But all to point, I believe, to French and Joffre having some great concertion up their sleeve.

August 24. Ill-tidings of Namur being fallen, and the French beaten back at Charleroi. Our *And then—the Retreat from Mons.* soldiers on their left at Mons and assailed by great German forces all Sunday, and held their ground, but all now to fall back upon the defences

¹ Where she had gone in July.

of the French frontier. Which did send me to bed sick of heart.

September 1. Of our army and the French no news, save that each day the Germans be reported nearer Paris, and our men falling back before them, and what shall be the end of it, God knows.

September 10. This night all are greatly rejoiced by news of our troops and the Frenchmen driving back the Germans east of Paris, and pursuing them beyond the River Marne; so to toast the King, and presently all singing 'Rule, Britannia.'

*St. George
for England!*

July 11, 1915 (Lord's Day). To church, and afterwards, meeting Mr. Short, walked with him to the vicarage, when he did speak to me of the miracle, by many now believed, of our army being saved by angels in their retreating from

*The Angels
of Mons.*

Mons. As to which the Vicar hath spoken with a certain colonel, a very sober, honest man, who did himself see these angels, a whole legion of them, equal, by the colonel's reckoning, to 3 infantry brigades, and their leader, an archangel, higher by a head than the rest, whom the colonel takes for Michael. Albeit the German horsemen that did pursue our soldiers could not see the angels, having their eyes blinded, yet the horses, seeing them, did first of all jib and rear, and then to stampede $\frac{1}{2}$ over Flanders, whereby our men were left in their retreat unmolested. Which miracle, and especially the brutes' eyes being opened to the angels where the men's were closed, hath, Mr. Short justly says, its scriptural counterpart in Balaam's ass. But Lord! how strange the ways of Providence, in horses and asses being let see what men could not see—only here and there one, like this colonel.

December 2, 1914. Mightily vexed with my wife,

who, upon my acquainting her of my going for special constable, falls to laughing, and would know what use I am like to be at my age and fatness. While we were a-wrangling, comes the Admiral,¹ and we away together to be sworn. I am to have a beat allotted and to begin come Monday. So, each being furnished with a staff and an armlet, to the club and there lunched.

*Mr. Pepys
becomes a
Special
Constable—*

December 7. This day was allotted to me my beat for special constable, to wit, for guarding the power station by Grosvenor Road from 10 p.m. to 2 a.m., which is an office as devoid of comfort as of profit, yet, the country's need being so great, I am resolved to discharge it cheerfully. After dinner I did sleep awhile in my chair, and then abroad to my constable's post. My wife to speed me and button me up, she clinging round me, weeping and adjuring of me to do naught rashly. In fine she brings forth a respirator, which she hath gotten me, and will clap it on my mouth with her own hands. Whereto I submitting, not to wound her; but to slip it off and pocket it as soon as I was round the corner. Four hours I spent in pacing the damp stones, and a naughty, cutting breeze blowing up from the river, so that I think this to be the vilest four hours I did ever spend.

January 9, 1915. To the Strand playhouse with my wife on a civil invitation of F. Terry, who would know my opinion of his new piece, 'Mistress Wilful,' wherein, for one person, is our great ancestor, Samuel Pepys, and is, I think, the first time of his ever being brought into a stage play. A pretty story, by E. Hendrie, taken from a book. All the parts played mighty well.

*—But finds
Play-going
somewhat
more Com-
fortable.*

¹ Admiral Topper.

But Lord! to see our great Samuel Pepys, which, I think, did please me more than anything I ever saw in a play. Turnbull, that plays him, hath something of the Pepys' feature, but more to resemble the picture in the Navy Office than Kneller's in Magdalene College, or Hales' in the National Portrait Gallery, which is, I think, the best of all for nobility of countenance, and judged to be most like my face for the expression. His clothes splendid beyond everything, and such as I would myself have chosen, being a plum-coloured satin coat, cut very full in the skirts; the like hue for hose, as also for the feather in his black beaver, with red heels and buckles of brilliants to his shoes. A choice bay-coloured periwig; but most noble of all, his waistcoat of crimson brocade, do give a mighty gracious effect. A good full house, more full than I think I have seen any playhouse since the war began, which pleased me to observe, and to know that all the town shall presently be talking of Samuel Pepys.

January 31. Being seized of a rheum ¹ of the head, I went not abroad, but took occasion to even my accounts *He begins to* for the month, which being done, did set *Economise—* myself to devise some means of retrenching *at Others'* 1cs. 6d. per se'nnight ² of our domestic *Expense.* spendings, upon a scheme of economies so apportioned that all shall bear their due share; and did work it out in a table as hereunder:

<i>For my Wife:</i> To forgo the gas-fire in her bed-chamber, both for getting up and undressing; to use plain soap for scented; to have her kerchiefs washed at home; and to put down the Queen newspaper. Estimated saving every se'nnight (about)	s. d. 2 11
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¹ Cold.

² Seven-nights, i.e. a week.

For Cook and Ermyntude: To lower (each) their washing allowance from 1s. 6d. to 1s.; to drink draught ale for bottled (Cook). To make her cocoa with water in place of milk (Ermyntude). To have American or Dutch cheese for the kitchen; to scrub all pots and pans with pummied brick (much cheaper than Monkey soap); and to go to bed 1 hour sooner (for the sparing of coals and lights). Savings for the 2 cannot be less (per se'nnight) than 5 9

For Myself: To quit giving 1 penny (sometimes 2) daily to the roadsweeper at our corner, and always to take the change when I buy a $\frac{1}{2}$ d. news-sheet. Savings (on my own account per se'nnight) equal to. . . . 1 6

10

Addendum: (To even the account, and I see nothing against its being done). Pythagoras, our house-cat, to have his supper milk watered down to a saving of (per se'nnight) 0

10

May 26, 1915. Up betimes, and to Victoria Station (Underground) to buy a news-sheet, where a young wench in charge of Smith's stall. And they tell me this shall soon be done at all stalls, for lack of lads, all being now taken for men's work. Also I hear at London Bridge Station they do now have women to collect the tickets, which tells me

*Lasses for
Lads.*

wondering whether there shall be men left for any kind of work when this war is done.

June 21, 1915. My wife this day to the great studio of Mr. Binney, the painter, in Chelsea, which is given over for making bombshells. Pray God the poor silly wretch blow not herself up.

March 15, 1916. Up and to Piccadilly to get 2 new neck-cloths, mighty pretty, for going with my new 2nd coat.

A very foul morning, and presently taking an omnibus coach, as I must these hard times, a thing worth remembering is their being now conducted by young wenches, that wear short skirts to their knees, and leggings of leather, very pretty to see. Moreover, one says 'Thank you, sir,' at her taking my fare, and is, I think, better than having men to do it.

December 29, 1917. Mr. Cripps told me that his Gladys quits being clerk to a banker, and will go to serve the army, driving motor-coaches; so first she will hire herself to drive hackney coaches with motors, and so to pass herself for driving on roads. He confesses it is the greatest trouble to him and his wife that the girl will do this, being mad (as they all be) to wear a suit of khaki and drive a motor-coach.

October 8, 1915. All this day I went not abroad, lying till noon, very sore and sick through a grievous mischance which did last night befall me. *Mr. Pepys misses his way* And this did begin with my going after dinner *in the Dark* to Squillinger's lodgings, and there to play *Streets.* auction bridge. No coach abroad, I home afoot, by way of St. James's Park, but by reason of the great darkening of the streets for fear of the enemy's air ships, 'twixt York Street and Victoria Street did miss

my way, and there to wander round and round, I believe for a full $\frac{1}{2}$ hour; and, in the end, crossing a street, and not seeing when I was in the roadway and when out of it, presently caught my foot in the kerb, and to fall full length on to a flight of steps, and there lay, believing myself for dead. But Lord! when by and by a constable comes and helps me to my feet, it is my own doorway in our mansions. So it seems I did, in my wandering, cross over Victoria Street, yet never knew it; which is a great proof of what a darkness do now wrap the town, and only by the mercy of God I have no bones broke nor my brains knocked out.

February 22, 1916. Very serious news this night., of the Germans making mighty fierce attacks upon the French before Verdun, and the Frenchmen yielding ground in many places. God help them! *The Struggle for Verdun.*

February 24. A great fall of snow in the night, and the town is white with it. All the news is of the Germans still pressing the Frenchmen mighty hard by Verdun, and many believing that they will take this place, cost it what it may in the lives of their men; and this is thought to be for the honour of their Crown Prince, who do here command their Army, but hitherto is beaten in everything he hath undertook in this war. God grant he be beaten again!

June 2. Dinner scarce despatched, when comes a news-sheet, and gives the most horrible tidings of the fleet being hotly engaged with the Germans westward of Jutland, and three of our greatest battle-frigates sunk, the *Queen Mary* one of them, with many others, to the number of a dozen or more; of the enemy's ships but one of any note *The Battle of Jutland.*

and a few smaller craft. No word of any victory gained, so that none can doubt but Jellicoe is worsted. Yet what does, I believe, beyond everything trouble me is two of our lost frigates being the *Warrior* and *Defence*, they both laid down while I was of the Navy Office, and did myself see them on the stocks in Pembroke yard, having their plates put on. So to bed, mighty heavy of heart.

June 5. The news this day is all of the late battle; and now 'tis made clear enough that Jellicoe did indeed belabour the Germans most soundly, and they only saved from losing their whole fleet by taking to flight and the night falling. But Lord! to read of the Germans, how they do boast of their having got a great victory over us, all mad for joy, and singing hymns of praise in public; most ridiculous beyond anything.

June 6. The most grievous, deplorable news that ever was heard, which is of my Lord Kitchener drowned at sea, as he sailed to Russia in the *Hampshire*; *Lord Kitchener goes down in the 'Hampshire.'* she last night sunk, and all aboard lost. On all hands the greatest extremity of grief and consternation; and presently going abroad, I find in White Hall the flags at half-mast, and men to speak everywhere of this being the worst thing that hath befallen us in all the war. So home, mighty heavy of heart.

September 18. By letters out of France, a most extraordinary thing related of strange engines, which our men do now use against the Germans, and by *The Tanks.* them named tanks, but wherefore God knows. Being, it seems, forts of steel, borne upon wheels, but these wheels (being driven like wheels of motor-coaches) will run upon the very roughest ground possible; whereby the tanks do jump, or fly, over ditches and trenches, and, as

they go, do fire broadsides, but no shot aimed at them can pierce their shells. So these tanks coming upon them like fiery dragons, and spitting on them hot lead, the Germans be thrown into the greatest extremity of alarm, and presently, our soldiers falling upon them with grenades and bayonets, such of them as be not slain that instant made prisoners. The most splendid thing I ever heard of in my life.

April 9, 1917. Towards evening Mr. Eves ringing me on the 'phone, he gives me word of a dispatch come but now from Haig, and to report a great battle joined at dawn of day round about Arras, the Germans on all sides scattered, and the greatest captures of prisoners and guns from them. So to bed in good heart and thankful.

*The Guns
of Arras—*

July 5. About $\frac{1}{2}$ after 10 of the clock, I sitting to work, all of a sudden guns heard, and do quickly grow close; and my wife gone to Marylebone, to their babies' committee, it throws me in the greatest twitter. So to the street, where, from the other side, the greatest sight conceivable, being a swarm of air planes in the sky, 30 or more, I reckon, and seen above Charing Cross; and, going into Victoria Street, one points to some of them that be ours, he says, and do fight the others and work about them. So here I watch them fight in the sky 2 or 3 minutes, our guns banging all the time; such a thing as I had never thought to see in London; and presently, they drawing towards the river, the houses hiding them, could not hold myself from running towards the Abbey Yard, to see more of it. And so others, but many I saw run into shops for shelter; only one, an old man, standing by me, when another counsels him to take shelter, says, if die he must, he would choose

*—And of
London.*

do it clean and sudden in the open, rather than have a house fall a-top of him, which methought a sensible thing. Meeting Jobling, he reports the Germans out of sight beyond the Borough. So home, mightily troubled what is come of my wife; when, all of a sudden, in she comes, and falls on my neck, crying for joy.

September 22, 1917. The best possible news come these 2 days of our battle renewed in Flanders; and with *Onward* brave effect, so as, wherever the enemy *through the* assailed, his defences over-run.

Mud of *October 10.* The news of the battle *Flanders.* excellent; the army advanced so far as designed, and, to our left, the French going with us against the forest of Houthoulst, as brave as our men almost. And betwixt us above 1,300 prisoners, making, I reckon, 6,000 of the devils caught within a se'nnight. But Lord! to read of the gale and rain that rages, and the soldiers not to walk, but must wade through water and mud, and their spirit, that they do bear it cheerfully, nor cease to fight like lions, is a thing to think of.

April 23, 1918 (St. George's Day). This afternoon the town is all afire with word given by the Navy Office of the Dover fleet last night attacking *Zeebrugge.* Zeebrugge and Ostende; of which the substance is five old frigates laden with cement run aground in the harbours, where blown up by their crews, with intent to block the channel to the U boats; and is believed to be done with success. So to bed, more cheerful than I have been a great while.

April 24. Up betimes, and, by one and another, had a full relation of the business of the Flemings' ports, which is, indeed, most splendid. The greatest thing it seems, done in Zeebrugge, where the *Vindictive* and other

ships laid alongside the mole, by which marines landed, and destroy all the enemies' works and guns. Moreover, an underwater boat getting beneath the bridge, there blows herself up, and the bridge with her; whereby the mole and garrison cut off, the while our men fall upon them out of their ships. So, having sunk one or two of the enemy's craft, the whole withdrawn with no more than one t.b.d.¹ lost.

November 11, 1918. Martinmass, and the greatest day ever known in all the world, I think. Which did begin with my reading of German William *And then at* fled to Holland. Upon which, Mr. Chopley *Last—the* coming, he hears from his inspector the truce *Armistice.* was this morning signed upon our terms, and at 11 of the clock to be proclaimed by firing of maroons; so the constables called up for ordering the people. Hearing which (though scarcely could I hold myself for joy) I made haste to prepare our great jack that we hung from our parlour window at the King's crowning. Next, a great salvo of maroons heard, as it were a signal of the air devils coming²; and my wife crying she could never have thought to have such a joy of the sound, upon the instant she burst into tears. So we fell to and kissed each other; then, cook and Hopkins to help, hung out the jack, which was, I confess, the greatest pleasure of hoisting a flag I ever had in my life. This done, a glass of wine (port) to each one of us, and to drink to our victory. So abroad, and into Victoria Street, where the greatest possible confluence of people come from all the houses and shops, shouting and singing, and to raise cheers at each flag that is broken from a window; when, all of a sudden, buglers come

¹ Torpedo boat destroyer.

² Maroons were used to give warning of an air raid.

along on bikes, and to call the signal of 'All clear'¹; which was a good notion, I thought, and did set the whole street a-roaring. Anon to the park, where all the town almost, as it seem, thronging about the Palace, and to climb about the old Queen's effigy²; and presently the King comes on a balcony, with the Queen and Princess, and speaks to the people, and all set to singing his anthem. It brings into my head our being here the night of the war declared; but Lord! how different is now our posture, and what a history since written, is a thing to think of. So to the club, where great joying of one another, and shaking of hands, and a bottle of wine of champagne to every table almost; and, finding Squillinger, and Eves, and others, we made a company to ourselves, and drunk a magnum³ to our meat. Anon to a window, and to observe the people in the street, which is indeed a picture, as it were, of a town gone mad; in particular the lorries of the Army Office going loaded with wenchies waving flags; the crowd clustered like smother-flies on taxicoaches and wagons; on all sides horns blown and bells rung, pistols fired even; and presently a lorry come by with a gun for shooting air craft, and goes along banging it. Squillinger tells me all the offices of state have closed themselves for this day; so all their wenchies to fill the streets, and riding for joy in the lorries. By and by, going out, it is the same riot all the way to Westminster, where I had hoped to get from Royce the terms of the truce, which Ll. George declares to the Commons; but could not come to the House for press of people. So

¹ After an air raid had been driven off, Boy Scout buglers used to sound the 'All clear.'

² The statue of Queen Victoria opposite Buckingham Palace.

³ A large bottle.

home, and to rest awhile, and presently got the terms. Which are indeed most glorious: the German do utterly surrender by sea and land, and our victory confessed, beyond our best expectation. God be praised for His great mercy!

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